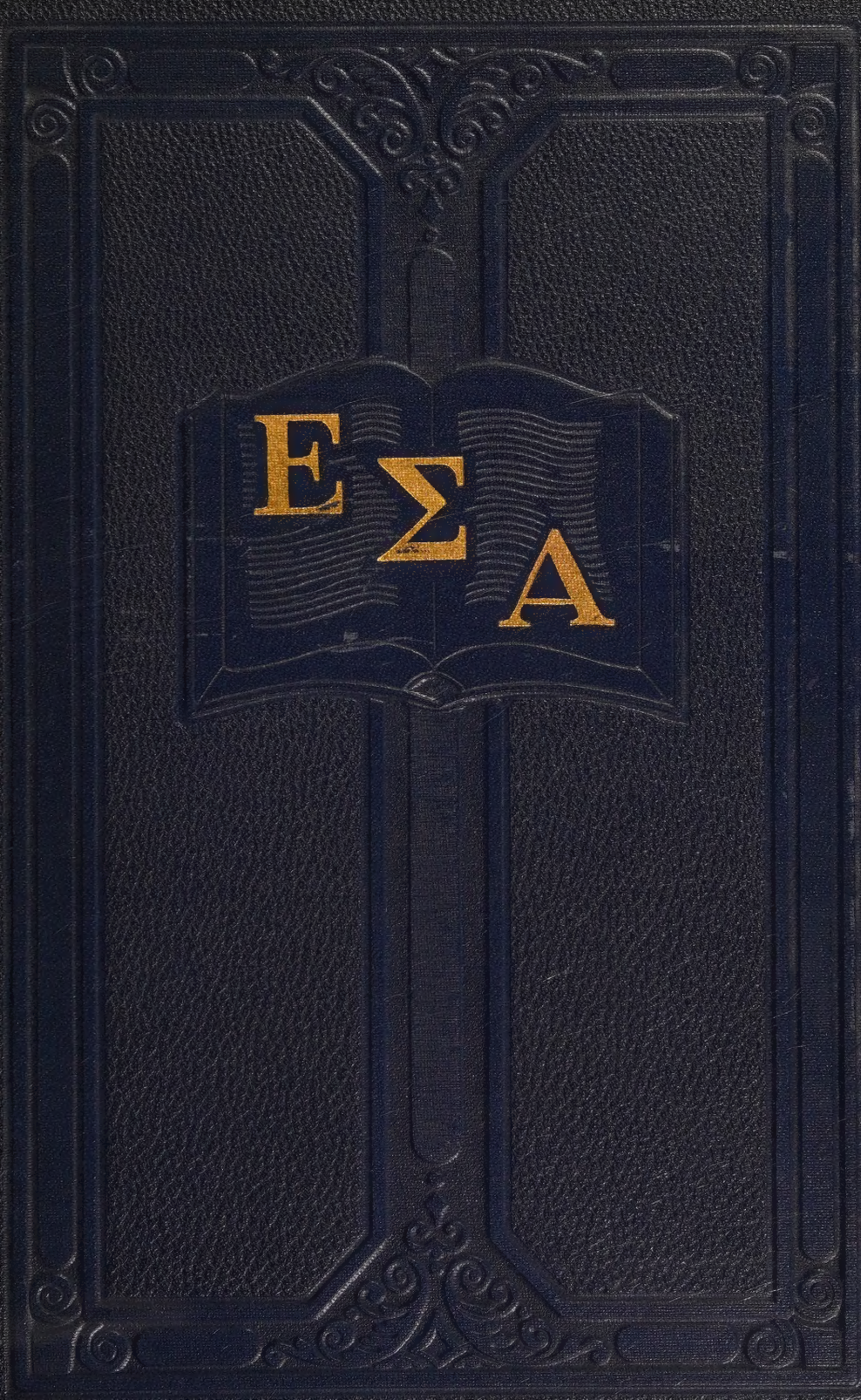
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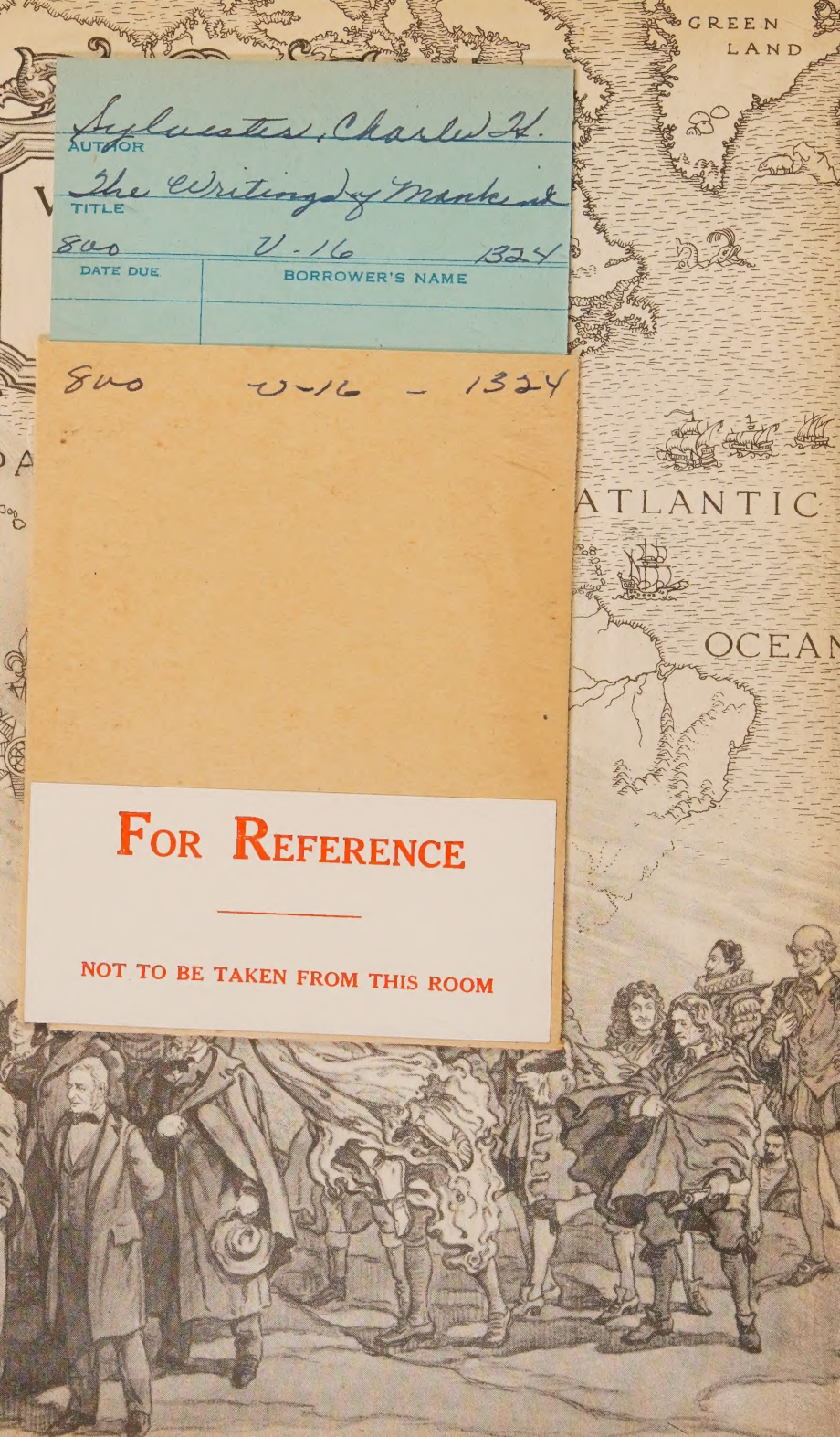

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THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

By

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

VOLUME SIXTEEN
RUSSIA - SCANDINAVIA

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
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CATHLAMET, WASH.

SCHOOL DIST. 100 GRADE..... MAY 1936

CHAPTER VI

THE SECOND HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE NOVELISTS OF THE NATURAL SCHOOL. An intensive study of the Russian character was one of the most important manifestations of the Natural School. While the Westerners sought for a development of this character in a closer adaptation of Western methods to conditions in Russia, the Slavophils looked for the strengthening of the national fiber in the man who stood nearer to the national past. From this diversity of view there arose a diversity in authors, some of whom dealt exclusively with the intellectuals, while others were interested only in the peasants and others again tried to bridge over between the two. To the first class belongs such men as Goncharov, Pisemski, Saltykov and Turgenev; to the second, Grigorovich, the

Uspenskis and Ryeshetnikov; Leo Tolstoy may be considered as distinctly belonging to the third class.

As an early example of the first group, M. E. Saltykov (Shchedrin) (1826-1889), comparatively unknown abroad and uninfluential in translation because of the veiled nature of his satirical allusions, may be cited and quoted in a story translated by Aston from *Provincial Sketches:*

THE POLICE MASTER

But we had a Police Master, said Procopius Nikolaevich; he was another style of fellow; one might call him a regular "goose" with "paws." His name was Feuer, a German by extraction; not good-looking, but a muscular, fair, coarse sort of fellow. He had a habit of wrinkling his brows and twisting his moustaches, and he spoke very little. It is a very bad case, I can tell you, when a man is coarse as well as fair—he never forgives any one.

Feuer's exterior was really not so ill-favored; and inwardly, maybe, he cherished no ill feelings towards you; and yet the world did not contain a greater villain. He was a thorough bad 'un! Whatever he took into his head, you could not get out of it in any way, not even if you had cut him in pieces. Even Ivan Petrovich, our doctor, who was not easily taken aback, was afraid of him. He spoke in a bass voice, as if just awake, and always quite briefly. One could never get more then one or two words out of his mouth. But for business, and for all the police machinery, he was wonderful. He was ready to give up eating and drinking for whole days, until he had got through his work thoroughly. Our head people had the greatest confidence in him, because he was not to be turned from his purpose, and performed everything to a nicety. He would go through dirt, they said; and so he would; he would find the possible in impossibility, make a rope of sand, and with it strangle any given person.

For this special reason, all his unnatural behavior was passed over, because he was worth his weight in gold. For instance, a letter would come from the Government town, that a fish was wanted for a name's day, but it must be such a fish—not a whale exactly, but thereabouts. Feuer would run about like mad, the whole of one day; a second—there were fish enough, certainly, but not one that would do. The snout of one so resembled that of the giver of the feast, they would say it was a reflection on him; another had very little roe, the fin of another did not stick out properly. Feuer ponders a bit, and then puts all the fishermen into the lock-up. They are fit to cry.

"But please, your honor, where are we to get such a fish?"

"Why, in the water."

"In the water, of course; but in what water?"

"Are you a fisherman, say?"

"Fisherman? yes, certainly."

"Well, you know the Authorities?"

"Know them, of course we do."

"Well, then, you know what to do."

And a fish made its appearance in every respect such as was wanted.

I happened to work with him on many occasions, and was quite astonished at him. When there was an Inquiry to be made, we chose the time of twilight, took with us the jury, some five head men, and off we went, all by different ways, as if we were after our own affairs.

When we had reached the place where the whole business was to be done, we did not go straight forward, but sideways, on our hands and knees; and our hearts began to beat, I can tell you, and our mouths got as dry as chips. The gate and the shutters were closed tight. Feuer would go round the house, search out a chink, and begin to look through it, while we all stood still, in perfect silence.

Then the dog begins to growl, but Feuer has a piece of bread for him, and again all becomes silent. When he

has taken note of everything he wants, he orders one of us knock at the door, whilst he himself continues looking through the chink.

"Who's there?" they cry out from within.

"The Police Master."

Upon this, as a matter of course, there is a stir; everybody begins to hide his own property, but the Police Master sees everything. At last they open. They are all pale as death; the younger the women, the more they tremble, whilst the old ones blubber outright. He, meanwhile, rummages in all the corners, even inspects the stoves, and rakes out everything from there.

Such, however, had not been his life from his youth up. His father was a rich man, and a nobleman, and left our Feuer, they say, eight hundred serfs. These he did not keep long; two short years, and he had run through them all,—not in anything solid, but entirely in dissipation.

He was in a hussar regiment, and had a passion for hunting Jews. He would hunt down a Jew with dogs, put him up to his neck in a barrel full of dishwater, and brandish his saber over the poor fellow's head; another time he would harness three of them abreast to a britchka, and go galloping about, until he had tired out the lot. In this way he got through all his property; but when he found himself without bread, somehow or other his sharpness came out.

The Lord defend us from such a wild beast as he turned out!

He had a housekeeper at home, a very pretty woman, whom he adored. She was plump and fair-cheeked, with a delicate, transparent complexion, and blue eyes; so soft and fascinating, that not even a wild beast could withstand them. He never mixed her up in any of his dirty transactions; but when he came home, bothered to death, he would go to her, caress her so tenderly, call her his little Caroline, kiss her hand, and smooth down her hair; or, fetching his guitar, he would begin to sing German airs, till they both fell a-weeping.

Feuer was sent to us from another town on promotion, our town being a commercial one, and situated on a navigable river. His predecessor was an old Police Master,—a weak, good-natured man, who was regularly "sat upon" by the townspeople. When Feuer came to the Police court, he sent for all the owners of factories (and we have no small number—some fifty—in our town).

Says he, "You paid the old man ten roubles apiece, but that is too little for me. I must have three hundred white notes from each of you."

Not a bit of it! they would not listen to him, upon which he burst out:

"Well, you won't give me the three?"

"Five roubles," they cry out, "not a copeck more!"

"All right," says he.

A week after, he went to one of the tanners, to see if he had any stolen skins. Stolen or not, the tanner could give no account of where he had got them, or from whom he had bought them.

"Now," says he, "you wouldn't give me three hundred, out with five!" Down went the other on his knees, and begged him to take less, but he wouldn't hear of it.

He let the tanner go home; not alone, however, but with a policeman. After that, the tanner came with some money, and hoped Feuer would kindly be content with two hundred roubles. But the latter merely counted the sum, put it into his pocket, and told him to bring the remaining three hundred.

Upon this the man began to expostulate again; but no, the other was obdurate, and merely repeated his words. Then he tried bringing another hundred, which Feuer also put in his pocket, simply saying, "The remaining two hundred."

And he did not let him out of custody, till he had paid the sum in full.

The fellows saw that it was a nasty business; they threw stones at his window, smeared his door over with birch-tar of a night, and poisoned his watch-dogs, but

to no purpose. They were obliged to think better of it, come with their three hundred apiece, and beg pardon. But they'd mistaken their man.

"No," says he; "you wouldn't give me them when I asked you—I don't want them now."

And he didn't take the money. It seems he found it more advantageous to deal with them singly.

There was a merchant died in our town,—a great swell, I can tell you. Whether he had served as mayor or burgomaster, I don't recollect, it's so long ago; anyhow, he had not served long enough to have a right to a uniform. But his relations, people of no education, were not, as you may suppose, learned in the law; how could they tell what was right, and what not? So, sir, they settled, in a family conclave, to bury him in full fig. The Attorney of the Court got scent of this from the beginning. This fellow was worse than a hungry dog, and was mostly employed by Feuer to take the first steps in any matter, which he afterwards worked out in his own way. The Attorney came to the Police Master, and told him the story, and that "the beard" had expressed a wish to be interred in uniform, to which he had not the slightest right by law, and he begged Feuer to take the matter into consideration.

"Let them alone," says he, "and then make up your report." Meanwhile, the merchant was taken to the church, was buried in state, and the two plucked the relations to their hearts' content.

And yet we chinovnicks did not like this Feuer. In the first place, by his way of getting through the work, he brought us into disfavor with the chiefs; and, in the second place, he cut everything so short, there was no time for us to make our little profit. What pleasure was there in doing business in such a way? Still —will you believe it?—the merchants and burghers, after being tormented by him for some ten years, actually like him at last. "We can never wish for a better Police Master," said they. Such a thing is habit!

PEASANT WOMEN AND CHILDREN

RUSSIA

II. Nekrasov. N. G. Chernyshevski (1828–1889) at one time created a sensation with his novel, *What Is To Be Done,* because of its treatment of many social questions in a novelistic form, having previously treated them in a long series of critical essays; but he is almost forgotten to-day. A far better representative of the intellectuals was the poet, N. A. Nekrasov (1821–1877), who applied the motto of "art for life's sake" to poetry, and produced a remarkable series of lyrical poems in which he kept in close touch with nature and the peasant. In his *Red Nose Frost* he sang ecstatically of the peasant woman, while in his *Russian Women* he similarly depicted the upper class women, Princess Volkonski and Princess Trubetskoy, who followed their husbands into exile. In *Who Lives in Russia Happily,* which remained unfinished, seven peasants start out on a pilgrimage to determine who lives well in Russia, with the obvious conclusion that nobody is happy. We give here a passage from Smith's translation of *Red Nose Frost:*

I

A roan nag sticks fast, by a snow-drift arrested;
Two pairs of bast shoes, frozen hard,
And part of a coffin, with matting invested,
Project from a sledge, old and scarred.

To start up the roan has alighted
A grandam; her mittens immense,
With ice-fringe her eyelashes whited—
The cold is, forsooth, so intense!

II

The poet, on thought's deft wings flying,
Speeds past her, and gains, in the vill,
A cabin: upon it is lying
The snow like a shroud, white and chill;

Within—in the cellar a calf;
A man by the window lies dead;
His children, unheeding, loud laugh;
His wife softly sobs with bowed head.

While sewing with needle swift-flying
The linen cut out for a shroud,
As rain drops from clouds long low-lying,
She bitterly sobs, yet not loud.

III

Three grievous allotments had Fortune decreed:—
Allotment the first,—with a slave man to marry;
The second,—a mother to be of his seed;
The third,—until death his hard yoke e'er to carry.
And all these allotments so grievous did lie
On woman 'neath Russia's broad sky.

The ages have passed: all for pleasure has striven;
To manifold change all on earth has been given.
The poor peasant woman alone is forgot:
No change in her lot has God made.
Of feminine beauty and strength, we all wot,
The type, 'mong the Slavs, has decayed.

Fortuitous victim of fate!
Hast suffered unseen and unheard;
The world has not told of thy strait,
Of plaining hast uttered no word.

But me thou, my friend, wilt tell all;
From childhood together we've plodded:—
Fatigue and dismay on thee fall,
All misery in thee is embodied.

No heart in his breast carrieth he
Who tears doth not shed over thee.

IV

We've thus of the serf woman spoken,
However, with purpose to say:—
The type of the stately Slavonian,
Perhaps, may be found e'en to-day.

In Russ hamlets women are dwelling,
Of countenance earnest, serene;
In all grace of movement excelling;
In bearing and look like a queen.

Perhaps they'll escape the dim-sighted;
But one who can see says of them:—
"She passes—with sunshine all's lighted!
"And looks—'tis like giving a gem!"

The paths all our people are thronging
They follow,—the same burthens bring;
But mire, to their low lot belonging,
To them as it were does not cling.

See blooming,—a world's admiration,—
The beauty! tall, rosy, well-shaped;
Proficient in each occupation;
A beauty, however she's draped;

Both hunger and cold calmly brooking;
Content, ever patient, discreet.
I oft as she mowed have been looking;
One flourish—a haycock complete!

Her kerchief is o'er her ear slipping,
Her tresses are ready to fall.
And then some young fellow comes tripping—
The rascal! and up throws them all:

The flaxen, luxuriant tresses
O'erspread her tanned bosom, and wrap
Her little bare feet in caresses;
Her eyes too in darkness entrap:

She quickly her locks apart brushes,
And fiercely a glance at him throws;
Her tress-enframed, proud face with blushes
Of passion, of hot anger glows.

On work-days she likes full employment,
But strange will to you be her face,
When from it the smile of enjoyment
The vigil of toil shall erase:

Such laughter, so hearty! such measure
In song and in dance! no such treats
With gold can be purchased. "What pleasure!"
Each peasant to each oft repeats.

The horseman she'll vanquish in racing;
In danger, not flinching, she'll save:
A galloping steed boldly facing;
To enter a burning hut, brave.

Her beautiful, regular teeth
Seem pearls, when to view them one chances;
But firmly the lips' rosy sheath
Conceals them from people's rude glances.

She rarely indulges in laughter,
For jesting she's no time to spare;
Not oft dares her neighbor come after
Some item of her kitchen ware.

No pity has she for the tramp,—
Why country paths uselessly scour?
Of scrupulous fitness the stamp
She bears, and of immanent power.

She knows, as 't were writ in her creed,
In labor is all their salvation;
And labor returns her the meed:—
Her household knows never privation;

They've always a warm roof o'erhead,
Bread well-baked, and kvas of good savor;
The children are healthy, well-fed;
For high-days there's some extra favor.

This woman goes forth Sunday morn
To mass, all her family guiding;
Is sitting a child, two years born,
Her bosom upon, and there riding;

The mother, well dressed, by the hand
Is leading her six-year-old boy.
This picture all friends of Russ land,
All friends of Russ folk will enjoy.

Thou too wert with beauty illumed,
Wert skillful and strong, full of life;
But now art with sorrow consumed,—
Of Prokl now dead thou the wife.

Thou'rt proud:—thou unwillingly weepest;
Thou heartenest thyself, but the shroud
With hot tears unbidden thou steepest,
While o'er it with swift needle bowed.

As kernels from full-ripened tops
Of grain gently fall on the land,
So tear after tear softly drops
Upon thine expert, nimble hand.

The poets Tyutchev, Maykov and Polonski, whose exquisite lyrics would be the adornment of any literature, unfortunately wrote at a time when the destructive criticism of Pisarev relegated all expressions of art for art's sake,

but they are coming again into their own, and will form the glory of Russia's poetical literature of the late nineteenth century.

III. Chekhov. The unfortunate V. L. Garshin (1855–1888), who became insane early in life, has left us a number of remarkable short stories, which may be said to have laid the foundation for the short stories of A. P. Chekhov (1860–1904) and Korolenko (born 1853), although these are in a much happier mood. Chekhov has also written a number of plays, of which the *Cherry Garden* is by far the most striking. We give here a short story of Chekhov's, entitled *The Criminal:*

Before the magistrate stands a small, uncommonly lean peasant in a hempen shirt and patched trousers. His bearded, pockmarked face and his eyes, which are hardly visible behind the dense overhanging eyebrows, have an expression of gloomy severity. On his head is a whole cap of long unkempt, matted hair, which enhances his spiderlike severity. He is barefoot.

"Denis Grigorev!" begins the magistrate. "Step nearer and answer my questions. On the seventh day of this July the railway guard Ivan Semenov Akinfov, inspecting the track in the morning, caught you at the 141st verst unscrewing from a rail a nut which held it to the sleeper. Here is the nut! He arrested you with above-said nut. Is this correct?"

"What?"

"Did it happen the way Akinfov reports?"

"Sure, it did."

"All right. Well, why did you unscrew the nut?"

"What?"

"You quit saying 'what,' and answer straight: why did you unscrew this nut?"

"If I had not needed it, I would not have unscrewed

it,'' said Denis in a hoarse voice, looking awry at the ceiling.

''What did you want the nut for?''

''The nut?—Why, we make sinkers of them.''

''We? Who is that?''

''We, the people, the Klimov peasants, so to speak.''

''Listen, my good fellow! Don't act like an idiot, but talk sense. Don't lie about sinkers.''

''I have not told a lie since I was born, and there you say I lie,'' Denis says, grumbling, and winking with his eyes. ''Your Honor, how can one get along without sinkers? If you put a minnow on the hook, it won't go to the bottom without a sinker. I lie!'' Denis says, with a smile. ''What the devil can I do with a minnow, if it swims on the surface. A perch, a pike, a burbot always goes to the bottom, and only a chub can fetch a fish that swims on the surface and not often at that. There are no chubs in our river. That kind of fish loves wider waters.''

''Don't talk to me about chubs.''

''What? But you have been asking me! Gentlemen too catch them that way. The very last boy will not think of fishing without sinkers. Of course, if one has no sense, well, he may go and fish without sinkers. There is no law for fools.''

''So you say that you unscrewed this nut in order to make a sinker from it?''

''Sure! Certainly not for blind man's buff.''

''But for a sinker you might have taken some lead, a bullet, or a nail.''

''You can't find lead in the street, but have got to buy it, and a nail is no good. There is nothing better than a nut. It is heavy, and it has a hole.''

''You pretend you are a fool, as though you were born yesterday or had fallen down from the sky. Don't you understand, you dummy, what this unscrewing leads to? If the guard had not noticed it, the train might have been derailed and people might have been killed. You might have killed some people.''

"The Lord forbid, your honor! Why should I kill? Am I a pagan or an evildoer? Thank God, my good sir, I have lived my life, not only without killing, but even without any such thought of killing. Mother of God, preserve and save me! How can you say that?"

"Well, what in your opinion causes train wrecks? If you unscrew two or three nuts, you get a wreck."

Denis smiles and blinks at the magistrate.

"Well, the people of our village have been unscrewing nuts for ever so long, and the Lord has preserved us. And here you talk of train wrecks and killing people. If I carried off a rail or, say, put a log across the rails, then maybe it would have derailed a train, but a nut, pshaw!"

"Can't you understand that nuts hold the rails down to the sleepers?"

"I understand. We don't unscrew them all, we leave some. We don't do it recklessly, we do understand."

Denis yawns and makes the sign of the cross over his lips.

"Last year a train left the rails here," says the magistrate. "Now it is clear why."

"What is it, sir?"

"Now, I say, it is clear why a train left the track last year. I understand."

"That's what you are educated for, to understand, my dear sir. The Lord knew to whom to give reason. You have figured it that it was so and so, but the guard is just a peasant, without any reason, and he grabbed me by the neck and dragged me here. First reason with a person, and then drag him! I tell you, he is a peasant, and that's all the sense he has. Also note it down, your honor, that he twice slammed me on the mouth and on the chest."

"When they searched your house, they found another nut. Where did you unscrew that, and when?"

"You mean the nut that lay under the red chest?"

"I do not know where it lay, but they found it. When did you unscrew it?"

"I did not unscrew it. Ignashka, the son of Semen the Crooked, gave it to me. That is, the one under the chest, but the one in the yard, in the sleigh, Mitrofan and I unscrewed it."

"What Mitrofan?"

"Mitrofan Petrov. Don't you know him? He makes seines and sells them to gentlemen. He needs a lot of these nuts. To every seine it takes at least ten."

"Listen. Article 1081 of the Criminal Code says that for every damage knowingly done to the railway, when it may subject to danger a subsequent transport on the road, and the defendant knew that the consequence of his act would be an accident. . . . Do you understand? If he knew! You could not help knowing what the removal of a nut would lead to . . . he is sentenced to imprisonment in Siberia at hard labor."

"Of course, you know best. We are ignorant people, so we can't understand rightly."

"You do understand. You are just lying and pretending."

"Why should I lie? Ask in the village, if you do not believe me. Without a sinker they catch only suckers, or at best a blay, but even this fish won't bite without a sinker."

"Tell me again about the chub," the magistrate says, smiling.

"There are no chubs here. We fish with a butterfly and without sinkers for mullets, but not often."

"Shut up."

A silence follows. Denis shifts his feet, looks at the green cloth table and blinks his eyes frantically, as though he did not see the cloth, but the sun. The magistrate writes rapidly.

"May I go?" asks Denis, after a silence.

"No, I have to take you under guard and send you to jail."

Denis stops blinking and raising his dense eyebrows, looks interrogatively at the official.

"That is, how do you mean to jail? Your honor, I have no time, I have to go to market, to get three roubles from Egor for lard."

"Shut up, and don't bother me."

"To jail. I would not mind going, if there were any reason, but just for living a right life? For what? I have neither stolen nor gotten into a fight. If you have any doubt about arrear taxes, your honor, please do not believe the village elder. You had better ask the permanent member. The elder has no conscience."

"Shut up!"

"I am," Denis says grumbling. "And as to the elder accusing me of arrears, I can swear, there are three of us brothers, Kuzma, Egor, and I, Denis."

"You are bothering me. O there, Semen!" shouts the magistrate, "Take him away!"

"There are three of us brothers," growls Denis, as two stout soldiers take hold of him and lead him out of the room. "One brother is not responsible for another. Kuzma does not pay, and you, Denis, are responsible. . . Judges! The old general is dead, peace be to him, or he would show you judges a thing or two. You must judge justly, and not just as you please. You may whip a man, but there has to be cause for it."

IV. Ostrovski and the Drama. The most prominent dramatist of this period is A. N. Ostrovski (1823–1886), who belonged to the middle class, and under the influence of the Natural School chose to write only of what he personally knew, that is, the middle class of merchants who represent in the nineteenth century a society which more properly belongs to the time of the *Domostroy*. However, the new culture surreptitiously enters this reminiscence of a brutal antiquity through the younger generation that chafes against the

patriarchalism of their home, and this struggle is by Ostrovski represented in a long series of realistic dramas, in which the dialogues are masterpieces of idiomatic conversations.

His first comedy, *Pictures of Family Happiness,* was written in 1847; *The Bankrupt, or We Shall Settle It Among Ourselves,* appeared three years later; this was the drama which gave him immediate reputation and was read widely throughout Russia, although it was not permitted to be put upon the stage. The Moscow merchants protested against the picture of themselves, and Ostrovski was dismissed from civil service and placed under police supervision.

Perhaps the best of Ostrovski's dramas, or at least the one best known outside of Russia, is *The Thunderstorm,* whose scene is laid among the local tradespeople of a small and distant provincial town. Dikoy, an old and ill-tempered merchant, invariably stirs up a quarrel when he has a payment to make, and when he is drunk he goes to an old friend, Madam Kabanova, and announces that he has no business with her, but he has been drinking. The following scene is an example of what follows. It is taken from the translation of Mrs. C. Garnett:

Kabanova: I really wonder at you; with all the crowd of folks in your house, not a single one can do anything to your liking.

Dikoy: That's so!

Kabanova: Come, what do you want of me?

Dikoy: Well, talk me out of my temper. You're the only person in the whole town who knows how to talk to me.

Kabanova: How have they put you into such a rage?

Dikoy: I've been so all day since the morning.

Kabanova: I suppose they've been asking for money.

Dikoy: As if they were in league together, damn them! One after another, the whole day long they've been at me.

Kabanova: No doubt you'll have to give it them, or they wouldn't persist.

Dikoy: I know that; but what would you have me do, since I've a temper like that? Why, I know that I must pay, still I can't do it with a good will. You're a friend of mine, and I've to pay you something, and you come and ask me for it—I'm bound to swear at you! Pay I will, if pay I must, but I must swear too. For you've only to hint at money to me, and I feel hot all over in a minute; red-hot all over, and that's all about it. You may be sure at such times I'd swear at any one for nothing at all.

Kabanova: You have no one over you, and so you think you can do as you like.

Dikoy: No, you hold your tongue! Listen to me! I'll tell you the sort of troubles that happen to me. I had fasted in Lent, and was all ready for Communion, and then the Evil One thrusts a wretched peasant under my nose. He had come for money, for wood he had supplied us. And, for my sins, he must needs show himself at a time like that! I fell into sin, of course; I pitched into him, pitched into him finely, I did, all but thrashed him. There you have it, my temper! Afterwards I asked his pardon, bowed down to his feet, upon my word I did. It's the truth I'm telling you, I bowed down to a peasant's feet. That's what my temper brings me to: on the spot there, in the mud I bowed down to his feet.

Madam Kabanova is a tyrannical ruler in her own family. Her married son loves his

wife, but he is as completely under his mother's control as though he were a boy; she hates Katerina, the wife, and imposes on her, and the husband has no energy to defend her, but desires only to leave the house when trouble arises. Katerina is very unhappy, for she was brought up under much better surroundings. Among other traits of her character is an overpowering fear of thunderstorms. The son has to leave town for a fortnight, and while he is gone Katerina meets occasionally a fascinating young man, Boris, a nephew of Dikoy. As he is the first man who, since her marriage, has treated her with respect, and as he suffers from the oppression of Dikoy, the two naturally fall in love. He, however, is as weak and irresolute as her husband, and when ordered to leave town he deserts Katerina without a protest. The husband returns and with his wife and mother is caught in a terrific thunderstorm on the promenade along the Volga. Katerina, beside herself with fear of death, tells what has happened during her husband's absence. Having wandered about alone at dusk on the river bank, she discovers Boris and runs up to him:

Katerina: At last I see you again! (*Weeps on his breast. Silence.*)

Boris: Well, God has granted us to weep together.

Katerina: You have not forgotten me?

Boris: How can you speak of forgetting?

Katerina: Oh, no, it was not that, not that! You are not angry?

Boris: Angry for what?

Katerina: Forgive me! I did not mean to do you any harm. I was not free myself. I did not know what I said, what I did.

Boris: Don't speak of it! Don't.

Katerina: Well, how is it with you? What are you going to do?

Boris: I am going away.

Katerina: Where are you going?

Boris: Far away, Katya, to Siberia.

Katerina: Take me with you, away from here.

Boris: I cannot, Katya. I am not going of my free will; my uncle is sending me, he has the horses waiting for me already; I only begged for a minute, I wanted to take a last farewell of the spot where we used to see each other.

Katerina: Go, and God be with you! Don't grieve over me. At first your heart will be heavy, perhaps, poor boy, but then you will begin to forget.

Boris: Why talk of me! I am free at least; how about you? what of your husband's mother?

Katerina: She tortures me, she locks me up. She tells every one, even my husband: "Don't trust her, she is sly and deceitful." They all follow me about all day long, and laugh at me before my face. At every word they reproach me with you.

Boris: And your husband?

Katerina: One minute he's kind, one minute he's angry, but he's drinking all the while. He is loathsome to me, loathsome; his kindness is worse than his blows.

Boris: You are wretched, Katya?

Katerina: So wetched, so wretched, that it were better to die!

Boris: Who could have dreamed that we should have to suffer such anguish for our love! I'd better have run away then!

Katerina: It was an evil day for me when I saw you. Joy I have known little of, but of sorrow, of sorrow, how much! And how much is still before me! But why think of what is to be! I am seeing you now, that

much they cannot take away from me; and I care for nothing more. All I wanted was to see you. Now my heart is much easier; as though a load had been taken off me. I kept thinking you were angry with me, that you were cursing me. . . .

Boris: How can you! How can you!

Katerina: No, that is not what I mean; that is not what I wanted to say! I was sick with longing for you, that's it; and now, I have seen you. . . .

Boris: They must not come upon us here!

Katerina: Stay a minute! Stay a minute! Something I meant to say to you! I've forgotten! Something I had to say! Everything is in confusion in my head, I can remember nothing.

Boris: It's time I went, Katya!

Katerina: Wait a minute, a minute!

Boris: Come, what did you want to say?

Katerina: I will tell you directly. (*Thinking a moment.*) Yes! As you travel along the highroads, do not pass by one beggar, give to every one, and bid them pray for my sinful soul.

Boris: Ah, if these people knew what it is to me to part from you! My God! God grant they may one day know such bitterness as I know now. Farewell, Katya! (*Embraces her and tries to go away.*) Miscreants! monsters! Ah, if I were strong!

Katerina: Stay, stay! Let me look at you for the last time (*gazes into his face*). Now all is over with me. The end is come for me. Now, God be with thee. Go, go quickly!

Boris: (*Moves away a few steps and stands still.*) Katya, I feel a dread of something! You have something fearful in your mind? I shall be in torture as I go, thinking of you.

Katerina: No, no! Go in God's name! (*Boris is about to go up to her.*) No, no, enough.

Boris: (*Sobbing.*) God be with thee! There's only one thing to pray God for, that she may soon be dead, that she may not be tortured long! Farewell!

Katerina: Farewell!

(Boris goes out. Katerina follows him with her eyes and stands for some time, lost in thought.)

KATERINA (*alone*)

Where am I going now? Home? No, home or the grave—it is the same. Yes, home or the grave! . . . the grave! Better the grave. . . . A little grave under a tree . . . how sweet. . . . The sunshine warms it, the sweet rain falls on it . . . in the spring the grass grows on it, soft and sweet grass . . . the birds will fly in the tree and sing, and bring up their little ones, and flowers will bloom; golden, red and blue . . . all sorts of flowers (*dreamingly*), all sorts of flowers . . . how still! how sweet! My heart is as it were lighter! But of life I don't want to think! Live again! No, no, no use . . . life is not good! . . . And people are hateful to me, and the house is hateful, and the walls are hateful! I will not go there! No, no, I will not go! If I go to them, they'll come and talk, and what do I want with that? Ah, it has grown dark! And there is singing again somewhere! What are they singing? I can't make out. . . . To die now. . . . What are they singing? It is just the same whether death comes, or of myself . . . but live I cannot! A sin to die so! . . . they won't pray for me! If any one loves me, he will pray . . . they will fold my arms crossed in the grave! Oh, yes. . . . I remember. But when they catch me, and take me home by force. . . . Ah, quickly, quickly! (*Goes to the river bank. Aloud.*) My dear one! My sweet! Farewell! (*Exit.*

(Enter Mme. Kabanova, Kabanov, Kulighin and workmen with torches.)

CHAPTER VII

TURGENEV AND TOLSTOY

TURGENEV. Prince Kropotkin says that for artistic construction and the finish and beauty of his novels, Turgenev was very probably the greatest novel writer of his century, and many critics place him at the head of Russian novelists, great as are his competitors for that position. He was born in 1818 at Orel, the son of a Russian nobleman. Before he left home, Ivan had been taught German and French and had learned considerable English. As a general thing, the boy was neglected by his parents and found his associates among the serfs and the peasants of the neighborhood, one of whom, a self-taught serf on his father's estate, had given the youth enthusiastic admiration for the Russian poets

and that sympathy and understanding of the poorer classes which was to play so large a part in his after-life.

At fifteen he passed a brilliant examination for entrance to the University of Moscow, and a year later went to the University of St. Petersburg, where he made the acquaintance of Pushkin, Byelinski and other prominent literary men. After his graduation he went to Berlin for further study, where, among other subjects, he took history under Ranke and philosophy under Werder. He describes himself here as having "taken a header into the German sea" and come up "an Occidental." In 1841 he returned to St. Petersburg, where his mother was living. At this time the feeling that he had always possessed became intensified, and because of her treatment of the serfs he broke off all friendly relations with his mother and began his career of liberal-mindedness. By 1850, when his mother died, his convictions were so firmly established that he immediately liberated all the serfs belonging to the estate, and because of this, and in connection with a protracted residence abroad and an extremely liberal, if not revolutionary, article written on the death of Gogol, he was brought into disrepute with the government, suffered a month's imprisonment, and was forbidden to leave Russia under any circumstances. Two years later this ban was removed; Turgenev at once left the country, and the remainder of his life was spent abroad. The

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1818–1883

greater part of the time he lived in Paris, in close relations with the famous singer, Pauline Viardot-Garcia. Here he became immensely popular, and when he returned to Russia, as he did a few times, he found that his reputation there was all that an ambitious man could desire. In 1880, at the Pushkin festival, he was fêted extensively, and when after his death in Paris three years later his body was taken to St. Petersburg for burial, the funeral procession surpassed any that had even been seen in that city. To understand the great hold that Turgenev had upon Russian feeling and sentiment, his works must be carefully read, and to appreciate his genius they should be taken in the order which he recommends.

Turgenev's influence on modern literature has been tremendous, not only in his own country, but in France and England, as well. As a prose artist he has never had a superior, and while his characters are not so powerfully drawn as are some by other writers, yet they fit harmoniously into their surroundings and are extremely real and lifelike. No one ever had a greater power of taking an incident of little importance and making from it a brilliant picture or a convincing argument. An example of this delicate touch and power of creating so much from nothing has been given in an extremely brief incident taken from *A Lear of the Steppes:* The peasants of a village are officially informed that their master is to be changed. For formality's sake the

magistrate inquires, "Have you any objection to make?" A dead silence. "Come, sons of the devil, will you not answer?" At last an old soldier ventures to come forward and say, "None, surely, your honor," and his companions, gazing at him with admiration, not unmixed with terror, whisper, "There is a bold fellow."

II. Turgenev's Novels. It was not till 1847, when Turgenev's story, *Khor and Kalinych,* appeared, that he attracted very much public attention. What he had written before that time had been praised, but the public had not taken hold of it. This story, however, was epoch-making in its way and was the first of a series published during the next four years under the title of *A Sportsman's Sketches.* These stories, some of which were written in Russia and others after the author went to Paris, are not particularly original except that they picture peasant life in a realistic and perfectly fair manner. They are not passionate diatribes against a political condition, but are pictures of real people who tell their own story. To Turgenev the Russian peasant was not merely an object of pity; he was a human being, who could feel and think, who had a soul like that of any other person; only his method of thinking was different. He never referred to the abolition of serfdom, and yet these very stories became one of the most important factors in accomplishing that result. Khor and Kalinych are merely two peasants

who escape the consequences of their political status, one of them by living in a swamp to avoid compulsory service by paying a fine, the other, by becoming one of his master's hunt-servants. One is a dreamer, the other a realist; both are good-natured; one is faithful and tender, the other cordial and hospitable. In other types in other stories the author shows the various deformities which serfdom could create in the original character of individuals, the savage passions, the wild temper, brutality, ferocity and stupid insensibility.

It is not necessary to read Turgenev's novels chronologically as they were written in order to appreciate their content. In fact, that is not the manner he would suggest, and yet his six best novels show his highest poetical powers and expose his intellectual life most satisfactorily. These six we will consider one after another.

1. *Rudin* appeared in 1855, and was his most accomplished picture of the men who lived in the decade between 1840 and 1850 in Russia, where, no matter how intellectual they might be or how full of ideas, there was no opportunity for them to do anything, and their whole existence must be frittered away in words. Turgenev disapproved most heartily of this style of life, and yet he drew Rudin's picture as though he loved him. Briefly, the story is as follows:

On an estate in Middle Russia lives a woman who takes a great interest in questions of

the day and has about her at all times men of mark. Rudin enters her drawing-room during one of these meetings and attracts everybody's attention, winning the admiration of the hostess and the sympathy of her daughter and of a young student, who is the tutor of her brothers. Rudin speaks eloquently of liberty, free thought and the struggles of Western Europe for freedom, and captivates the young people completely by his poetic language and enthusiastic manner. Natasha, the daughter, falls in love with him, though he is much older and has streaks of silver showing in his luxuriant hair. "Look at this oak," he says, alluding to himself, "the last autumn's leaves still cover it, and they will never fall off until the young green leaves have made their appearance." Natasha understands by this that Rudin's old love will never disappear until a new love takes its place, and she is willing to sacrifice herself for him at any time. In fact, she violates all the strict rules of her mother's house, gives Rudin an interview early one morning, and is sadly disappointed to find that he seems able only to talk of obtaining her mother's permission to their marriage, when she is ready to fly to the ends of the world with him. When she asks him what they will do if the mother refuses, he says, "Submit." The heroic Rudin, whose eloquence moved every one, has broken down before the first serious obstacle that met him. Later on, poor, at odds with his government, exiled from one

town to another, he goes abroad, and in June, 1848, is killed while fighting on a barricade in Paris. The following passage from the Epilogue is taken from the speech of Lezhnev, formerly an enemy of Rudin's:

> Yes; no doubt he will die somewhere in poverty and want; but are we to throw stones at him for that? He never does anything himself precisely, he has no vital force, no blood; but who has the right to say that he has not been of use, that his words have not scattered good seeds in young hearts, to whom nature has not denied, as she has to him, powers of action, and the faculty of carrying out their own ideas? Indeed, I myself, to begin with, have gained all that I have from him. Sasha knows what Rudin did for me in my youth. I also maintained, I recollect, that Rudin's words could not produce an effect on men; but I was speaking then of men like myself, at my present age, of men who have already lived and been broken in by life. One false note in a man's eloquence, and the whole harmony is spoiled for us; but a young man's ear, happily, is not so overfine, not so trained. If the substance of what he hears seems fine to him, what does he care about the intonation? The intonation he will supply for himself!

2. *Liza,* or *A House of Gentle-Folk,* or *A Nobleman's Nest* (or *Retreat*), as it is variously translated, was an immense success, and is considered one of the most artistic of Turgenev's works. Its success, however, was to be attributed more largely to the wide circle of readers to whom it appealed. Lavretski, a man of poor education, contrives to surmount that disadvantage by the strength of the Russian national temperament. He has married,

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unfortunately, a lady who becomes notorious in Paris. They separate and he meets Liza, who is a thoroughly good, honest Russian girl of that age, pictured as only Turgenev can do it. They fall in love, and for a moment believe that Lavretski is free, for they have seen a notice in Paris of the death of his wife. The lady reappears, bringing with her all the unpleasant features of her notoriety, and Liza retires to a convent. All the characters in the book are types well known to Russian readers, and so were easily recognized and thoroughly enjoyed.

The Epilogue of *Liza* is regarded as one of the most memorable things in Russian literature; we give it in Ralston's translation:

> And so—eight years had passed away. Again spring shone from heaven in radiant happiness. Again it smiled on earth and on man. Again, beneath its caress, all things began to love, to flower, to sing.
>
> The town of O. had changed but little in the course of these eight years, but Madame Kalitine's house had, as it were, grown young again. Its freshly-painted walls shone with a welcome whiteness, while the panes of its open windows flashed ruddy to the setting sun. Out of these windows there flowed into the street mirthful sounds of ringing youthful voices, of never-ceasing laughter. All the house seemed teeming with life and overflowing with irrepressible merriment. As for the former mistress of the house, she had been laid in the grave long ago. Maria Dmitrievna died two years after Liza took the veil. Nor did Marfa Timofeevna long survive her niece; they rest side by side in the cemetery of the town. Nastasia Carpovna also was no longer alive. During the course of several years the faithful

old lady used to go every day to pray at her friend's grave. Then her time came, and her bones also were laid in the mold.

But Maria Dmitrievna's house did not pass into the hands of strangers, did not go out of her family—the nest was not torn to pieces. Lenochka, who had grown into a pretty and graceful girl; her betrothed, a flaxen-locked officer of hussars; Maria Dmitrievna's son, who had only recently married at St. Petersburg, and had now arrived with his young bride to spend the spring in O.; his wife's sister, a sixteen-year-old institute girl, with clear eyes and rosy cheeks; and Shurochka, who had also grown up and turned out pretty—these were the young people who made the walls of the Kalitine house resound with laughter and with talk. Everything was altered in the house, everything had been made to harmonize with its new inhabitants. Beardless young servant lads, full of fun and laughter, had replaced the grave old domestics of former days. A couple of setters tore wildly about and jumped upon the couches, in the rooms up and down which Roska, after it had grown fat, used to waddle seriously. In the st ble many horses were stalled—clean-limbed canterers, smart trotters for the center of the *troika,* fiery gallopers with platted manes for the side places, riding horses from the Don. The hours for breakfast, dinner and supper were all mixed up and confounded together. In the words of the neighbors, "Such a state of things as never had been known before" had taken place.

On the evening of which we are about to speak, the inmates of the Kalitine house, of whom the eldest, Lenochka's betrothed, was not more than four and twenty, had taken to playing a game which was not of a very complicated nature, but which seemed to be very amusing to them, to judge by their happy laughter,—that of running about the rooms, and trying to catch each other. The dogs, too, ran about and barked; and the canaries which hung up in cages before the windows, straining their throats in rivalry, heightened the general uproar

by the piercing accents of their shrill singing. Just as this deafening amusement had reached its climax, a tarantass, all splashed with mud, drew up at the front gate, and a man about forty-five years old, wearing a traveling dress, got out of it and remained standing as if bewildered.

For some time he stood at the gate without moving, but gazing at the house with observant eyes; then he entered the courtyard by the wicket-gate, and slowly mounted the steps. He encountered no one in the vestibule; but suddenly the drawing-room door was flung open, and Shurochka, all rosy red, came running out of the room; and directly afterwards, with shrill cries, the whole of the youthful band rushed after her. Suddenly, at the sight of an unknown stranger, they stopped short, and became silent; but the bright eyes which were fixed on him still retained their friendly expression, the fresh young faces did not cease to smile. Then Maria Dmitrievna's son approached the visitor, and politely asked what he could do for him.

"I am Lavretski," said the stranger.

A friendly cry of greeting answered him—not that all those young people were inordinately delighted at the arrival of a distant and almost forgotten relative, but simply because they were ready to rejoice and make a noise over every pleasurable occurrence. They all immediately surrounded Lavretski. Lenochka, as his old acquaintance, was the first to name herself, assuring him that, if she had had a very little more time, she would most certainly have recognized him; and then she introduced all the rest of the company to him, giving them all, her betrothed included, their familiar forms of name. The whole party then went through the dining-room into the drawing-room. The paper on the walls of both rooms had been altered, but the furniture remained just as it used to be. Lavretski recognized the piano. Even the embroidery-frame by the window remained exactly as it had been, and in the very same position as of old; and even seemed to have the same

unfinished piece of work on it which had been there eight years before. They placed him in a large arm-chair, and sat down gravely around him. Questions, exclamations, anecdotes, followed swiftly one after another.

"What a long time it is since we saw you last!" naïvely remarked Lenochka; "and we haven't seen Varvara Pavlovna either."

"No wonder!" her brother hastily interrupted her—"I took you away to St. Petersburg; but Fedor Ivanich has lived all the time on his estate."

"Yes, and mamma too is dead, since then."

"And Marfa Timofeevna," said Shurochka.

"And Nastasia Carpovna," continued Lenochka, "and Monsieur Lemm."

"What? is Lemm dead too?" asked Lavretski.

"Yes," answered young Kalitine. "He went away from here to Odessa. Some one is said to have persuaded him to go there, and there he died."

"You don't happen to know if he left any music behind?"

"I don't know, but I should scarcely think so."

A general silence ensued, and each one of the party looked at the others. A shade of sadness swept over all the youthful faces.

"But Matros is alive," suddenly cried Lenochka.

"And Gedeonovsky is alive," added her brother.

The name of Gedeonovsky at once called forth a merry laugh.

"Yes, he is still alive; and he tells stories just as he used to do," continued the young Kalitine—"only fancy! this madcap here" (pointing to his wife's sister, the institute girl) "put a quantity of pepper into his snuff-box yesterday."

"How he did sneeze!" exclaimed Lenochka—and irrepressible laughter again broke out on all sides.

"We had news of Liza the other day," said young Kalitine. And again silence fell upon the entire circle.

"She is going on well—her health is gradually being restored now."

"Is she still in the same convent?" Lavretski asked, not without an effort.

"Yes."

"Does she ever write to you?"

"No, never. We get news of her from other quarters."

A profound silence suddenly ensued. "An angel has noiselessly flown past," they all thought.

"Won't you go into the garden?" said Kalitine, addressing Lavretski. "It is very pleasant now, although we have neglected it a little."

Lavretski went into the garden, and the first thing he saw there was that very bench on which he and Liza had once passed a few happy moments—moments that never repeated themselves. It had grown black and warped, but still he recognized it, and that feeling took possession of his heart which is unequaled as well for sweetness as for bitterness—the feeling of lively regret for vanished youth, for once familiar happiness.

He walked by the side of the young people along the alleys. The lime trees looked older than before, having grown a little taller during the last eight years, and casting a denser shade. All the underwood, also, had grown higher, and the raspberry bushes had spread vigorously, and the hazel copse was thickly tangled. From every side exhaled a fresh odor from the forest and the wood, from the grass and the lilacs.

"What a capital place for a game at Puss in the Corner!" suddenly cried Lenochka, as they entered upon a small grassy lawn surrounded by lime trees. "There are just five of us."

"But have you forgotten Fedor Ivanovich?" asked her brother; "or is it yourself you have not counted?"

Lenochka blushed a little.

"But would Fedor Ivanovich like—at his age——" she began stammering.

"Please play away," hastily interposed Lavretski; "don't pay any attention to me. I shall feel more com-

fortable if I know I am not boring you. And there is no necessity for your finding me something to do. We old people have a resource which you don't know yet, and which is better than any amusement—recollection."

The young people listened to Lavretski with respectful, though slightly humorous politeness, just as if they were listening to a teacher who was reading them a lesson—then they all suddenly left him, and ran off to the lawn. One of them stood in the middle, the others occupied the four corners by the trees, and the game began.

But Lavretski returned to the house, went into the dining-room, approached the piano, and touched one of the notes. It responded with a faint but clear sound, and a shudder thrilled his heart within him. With that note began the inspired melody, by means of which, on that most happy night long ago, Lemm, the dead Lemm, had thrown him into such raptures. Then Lavretski passed into the drawing-room, and did not leave it for a long time.

In that room, in which he had seen Liza so often, her image floated more distinctly before him; the traces of her presence seemed to make themselves felt around him there. But his sorrow for her loss became painful and crushing; it bore with it none of the tranquillity which death inspires. Liza was still living somewhere, far away and lost to sight. He thought of her as he had known her in actual life; he could not recognize the girl he used to love in that pale, dim, ghostly form, half-hidden in a nun's dark robe, and surrounded by waving clouds of incense.

Nor would Lavretski have been able to recognize himself, if he could have looked at himself as he in fancy was looking at Liza. In the course of those eight years his life had attained its final crisis—that crisis which many people never experience, but without which no man can be sure of maintaining his principles firm to the last. He had really given up thinking about his own happiness, about what would conduce to his own interests. He had become calm, and—why should we conceal the

truth?—he had aged; and that not in face alone or frame, but he had aged in mind; for, indeed, not only is it difficult, but it is even hazardous to do what some people speak of—to preserve the heart young in bodily old age. Contentment, in old age, is deserved by him alone who has not lost his faith in what is good, his persevering strength of will, his desire for active employment. And Lavretski did deserve to be contented; he had really become a good landlord; he had really learnt how to till the soil; and in that he labored, he labored not for himself alone, but he had, as far as in him lay the power, assured, and obtained guarantees for, the welfare of the peasantry on his estates.

Lavretski went out of the house into the garden, and sat down on the bench he knew so well. There—on that loved spot, in sight of that house in which he had fruitlessly, and for the last time, stretched forth his hands toward that cup of promise in which foamed and sparkled the golden wine of enjoyment,—he, a lonely, homeless wanderer, while the joyous cries of that younger generation which had already forgotten him came flying to his ears, gazed steadily at his past life.

His heart became very sorrowful, but it was free now from any crushing sense of pain. He had nothing to be ashamed of; he had many sources of consolation. "Play on, young vigorous lives!" he thought—and his thoughts had no taint of bitterness in them—"the future awaits you, and your path of life in it will be comparatively easy for you. You will not be obliged, as we were, to seek out your path, to struggle, to fall, to rise again in utter darkness. We had to seek painfully by what means we might hold out to the end—and how many there were amongst us who did not hold out!—but your part is now to act, to work—and the blessing of old men like me shall be with you. For my part, after the day I have spent here, after the emotions I have here experienced, nothing remains for me to bid you a last farewell; and, although sadly, yet without a tinge of envy, without a single gloomy feeling, to say, in sight

of death, in sight of my awaiting God, 'Hail, lonely old age! Useless life, burn yourself out!' "

Lavretski rose up quietly, and quietly went away. No one observed him, no one prevented him from going. Louder than ever sounded the joyous cries in the garden, behind the thick green walls of the lofty lime trees. Lavretski got into his tarantass, and told his coachman to drive him home without hurrying the horses.

"And is that the end?" the unsatisfied reader may perhaps ask. "What became of Lavretski afterwards? and of Liza?" But what can one say about people who are still alive, but who have already quitted the worldly stage? Why should we turn back to them? It is said that Lavretski has visited the distant convent in which Liza has hidden herself—and has seen her. As she crossed from choir to choir, she passed close by him —passed onwards steadily, with the quick but silent step of a nun, and did not look at him. Only an almost imperceptible tremor was seen to move the eyelashes of the eye which was visible to him; only still lower did she bend her emaciated face; and the fingers of her clasped hands, enlaced with her rosary, still more closely compressed each other.

Of what did they both think? what did they both feel? Who can know? who shall tell? Life has its moments—has its feelings—to which we may be allowed to allude, but on which it is not good to dwell.

3. Beginning in 1860, Turgenev's studies in social problems had reached the point where he felt himself able to respond to the general call among Russians for an ideal character, and he produced three novels in an effort to accomplish this. The first one, which bears the name *On the Eve,* introduces us to Insarov, a powerful leader, a man of great moral strength and resolution, who, however, cannot

reach the goal to which he aims without his cousin, Helen, the feminist influence that should prevail. Helen is not satisfied with the dull, trifling life of her own family, and longs for a wider sphere of action. "To be good is not enough; to do good, yes, that is the great thing in life," she writes in her diary. Among those who surround her—a talented artist, a spoiled child, a future professor, an excellent but commonplace man—none can be her ideal. But when the Bulgarian patriot Insarov, absorbed completely by the one idea of liberating his mother country, appears, she is caught by his stern rudeness, his devotion to his aim, and her choice in life is settled. Insarov discovers his own love, and determines to leave the suburb of Moscow where they are staying. When he calls to say good-bye, Helen insists that he shall see her again before he leaves, but he does not promise. When he has not come by the afternoon, she starts to see him. A storm overtakes her and she steps into an old chapel by the roadside, where she meets Insarov, their mutual love is discussed, and he accepts Helen, believing that in her love he will find double his energy.

4. *Fathers and Sons* presents the character of Bazarov, the first "nihilist," who, however, was far from being the fiery individual we are now inclined to associate with that term. Nevertheless, the book stirred up a storm, the suddenness and violence of which it is almost impossible to understand. Bazarov is a clever

man, but clever in thought and words only. He is indifferent in his friendships, cynical in his love affairs, scorns art, and has no notion of what constitutes a point of honor. He has no respect for family life and no tenderness for his old parents, yet he is willing to fight a duel over nothing at all and to give his life for the first peasant he meets, so full of contradictions is his character. In a certain sense, he really was the representative of the young generation of the "sixties," the time when this novel appeared. That the hero was not a pleasing one, Turgenev himself was particularly conscious. Concerning this he has written:

Bazarov puts all the other personalities of my novel in the shade. He is honest, straightforward, and a democrat of the purest water, and you find no good qualities in him! The duel with Petr Petrovitch is only introduced to show the intellectual emptiness of the elegant, noble knighthood; in fact, I even exaggerated and made it ridiculous. My conception of Bazarov is such as to make him appear throughout much superior to Petr Petrovitch. Nevertheless, when he calls himself nihilist you must read *revolutionist*. To draw on one side a functionary who takes bribes, and on the other an ideal youth—I leave it to others to make such pictures. My aim was much higher than that. I conclude with one remark: If the reader is not won by Bazarov, notwithstanding his roughness, absence of heart, pitiless dryness and terseness, then the fault is with me—I have missed my aim; but to sweeten him with syrup (to use Bazarov's own language), this I did not want to do, although perhaps through that I would have won Russian youth at once to my side.

5. *Smoke* was written largely because some friends of Turgenev's had criticized him for the lessons taught in *Fathers and Sons* and had charged that recent incendiarisms had been caused by that novel. The new tale gave a vivid picture of the conservatism of society, the inference being that the persons composing modern society are little more than dirty and evil-smelling smoke. There is in this book, however, one enchanting character, Irene, who, though a selfish coquette, mean and calculating in her love affairs, is nevertheless capable of loving a man so wholly that she could sacrifice herself and everything to be with him. Her character is a wonderful piece of psychological analysis.

6. His last great novel, *Virgin Soil*, is another attempt to depict the man who was needed to solve the problem confronting the Russians of the day—the apparent impossibility of keeping things as they were and the equal impossibility of changing them. Although Turgenev was in despair of the success of that great movement which finally would bring freedom to the serfs and a measure of reasonableness to the bureaucratic governments, yet the novel is rather unsatisfactory; viewed historically it shows only the earliest phases of the movement and conveys a general impression which is not quite accurate. Turgenev was already losing some of his close acquaintance with Russian youth. Had he lived a little longer than he did, many of the problems

which he sought to solve he would have found reduced to comparative unimportance, while the reforms that have taken place have swept out of existence many of the evils that he pictured, and Russia has entered upon the solution of greater problems of which at that time no one dreamed.

Nezhdanov, the hero, if such he may be called, is an enthusiastic young university student, whose whole soul is apparently given up to the new nihilistic movement, but, while a tutor at the home of a liberal-minded landlord, he falls in love with Marianna, a niece of the noble's wife, and finds in her an enthusiastic believer in the same doctrines and one willing to abandon everything for the cause. When she runs away with him she finds him delightful and gentlemanly, but quite unequal to the difficulties that surround them. They take refuge at the factory of Solomin, where they remain separate and undertake to become one with the peasants.

The enthusiasm of the girl Marianna, who is really much more the hero than Nezhdanov, carries her through all difficulties, but when the revolutionists are denounced and the leaders arrested, Nezhdanov takes refuge in suicide, though he declares it is not on account of fear, but that his heart is no longer in the work because he feels that he has been gravely at fault in treating Marianna as he has done. His shot is not immediately fatal, and he has time to clasp the hands of Solomin and Ma-

rianna and urge them to be married, to which they agree.

III. Tolstoy. As popularly conceded, the greatest of the Russian novelists and in many respects one of the greatest men of his century, was Count Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy (1828–1910). Peculiar in temperament, original in creative power, with a brilliant imagination and remarkable powers, Tolstoy nevertheless led the life of an erratic genius, and at periods scattered, diffused and perverted his great talents as a result of the unbalanced temperament which seems the possession of so many Russian artists of later years. In general style his work is similar to that of Gogol, though much superior, and his ability to create living characters and fit them into scenes of extraordinary interest is unusual. His greater novels and his essays have been written with a distinct purpose, and in all of the novels the purpose overshadows the plot and incidents, though at no time destroying their interest.

Tolstoy was born of a noble family in the government of Tula. At the age of nine he was left an orphan and was brought up by relatives under the care of tutors until he was fifteen, at which time he entered the University of Kazan. After two years there he went to St. Petersburg for two more years and at the end of that time took his degree, but he had not distinguished himself particularly in his studies and afterwards complained that he had

TOLSTOY GREETING HIS NEIGHBORS ON HIS PORCH AT YASNAYA POLYANA

received no instruction that was thorough and satisfying. On leaving college, Tolstoy for several years lived as did young men of his class, without serious thought of the future, and indulged in the pleasures of his rank; but, fortunately, he became disgusted with the insignificance of his career, renounced the life he was leading, and, following his brother Nicholas, entered into military service in the Caucasus. There, having passed the necessary examinations, he was stationed as a non-commissioned officer in the artillery in a Cossack village on the Terek. Here, under the same influences which had so affected Lermontov, his genius responded freely to his surroundings, and he began writing descriptive tales of the Cossacks and a series of reminiscences of his own childhood, boyhood and youth. At the outbreak of the Crimean War he secured a transfer into the army of the Danube, where he saw active service in the battle of Balaklava and in the siege of Sebastopol, where he had all the dreadful experiences of the defenders of that famous place. These events ripened his judgment and furnished a fund of experience upon which he afterward drew extensively. Sketches written at this time further increased his reputation in Moscow and throughout Russia among the reading classes, and when the war was over and Tolstoy had returned to St. Petersburg he was received with open arms in the literary circles of the capital. Here he met the admiring Turgenev,

but the acquaintance never ripened into intimacy, as the two men differed fundamentally in their opinions.

At this time Tolstoy fell under the influence of the socialistic ideas of his contemporaries; he freed his own serfs and entered the propaganda in favor of a change in government. After his marriage to Sophia Behrs, in 1862, he gave himself up to the study of the poorer classes and to efforts to supply their needs. The conditions in Russia were appalling, and Tolstoy found abundant occupation for all his energies. About this time he began work upon *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, two of his greatest novels. For fifteen or sixteen years he was engaged upon these wonderful creations, and at the close of that period experienced a profound transformation in his conceptions of life, wrote freely on his changes in religious opinion, and allowed his great genius to diffuse itself in a series of erratic literary ventures, which, however sincere and wholesome in their tenor, added nothing to his fame, accomplished little good for his country at large and somewhat lessened the admiration of the world outside of Russia.

His labor for the poor and for the serfs culminated in convincing himself that he had no right to the property he possessed, and in 1895 he renounced it all and attempted thereafter to live the life of an ordinary peasant. In this he succeeded only to a moderate degree, and the whole series of acts appeared in the

eyes of many as something of a pose. A more charitable view, however, is that the inevitableness of suffering and privation, the resignation and submissive spirit, which constituted the burden of his fatalistic notions, seem to lead to but one end, and being intellectually too strong to commit suicide, he threw himself into work for the peasants as an outlet for his teeming energy. He says, however, that it was a real love for the peasant masses, and the more he penetrated into their lives the more he loved them and the easier it was for him to live. The result of his efforts was a considerable improvement over a wide area, but it is too early yet, especially when the World War is taken into consideration, to estimate with any degree of fairness the ultimate consequences of his acts.

Tolstoy's ideas brought upon his head both political and religious condemnation. In 1901 he was formally excommunicated by the Holy Synod, who had been threatening him for nearly thirty years. The action created little surprise, for he had attacked almost all human institutions—kingly power, the State, the Church, the jury, the army and marriage—as standing in the way of the natural development of the power of the individual. Moreover, he looked with dissatisfaction upon his own work and denounced his literary achievements as part of the idle productions of civilization and a human achievement which was begotten of idle fancy and a craving for the plaudits of

the world. Tolstoy the man was at war with Tolstoy the artist.

His power of psychological analysis was greater even than that of Dostoevski and extended over a much wider field. While the latter kept within the circle of the middle classes, Tolstoy was able to enter the minds of people in every walk in life and to draw human characters with the same keenness of insight and firmness of touch whether he found them in the palace of the nobility or on the awful road to Siberia. There is, however, little of the purely entertaining in Tolstoy's writing, for he was too serious, too thoroughly possessed by the great questions he was discussing, to spend time and energy in pleasing his readers. Yet, his tremendous power and the unsparing frankness with which he treated the great problems of life have brought him a host of readers in every country, some of whom have been severe critics, while others have been ardent admirers.

IV. Tolstoy's Novels. 1. *"Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth."* In 1852 Tolstoy published his first story, *Childhood,* which was followed after a time by *Boyhood* and *Youth,* two other parts of the autobiographical sketches. They are delightful reminiscences, free from mannerisms and so keen in their view of child life and child thought that only one who was willing to make a clean breast of his own affairs could possibly have written them. Their popularity was immediate and

widespread. Some sketches are very slight and on such trivial subjects that one would hardly expect them to be entered even in a diary, but each creates a living picture which will be appreciated by any reader.

2. *"A Morning in the Life of a Landlord" and "The Cossacks."* These two tales and several others as well are the result of Tolstoy's experiences among the Cossacks, and are to a certain extent autobiographical. The first relates the unsuccessful endeavors of a serf-owner, who, without thinking of freeing his "souls," does what he can to make them happy. It is a simple tale and, as some one says, gives the impression that Tolstoy was merely thinking aloud about some of his earlier experiences; but it was somewhat out of date, as events had already marched beyond the stage in which the hero was possible. Nevertheless, he was one of the characteristic Russian high-born dreamers, of which literature is so full, who in spite of their high aspirations find themselves unfitted to compete with conditions as they find them. Turgenev and Dostoevski give us more of the same general type, and they are evidently characteristic of the epoch in which the stories are laid.

The Cossacks relates to the time when Tolstoy was twenty-four, and, as we have seen, was running away from his idle life and living the more free and unconfined existence which he met in the Caucasus. The dominant note of this novel is, naturally enough, the contrast

between the simple life of the sons of the prairies, who, amid the perils that face them, had developed a force, endurance and calm courage that is in striking contrast to the artificialities of the young town resident who is thrown into their midst. He has all the aspirations of his class and wishes to accomplish great things, but finds himself inferior intellectually and physically to the men whom he meets. Even his affair with the Cossack girl is a mere nervous excitement, which never causes him to make love in the impetuous, domineering manner of a Cossack, but leads the heroine to doubt his sincerity and finally to dismiss him abruptly with a taunt as to his weakness. He is not admirable, but it was Tolstoy's purpose to picture a man of physical, intellectual and moral frailty, and this he accomplished with a vividness which produced a profound impression upon all his readers.

3. *"War and Peace."* Probably the greatest of Tolstoy's novels is his *War and Peace,* a tremendous undertaking, carried out in a most remarkable manner. Its background is the whole epoch from 1805 to 1812, during which was fought the stirring conflict between Russia and Western Europe, with Napoleon leading the French and Kutuzov the Russians. Beginning some years before the battle of Austerlitz, the period is treated as a dramatic spectacle, but, more than that, as a great struggle between social forces. It does not, moreover, depict the war from the point of view of

the conventional historian, but shows how it was understood by those who actually took part in it. The scope of the work is incredibly broad, as it shows social life from its highest rank down to that of the simplest soldier in the army and depicts the more than a hundred characters with a clearness and vividness that makes each one an integral part of the great scene. Tolstoy knew what he was writing about from his own experiences in war and in society, and he used his marvelous genius to depict everything with a minute realism, while at the same time he covered it all with a glow of mysticism. Fashionable drawing-rooms in St. Petersburg, the quarters of Russian diplomatists in Austria, the home of the wealthy Rostoff family in Moscow, the camps of the Russian general's staff and of Napoleon, great battles such as Austerlitz and Borodino, the burning of Moscow, the arrest of the Russians and their execution in batches, and finally all the horrors of that terrible winter retreat of Napoleon's army, are merely a few of the scenes which enter into this great tale. The terror of battle, the emotions of armies in conflict, are portrayed with no less skill and power than the episodes of the enthralling story which constitutes the plot proper of the novel, in which the tremendous events we have heretofore alluded to compose merely the fiery background. The impression left upon the reader is that of having passed through the smoke and noise of battle and the confused

scenes which follow it and to have emerged without clearly defined ideas of what transpired, yet with an impression of something august and terrible, in which fate moves across the scene superior to every individual and any combination of individuals.

The book has been criticized unsparingly and defended with a vast enthusiasm by the critics of the world. Perhaps foreign readers might find some parts of it dull and uninteresting or question Tolstoy's attitude toward the subjects he treats, but in educated Russia there has been no division of opinion, no lack of admiration for the work as a whole and in its thronging incidents and diversified scenes a pleasure obtainable nowhere else in literature. That Tolstoy treated Napoleon in too critical a spirit and minified his character and importance has often been said, but the Napoleon who fought in the Russian campaign and was driven back by the snows of the fierce and unyielding winter was not the Napoleon of earlier years, the ideal of French patriots, the unconquerable leader of French armies, and it is not surprising that Tolstoy should view him with different eyes from those of his followers.

It is too large a work for us to attempt any summary and too comprehensive for us to hope to give an idea of its contents or of the characters that throng its pages. There are good translations into English to be obtained at a very moderate cost, and he who is interested

in Russian literature or in a great historical novel for its own sake should read *War and Peace.*

4. *Anna Karenina* as a work of art is a masterpiece, and of Tolstoy's novels it is undoubtedly the most widely read. Previously there had been many stories of adultery written in many styles and with a multiplicity of incidents, but for the first time the whole bitter truth was told, as only Tolstoy could do it. The theme is a simple one of the wife, the husband and the lover, but it is treated with a wonderful perception of the laws of morality and of passion. Numerous characters, whose lives are as varied as Russian society could furnish, give in secondary incidents a background that adds to the realism of the whole production. When Anna, the high bred, sensitive woman, violates the moral code through the extremity of her passion, the tragic outcome is as inevitable as in any one of the great world-dramas; and from the time of her fall her character is drawn with so merciless a realism that in spite of the numerous subsidiary characters and the infinitude of interesting scenes, her personality dominates the whole tragedy. The mental states through which she passes—dawning love, irresistible passion, maternal affection, doubt, defiance, grief, and finally the utter despair which ends in suicide—are all delineated in a masterly manner that holds the reader breathless.

Anna Karenina, married through the intrigue of an old aunt to a high official in the Russian government, whom she does not love, meets and falls in love with Count Vronski, a wealthy young nobleman. Unable to carry on the deceit toward her husband, whom she now despises, she confesses her infidelity to him.

Alexey Alexandrovitch Karenin, who is still deeply in love with her, insists that as far as outward appearances are concerned, they continue to live as husband and wife. He will consent to a divorce if it can be arranged quietly, but Anna refuses this, because by so doing she would be deprived of her son, Seryozha, whom she loves devotedly. A little later, Karenin, who is in Moscow on official business, receives a telegram from Anna, who is sick at their home in St. Petersburg, begging him to come, as she is dying and will die easier with his forgiveness. He immediately hurries home:

The porter opened the door before Alexey Alexandrovitch rang. The porter, Kapitonitch, looked queer in an old coat, without a tie, and in slippers.

"How is your mistress?"

"A successful confinement yesterday."

Alexey Alexandrovitch stopped short and turned white. He felt distinctly now how intensely he had longed for her death.

"And how is she?"

Korney in his morning apron ran downstairs.

"Very ill," he answered. "There was a consultation yesterday, and the doctor's here now."

"Take my things," said Alexey Alexandrovitch, and feeling some relief at the news that there was still hope of her death, he went into the hall.

On the hatstand there was a military overcoat. Alexey Alexandrovitch noticed it and asked—

"Who is here?"

"The doctor, the midwife, and Count Vronski."

Alexey Alexandrovitch went into the inner rooms.

In the drawing-room there was no one; at the sound of his steps there came out of her boudoir the midwife in a cap with lilac ribbons.

She went up to Alexey Alexandrovitch, and with the familiarity given by the approach of death took him by the arm and drew him towards the bedroom.

"Thank God you've come! She keeps on about you and nothing but you," she said.

"Make haste with the ice!" the doctor's peremptory voice said from the bedroom.

Alexey Alexandrovitch went into her boudoir.

At the table, sitting sideways in a low chair, was Vronski, his face hidden in his hands, weeping. He jumped up at the doctor's voice, took his hands from his face, and saw Alexey Alexandrovitch. Seeing the husband, he was so overwhelmed that he sat down again, drawing his head down to his shoulders, as if he wanted to disappear; but he made an effort over himself, got up and said:

"She is dying. The doctors say there is no hope. I am entirely in your power, only let me be here . . . though I am at your disposal. I . . ."

Alexey Alexandrovitch, seeing Vronski's tears, felt a rush of that nervous emotion always produced in him by the sight of other people's sufferings, and turning away his face, he moved hurriedly to the door, without hearing the rest of his words. From the bedroom came the sound of Anna's voice saying something. Her voice was lively, eager, with exceedingly distinct intonations. Alexey Alexandrovitch went into the bedroom, and went up to the bed. She was lying turned with her face to-

ward him. Her cheeks were flushed crimson, her eyes glittered, her little white hands thrust out from the sleeves of her dressing-gown were playing with the quilt, twisting it about. It seemed as though she were not only well and blooming, but in the happiest frame of mind. She was talking rapidly, musically, and with exceptionally correct articulation and expressive intonation.

"For Alexey—I am speaking of Alexey Alexandrovitch (what a strange and awful thing that both are Alexey, isn't it?)—Alexey would not refuse me. I should forget, he would forgive. . . . But why doesn't he come? He's so good, he doesn't know himself how good he is. Ah, my God, what agony! Give me some water, quick! Oh, that will be bad for her, my little girl! Oh, very well then, give her to a nurse. Yes, I agree, it's better in fact. He'll be coming; it will hurt him to see her. Give her to the nurse."

"Anna Arkadyevna, he has come. Here he is!" said the midwife, trying to attract her attention to Alexey Alexandrovitch.

"Oh, what nonsense!" Anna went on, not seeing her husband. "No, give her to me; give me my little one! He has not come yet. You say he won't forgive me, because you don't know him. No one knows him. I'm the only one, and it was hard for me even. His eyes I ought to know—Seryozha has just the same eyes—and I can't bear to see them because of it. Has Seryozha had his dinner? I know every one will forget him. He would not forget. Seryozha must be moved into the corner room, and Mariette must be asked to sleep with him."

All of a sudden she shrank back, was silent; and in terror, as though expecting a blow, as though to defend herself, she raised her hands to her face. She had seen her husband.

"No, no!" she began. "I am not afraid of him; I am afraid of death. Alexey, come here. I am in a hurry, because I've no time, I've not long left to live; the fever

will begin directly and I shall understand nothing more. Now I understand, I understand it all, I see it all!''

Alexey Alexandrovitch's wrinkled face wore an expression of agony; he took her by the hand and tried to say something, but he could not utter it; his lower lip quivered, but he still went on struggling with his emotion, and only now and then glanced at her. And each time he glanced at her, he saw her eyes gazing at him with such passionate and triumphant tenderness as he had never seen in them.

''Wait a minute, you don't know . . . stay a little, stay! . . .'' She stopped, as though collecting her ideas. ''Yes,'' she began; ''yes, yes, yes. This is what I wanted to say. Don't be surprised at me. I'm still the same . . . But there is another woman in me, I'm afraid of her: she loved that man, and I tried to hate you, and could not forget about her that used to be. I'm not that woman. Now I'm my real self, all myself. I'm dying now, I know I shall die, ask him. Even now I feel—see here, the weights on my feet, on my hands, on my fingers. My fingers—see how huge they are! But this will soon all be over . . . Only one thing I want: forgive me, forgive me quite. I'm terrible, but my nurse used to tell me; the holy martyr—what was her name? She was worse. And I'll go to Rome; there's a wilderness, and there I shall be no trouble to any one, only I'll take Seryozha and the little one . . . No, you can't forgive me! I know, it can't be forgiven! No, no, go away, you're too good!'' She held his hand in one burning hand, while she pushed him away with the other.

The nervous agitation of Alexey Alexandrovitch kept increasing, and had by now reached such a point that he ceased to struggle with it. He suddenly felt that what he had regarded as nervous agitation was on the contrary a blissful spiritual condition that gave him all at once a new happiness he had never known. He did not think that the Christian law that he had been all his life trying to follow, enjoined on him to forgive and

love his enemies; but a glad feeling of love and forgiveness for his enemies filled his heart. He knelt down, and laying his head in the curve of her arm, which burned him as with fire through the sleeve, he sobbed like a little child. She put her arm round his head, moved towards him, and with defiant pride lifted up her eyes.

"That is he. I knew him! Now, forgive me, every one, forgive me! . . . They've come again; why don't they go away? . . . Oh, take these cloaks off me!"

The doctor unloosed her hands, carefully laying her on the pillow, and covered her up to the shoulders. She lay back submissively, and looked before her with beaming eyes.

"Remember one thing, that I needed nothing but forgiveness, and I want nothing more. . . . Why doesn't *he* come?" she said, turning to the door towards Vronski. "Do come, do come! Give him your hand."

Vronski came to the side of the bed, and seeing Anna, again hid his face in his hands.

"Uncover your face—look at him! He's a saint," she said. "Oh, uncover your face, do uncover it!" she said angrily. "Alexey Alexandrovitch, do uncover his face! I want to see him."

Alexey Alexandrovitch took Vronski's hands and drew them away from his face, which was awful with the expression of agony and shame upon it.

"Give him your hand. Forgive him."

Alexey Alexandrovitch gave him his hand, not attempting to restrain the tears that streamed from his eyes.

"Thank God, thank God!" she said, "now everything is ready. Only to stretch my legs a little. There, that's capital. How badly these flowers are done—not a bit like a violet," she said, pointing to the hangings. "My God, my God! when will it end? Give me some morphine. Doctor, give me some morphine! Oh, my God, my God!"

And she tossed about on the bed.

The doctors said that it was puerperal fever, and that it was ninety-nine chances in a hundred it would end in death. The whole day long there was fever, delirium, and unconsciousness. At midnight the patient lay without consciousness, and almost without pulse.

The end was expected every minute.

Vronski had gone home, but in the morning he came to inquire, and Alexey Alexandrovitch meeting him in the hall, said: "Better stay, she might ask for you," and himself led him to his wife's boudoir. Towards morning there was a return again of excitement, rapid thought and talk, and again it ended in unconsciousness. On the third day it was the same thing, and the doctors said there was hope. That day Alexey Alexandrovitch went into the boudoir where Vronski was sitting, and closing the door sat down opposite him.

"Alexey Alexandrovitch," said Vronski, feeling that a statement of the position was coming, "I can't speak, I can't understand. Spare me! However hard it is for you, believe me, it is more terrible for me."

He would have risen; but Alexey Alexandrovitch took him by the hand and said:

"I beg you to hear me out; it is necessary. I must explain my feelings, the feelings that have guided me and will guide me, so that you may not be in error regarding me. You know I had resolved on a divorce, and had even begun to take proceedings. I won't conceal from you that in beginning this I was in uncertainty, I was in misery; I will confess that I was pursued by a desire to revenge myself on you and on her. When I got the telegram, I came here with the same feelings; I will say more, I longed for her death. But . . ." He paused, pondering whether to disclose or not to disclose his feeling to him. "But I saw her and forgave her. And the happiness of forgiveness has revealed to me my duty. I forgive completely. I would offer the other cheek, I would give my cloak if my coat be taken.

"I pray to God only not to take from me the bliss of forgiveness!"

Tears stood in his eyes, and the luminous, serene look in them impressed Vronski.

"This is my position: you can trample me in the mud, make me the laughing-stock of the world, I will not abandon her, and I will never utter a word of reproach to you," Alexey Alexandrovitch went on. "My duty is clearly marked for me; I ought to be with her, and I will be. If she wishes to see you, I will let you know, but now I suppose it would be better for you to go away."

He got up, and sobs cut short his words. Vronski too was getting up, and in a stooping, not yet erect posture, looked up at him from under his brows. He did not understand Alexey Alexandrovitch's feeling, but he felt that it was something higher and even unattainable for him with his view of life.

Soon after her recovery, Anna and Vronski went abroad, and after traveling through Europe, settled in a village in Italy. Here for a while they were happy. Soon, however, they both became tired of the sameness of the small town and decided to go to St. Petersburg, where Vronski planned to arrange for their spending the summer on his large family estate:

One of Anna's objects in coming back to Russia had been to see her son. From the day she left Italy the thought of it had never ceased to agitate her. And as she got nearer to Petersburg, the delight and importance of this meeting grew ever greater in her imagination. She did not even put to herself the question how to arrange it. It seemed to her natural and simple to see her son when she should be in the same town with him. But on her arrival in Petersburg she was suddenly made distinctly aware of her present position in society, and

she grasped the fact that to arrange this meeting was no easy matter.

She had now been two days in Petersburg. The thought of her son never left her for a single instant, but she had not yet seen him. To go straight to the house, where she might meet Alexey Alexandrovitch, that she felt she had no right to do. She might be refused admittance and insulted. To write and so enter into relations with her husband—that it made her miserable to think of doing; she could only be at peace when she did not think of her husband. To get a glimpse of her son out walking, finding out where and when he went out, was not enough for her; she had so looked forward to this meeting, she had so much she must say to him, she so longed to embrace him, to kiss him. Seryozha's old nurse might be a help to her and show her what to do. But the nurse was not now living in Alexey Alexandrovitch's house. In this uncertainty, and in efforts to find the nurse, two days had slipped by.

Hearing of the close intimacy between Alexey Alexandrovitch and Countess Lidia Ivanovna, Anna decided on the third day to write to her a letter, which cost her great pains, and in which she intentionally said that permission to see her son must depend on her husband's generosity. She knew that if the letter were shown to her husband, he would keep up his character of magnanimity, and would not refuse her request.

The commissionaire who took the letter had brought her back the most cruel and unexpected answer, that there was no answer. She had never felt so humiliated as at the moment when, sending for the commissionaire, she heard from him the exact account of how he had waited, and how afterwards he had been told there was no answer. Anna felt humiliated, insulted, but she saw that from her point of view Countess Lidia Ivanovna was right. Her suffering was the more poignant that she had to bear it in solitude. She could not and would not share it with Vronski. She knew that to him, although he was the primary cause of her distress, the

question of her seeing her son would seem a matter of very little consequence. She knew that he would never be capable of understanding all the depth of her suffering, that for his cool tone at any allusion to it she would begin to hate him. And she dreaded that more than anything in the world, and so she hid from him everything that related to her son. Spending the whole day at home she considered ways of seeing her son, and had reached a decision to write to her husband. She was just composing this letter when she was handed the letter from Lidia Ivanovna. The Countess's silence had subdued and depressed her, but the letter, all that she read between the lines in it, so exasperated her, this malice was so revolting beside her passionate, legitimate tenderness for her son, that she turned against other people and left off blaming herself.

"This coldness—this pretense of feeling!" she said to herself. "They must needs insult me and torture the child, and I am to submit to it! Not on any consideration! She is worse than I am. I don't lie, any way." And she decided on the spot that next day, Seryozha's birthday, she would go straight to her husband's house, bribe or deceive the servants, but at any cost see her son and overturn the hideous deception with which they were encompassing the unhappy child.

She went to a toy-shop, bought toys and thought over a plan of action. She would go early in the morning at eight o'clock, when Alexey Alexandrovitch would be certain not to be up. She would have money in her hand to give the hall-porter and the footman, so that they should let her in, and not raising her veil, she would say that she had come from Seryozha's godfather to congratulate him, and that she had been charged to leave the toys at his bedside. She had prepared everything but the words she should say to her son. Often as she had dreamed of it, she could never think of anything.

The next day, at eight o'clock in the morning, Anna got out of a hired sledge and rang at the front entrance of her former home.

"Run and see what's wanted. Some lady," said Kapitonitch, who, not yet dressed, in his overcoat and goloshes, had peeped out of window and seen a lady in a veil standing close up to the door. His assistant, a lad Anna did not know, had no sooner opened the door to her than she came in, and pulling a three-rouble note out of her muff put it hurriedly into his hand.

"Seryozha—Sergey Alexeitch," she said, and was going on. Scrutinizing the note, the porter's assistant stopped her at the second glass-door.

"Whom do you want?" he asked.

She did not hear his words and made no answer.

Noticing the embarrassment of the unknown lady, Kapitonitch went out to her, opened the second door for her, and asked her what she was pleased to want.

"From Prince Shorodumov for Sergey Alexeitch," she said.

"His honor's not up yet," said the porter, looking at her attentively.

Anna had not anticipated that the absolutely unchanged hall of the house where she had lived for nine years would so greatly affect her. Memories sweet and painful rose one after another in her heart, and for a moment she forgot what she was here for.

"Would you kindly wait?" said Kapitonitch, taking off her fur cloak.

As he took off the cloak, Kapitonitch glanced at her face, recognized her, and made her a low bow in silence.

"Please walk in, your excellency," he said to her.

She tried to say something, but her voice refused to utter any sound; with a guilty and imploring glance at the old man she went with light, swift steps up the stairs. Bent double, and his goloshes catching in the steps, Kapitonitch ran after her, trying to overtake her.

"The tutor's there; maybe he's not dressed. I'll let him know."

Anna still mounted the familiar staircase, not understanding what the old man was saying.

"This way, to the left, if you please. Excuse it's not being tidy. His honor's in the old parlor now," the hall-porter said, panting. "Excuse me, wait a little, your excellency; I'll just see," he said, and overtaking her, he opened the high door and disappeared behind it. Anna stood still waiting. "He's only just awake," said the hall-porter, coming out. And at the very instant the porter said this, Anna caught the sound of a childish yawn. From the sound of this yawn alone she knew her son and seemed to see him living before she eyes.

"Let me in; go away!" she said, and went in through the high doorway. On the right of the door stood a bed, and sitting up in the bed was the boy. His little body bent forward with his nightshirt unbuttoned, he was stretching and still yawning. The instant his lips came together they curved into a blissfully sleepy smile, and with that smile he slowly and deliciously rolled back again.

"Seryozha!" she whispered, going noiselessly up to him.

When she was parted from him, and all this latter time when she had been feeling a fresh rush of love for him, she had pictured him as he was at four years old, when she had loved him most of all. Now he was not even the same as when she had left him; he was still further from the four-year-old baby, more grown and thinner. How thin his face was, how short his hair was! What long hands! How he had changed since she left him! But it was he with his head, his lips, his soft neck and broad little shoulders.

"Seryozha!" she repeated softly, just in the child's ear.

He raised himself again on his elbow, turned his tangled head from side to side as though looking for something, and opened his eyes. Slowly and inquiringly he looked for several seconds at his mother standing motionless before him, then all at once he smiled a blissful smile, and shutting his eyes, rolled not backwards but toward her into her arms.

"Seryozha! my darling boy!" she said, breathing hard and putting her arms round his plump little body. "Mother!" he said, wriggling about in her arms so as to touch her hands with different parts of him.

Smiling sleepily still with closed eyes, he flung his fat little arms round her shoulders, rolled toward her, with the delicious sleepy warmth and fragrance that is only found in children, and began rubbing his face against her neck and shoulders.

"I know," he said, opening his eyes; "it's my birthday to-day. I knew you'd come. I'll get up directly."

And saying that he dropped asleep.

Anna looked at him hungrily; she saw how he had grown and changed in her absence. She knew, and did not know, the bare legs so long now, that were thrust out below the quilt, those short-cropped curls on his neck in which she had so often kissed him. She touched all this and could say nothing; tears choked her.

"What are you crying for, mother?" he said, waking completely up. "Mother, what are you crying for?" he cried in a tearful voice.

"I won't cry. . . I'm crying for joy. It's so long since I've seen you. I won't, I won't," she said, gulping down her tears and turning away. "Come, it's time for you to dress now," she added, after a pause, and, never letting go his hands, she sat down by his bedside on the chair, where his clothes were put ready for him.

"How do you dress without me? How . . ." she tried to begin talking simply and cheerfully, but she could not, and again she turned away.

"I don't have a cold bath, papa didn't order it. And you've not seen Vassily Lukitch? He'll come in soon. Why, you're sitting on my clothes!"

And Seryozha went off into a peal of laughter. She looked at him and smiled.

"Mother, darling, sweet one!" he shouted, flinging himself on her again and hugging her. It was as though only now, on seeing her smile, he fully grasped what had happened.

"I don't want that on," he said, taking off her hat. And as it were, seeing her afresh without her hat, he fell to kissing her again.

"But what did you think about me? You didn't think I was dead?"

"I never believed it."

"You didn't believe it, my sweet?"

"I knew, I knew!" he repeated his favorite phrase, and snatching the hand that was stroking his hair, he pressed the open palm to his mouth and kissed it.

Meanwhile, Vassily Lukitch had not at first understood who this lady was, and had learned from their conversation that it was no other person than the mother who had left her husband, and whom he had not seen, as he had entered the house after her departure. He was in doubt whether to go in or not, or whether to communicate with Alexey Alexandrovitch. Reflecting finally that his duty was to get Seryozha up at the hour fixed, and that it was therefore not his business to consider who was there, the mother or any one else, but simply to do his duty, he finished dressing, went to the door and opened it.

But the embraces of the mother and child, the sound of their voices, and what they were saying, made him change his mind.

He shook his head, and with a sigh he closed the door. "I'll wait another ten minutes," he said to himself, clearing his throat and wiping away tears.

Among the servants of the household there was intense excitement all this time. All had heard that their mistress had come, and that Kapitonitch had let her in, and that she was even now in the nursery, and that their master always went in person to the nursery at nine o'clock, and every one fully comprehended that it was impossible for the husband and wife to meet, and that they must prevent it. Korney, the valet, going down to the hall-porter's room, asked who had let her in, and how it was he had done so, and ascertaining that

Kapitonitch had admitted her and shown her up, he gave the old man a talking-to. The hall-porter was doggedly silent, but when Korney told him he ought to be sent away, Kapitonitch darted up to him, and waving his hands in Korney's face, began—

"Oh, yes, to be sure you'd not have let her in! After ten years' service, and never a word but of kindness, and there you'd up and say, 'Be off, go along, get away with you!' Oh, yes, you're a shrewd one at politics, I dare say! You don't need to be taught how to swindle the master, and to filch fur-coats!"

"Soldier!" said Korney contemptuously, and he turned to the nurse who was coming in. "Here, what do you think, Marya Efimovna: he let her in without a word to any one," Korney said, addressing her. "Alexey Alexandrovitch will be down immediately—and go into the nursery!"

"A pretty business, a pretty business!" said the nurse. "You, Korney Vassilievitch, you'd best keep him some way or other, the master, while I'll run and get her away somehow. A pretty business!"

When the nurse went into the nursery, Seryozha was telling his mother how he and Nadinka had had a fall in sledging downhill, and had turned over three times. She was listening to the sound of his voice, watching his face and the play of expression on it, touching his hand, but she did not follow what he was saying. She must go, she must leave him,—this was the only thing she was thinking and feeling. She heard the steps of Vassily Lukitch coming up to the door and coughing; she heard, too, the steps of the nurse as she came near; but she sat like one turned to stone, incapable of beginning to speak or to get up.

"Mistress, darling!" began the nurse, going up to Anna and kissing her hands and shoulders. "God has brought joy indeed to our boy on his birthday. You aren't changed one bit."

"Oh, nurse dear, I didn't know you were in the house," said Anna, rousing herself for a moment.

"I'm not living here, I'm living with my daughter. I came for the birthday, Anna Arkadyevna, darling!"

The nurse suddenly burst into tears, and began kissing her hand again.

Seryozha, with radiant eyes and smiles, holding his mother by one hand and his nurse by the other, pattered on the rug with his fat little bare feet. The tenderness shown by his beloved nurse to his mother threw him into an ecstasy.

"Mother! She often comes to see me, and when she comes. . ." he was beginning, but he stopped, noticing that the nurse was saying something in a whisper to his mother, and that in his mother's face there was a look of dread and something like shame, which was so strangely unbecoming to her.

She went up to him.

"My sweet!" she said.

She could not say *good-bye*, but the expression on her face said it, and he understood. "Darling, darling Kootik!" she used the name by which she had called him when he was little, "you won't forget me? You . . ." but she could not say more.

How often afterwards she thought of words she might have said. But now she did not know how to say it, and could say nothing. But Seryozha knew all she wanted to say to him. He understood that she was unhappy and loved him. He understood even what the nurse had whispered. He had caught the words "always at nine o'clock," and he knew that this was said of his father, and that his father and mother could not meet. That he understood, but one thing he could not understand—why there should be a look of dread and shame in her face?. . . She was not in fault, but she was afraid of him and ashamed of something. He would have liked to put a question that would have set at rest this doubt, but he did not dare; he saw that she was miserable, and he felt for her. Silently he pressed close to her and whispered, "Don't go yet. He won't come just yet."

TOLSTOY
1828–1910

The mother held him away from her to see what he was thinking, what to say to him, and in his frightened face she read not only that he was speaking of his father, but, as it were, asking her what he ought to think about his father.

"Seryozha, my darling," she said, "love him; he's better and kinder than I am, and I have done him wrong. When you grow up you will judge."

"There's no one better than you!. . ." he cried in despair through his tears, and, clutching her by the shoulders, he began squeezing her with all his force to him, his arms trembling with the strain.

"My sweet, my little one!" said Anna, and she cried as weakly and childishly as he.

At that moment the door opened. Vassily Lukitch came in.

At the other door there was the sound of steps, and the nurse in a scared whisper said, "He's coming," and gave Anna her hat.

Seryozha sank on to the bed and sobbed, hiding his face in his hands. Anna removed his hands, once more kissed his wet face, and with rapid steps went to the door. Alexey Alexandrovitch walked in, meeting her. Seeing her, he stopped short and bowed his head.

Although she had just said he was better and kinder than she, in the rapid glance she flung at him, taking in his whole figure in all its details, feelings of repulsion and hatred for him and jealousy over her son took possession of her. With a swift gesture she put down her veil, and, quickening her pace, almost ran out of the room.

She had not time to undo, and so carried back with her, the parcel of toys she had chosen the day before in a toy-shop with such love and sorrow.

In St. Petersburg Anna and Vronski were unhappy. Very few of their friends called, and society would not accept them. This manner of living soon had its effect on both. Anna

began to be jealous over nothing and to doubt Vronski's love for her. Finally they quarreled, but were reconciled, and the next day they left for the country. On Vronski's large estate everything went well for a time. Anna was busy with her child and her reading; Vronski had his politics, improvements and building. A few friends called, among them Darya Aleksandrovna, Anna's sister-in-law. To outsiders the pair seemed happy, but jealousy and fears that Vronski loved her less and would some day leave her made Anna irritable and nervous. She could not sleep without the use of opiates. Quarrels became more frequent and serious. She wrote to her husband for a divorce, but received no answer.

After a year or so in the country it became necessary for Vronski to go to Moscow, and Anna insisted on going with him. Here conditions were worse than they were in St. Petersburg, as far as her friends were concerned. No one called except her sister-in-law. Her husband refused to divorce her. Her jealousies and fear of losing Vronski's love became greater; she even thought of death as the only way out of her difficulty. After one of the now frequent quarrels, she rushed from the room, and Vronski left to visit his mother:

"He has gone! It is over!" Anna said to herself, standing at the window; and in answer to this question the impressions of the darkness when the candle had flickered out, and of her fearful dream mingling into one, filled her heart with cold terror.

"No, that cannot be!" she cried, and crossing the room she rang the bell. She was so afraid now of being alone, that without waiting for the servant to come in, she went out to meet him.

"Inquire where the Count has gone," she said. The servant answered that the Count had gone to the stable.

"His honor left word that if you cared to drive out, the carriage would be back immediately."

"Very good. Wait a minute. I'll write a note at once. Send Mihail with the note to the stables. Make haste."

She sat down and wrote—

"I was wrong. Come back home; I must explain. For God's sake, come! I'm afraid."

She sealed it up and gave it to the servant.

. . . . . .

"Can it be all over? No, it cannot be!" she thought. "He will come back. But how can he explain that smile, that excitement after he had been talking to her? But even if he doesn't explain, I will believe. If I don't believe, there's only one thing left for me, and I can't."

She looked at her watch. Twenty minutes had passed. "By now he has received the note and is coming back. Not long, ten minutes more. . . . But what if he doesn't come? No, that cannot be. He mustn't see me with tear-stained eyes. I'll go and wash. Yes, yes; did I do my hair or not?" she asked herself. And she could not remember. She felt her head with her hand. "Yes, my hair has been done, when I did it I can't in the least remember." She could not believe the evidence of her hand, and went up to the pier-glass to see whether she really had done her hair. She certainly had, but she could not think when she had done it. "Who's that?" she thought, looking in the looking-glass at the swollen face with strangely glittering eyes, that looked in a scared way at her. "Why, it's I!" she suddenly understood, and looking round, she seemed all at once to feel his kisses on her, and twitched her shoulders, shuddering. Then she lifted her hand to her lips and kissed it.

"What is it? Why, I'm going out of my mind!" and she went into her bedroom, where Annushka was tidying the room.

"Annushka," she said, coming to a standstill before her, and she stared at the maid, not knowing what to say to her.

"You meant to go and see Darya Aleksandrovna," said the girl, as though she understood.

"Darya Aleksandrovna? Yes, I'll go."

"Fifteen minutes there, fifteen minutes back. He's coming, he'll be here soon." She took out her watch and looked at it. "But how could he go away, leaving me in such a state? How can he live, without making it up with me?" She went to the window and began looking into the street. Judging by the time, he might be back now. But her calculations might be wrong, and she began once more to recall when he had started and to count the minutes.

At the moment when she had moved away to the big clock to compare it with her watch, some one drove up. Glancing out of window, she saw his carriage. But no one came upstairs, and voices could be heard below. It was the messenger who had come back in the carriage. She went down to him.

"We didn't catch the Count. The Count had driven off on the lower city road."

"What do you say? What!. . ." she said to the rosy, good-humored Mihail, as he handed her back her note.

"Why, then, he has never received it!" she thought.

"Go with this note to Countess Vronski's place, you know?—and bring an answer back immediately," she said to the messenger.

"And I, what am I going to do?" she thought. "Yes, I'm going to Dolly's, that's true, or else I shall go out of my mind. Yes, and I can telegraph, too." And she wrote a telegram. "I absolutely must talk to you; come at once." After sending off the telegram, she went to dress. When she was dressed and in her hat, she glanced

again into the eyes of the plump, comfortable-looking Annushka. There was unmistakable sympathy in those good-natured little gray eyes.

"Annushka, dear, what am I to do?" said Anna, sobbing and sinking helplessly into a chair.

"Why fret yourself so, Anna Arkadyevna? Why, there's nothing out of the way. You drive out a little, and it'll cheer you up," said the maid.

"Yes, I'm going," said Anna, rousing herself and getting up. "And if there's a telegram while I'm away, send it on to Darya Aleksandrovna's . . . but no, I shall be back myself."

"Yes, I mustn't think, I must do something, drive somewhere, and, most of all, get out of this house," she said, feeling with terror the strange turmoil going on in her own heart, and she made haste to go out and get into the carriage.

"Where to?" asked Pyotr before getting on to the box.

"To Znamenka, the Oblonsky's."

. . . . . .

As she sat in a corner of the comfortable carriage, that hardly swayed on its supple springs, while the grays trotted swiftly, in the midst of the unceasing rattle of wheels and the changing impressions in the pure air, Anna ran over the events of the last days, and she saw her position quite differently from how it had seemed at home. Now the thought of death seemed no longer so terrible and so clear to her, and death itself no longer seemed so inevitable. Now she blamed herself for the humiliation to which she had lowered herself. "I entreat him to forgive me. I have given in to him. I have owned myself in fault. What for? Can't I live without him?" And leaving unanswered the question how she was going to live without him, she fell to reading the signs on the shops. "Office and warehouse. Dental surgeon. Yes, I'll tell Dolly all about it. She doesn't like Vronski. I shall be sick and ashamed, but I'll tell her. She loves me, and I'll follow her advice. I won't give

in to him; I won't let him train me as he pleases. Filippov, bun-shop. They say they send their dough to Petersburg. The Moscow water is so good for it. Ah, the springs at Mitishtchen, and the pancakes!''

. . . . . .

''What's so awful is that one can't tear up the past by its roots. One can't tear it out, but one can hide one's memory of it. And I'll hide it.'' And then she thought of her past with Alexey Alexandrovitch, of how she had blotted the memory of it out of her life. ''Dolly will think I'm leaving my second husband, and so I certainly must be in the wrong. As if I cared to be right! I can't help it!'' she said, and she wanted to cry. But at once she fell to wondering what those two girls could be smiling about. ''Love, most likely. They don't know how dreary it is, how low. . . The boulevard and the children.''

Thinking over the words in which she would tell Dolly, and mentally working her heart up to great bitterness, Anna went upstairs.

''Is there any one with her?'' she asked in the hall.

''Katerina Aleksandrovna Levin,'' answered the footman.

''Kitty! Kitty, whom Vronski was in love with!'' thought Anna, ''the girl he thinks of with love. He's sorry he didn't marry her. But me he thinks of with hatred, and is sorry he had anything to do with me.''

The sisters were having a consultation about nursing when Anna called. Dolly went down alone to see the visitor who had interrupted their conversation.

''Well, so you've not gone away yet? I meant to have come to you,'' she said; ''I had a letter from Stiva to-day.''

''We had a telegram too,'' answered Anna, looking round for Kitty.

''He writes that he can't make out quite what Alexey Alexandrovitch wants, but he won't go away without a decisive answer.''

"I thought you had some one with you. Can I see the letter?"

"Yes; Kitty," said Dolly, embarrassed. "She stayed in the nursery. She has been very ill."

"So I heard. May I see the letter?"

"I'll get it directly. But he doesn't refuse; on the contrary, Stiva has hopes," said Dolly, stopping in the doorway.

"I haven't, and indeed I don't wish it," was Anna's reply.

"What's this? Does Kitty consider it degrading to meet me?" thought Anna when she was alone. "Perhaps she's right, too. But it's not for her, the girl who was in love with Vronski, it's not for her to show me that, even if it is true. I know that in my position I can't be received by any decent woman. I knew that from the first moment I sacrificed everything to him. And this is my reward! Oh, how I hate him! And what did I come here for? I'm worse here, more miserable." She heard from the next room the sisters' voices in consultation. "And what am I going to say to Dolly now? Amuse Kitty by the sight of my wretchedness, submit to her patronizing? No; and besides, Dolly wouldn't understand. And it would be no good my telling her. It would only be interesting to see Kitty, to show her how I despise every one and everything, how nothing matters to me now."

Dolly came in with the letter. Anna read it and handed it back in silence.

"I knew all that," she said, "and it doesn't interest me in the least."

"Oh, why so? On the contrary, I have hopes," said Dolly, looking inquisitively at Anna. She had never seen her in such a strangely irritable condition. "When are you going away?" she asked.

Anna, half-closing her eyes, looked straight before her and did not answer.

"Why does Kitty shrink from me?" she said, looking at the door and flushing red.

"Oh, what nonsense! She's nursing, and things aren't going right with her, and I've been advising her. . . . She's delighted. She'll be here in a minute," said Dolly awkwardly, not clever at lying. "Yes, here she is."

Hearing that Anna had called, Kitty had wanted not to appear, but Dolly persuaded her. Rallying her forces, Kitty went in, walked up to her, blushing, and shook hands.

"I am so glad to see you," she said with a trembling voice.

Kitty had been thrown into confusion by the inward conflict between her antagonism to this bad woman and her desire to be nice to her. But as soon as she saw Anna's lovely and attractive face, all feeling of antagonism disappeared.

"I should not have been surprised if you had not cared to meet me. I'm used to everything. You have been ill? Yes, you are changed," said Anna.

Kitty felt that Anna was looking at her with hostile eyes. She ascribed this hostility to the awkward position in which Anna, who had once patronized her, must feel with her now, and she felt sorry for her.

They talked of Kitty's illness, of the baby, of Stiva, but it was obvious that nothing interested Anna.

"I came to say good-bye to you," she said, getting up.

"Oh, when are you going?"

But again not answering, Anna turned to Kitty.

"Yes, I am very glad to have seen you," she said with a smile. "I have heard so much of you from every one, even from your husband. He came to see me, and I liked him exceedingly," she said, unmistakably with malicious intent. "Where is he?"

"He has gone back to the country," said Kitty, blushing.

"Remember me to him, be sure you do."

"I'll be sure to!" Kitty said naïvely, looking compassionately into her eyes.

"So good-bye, Dolly." And kissing Dolly and shaking hands with Kitty, Anna went out hurriedly.

"She's just the same and just as charming! She's very lovely!" said Kitty, when she was alone with her sister. "But there's something piteous about her. Awfully piteous!"

"Yes, there's something unusual about her to-day," said Dolly. "When I went with her into the hall, I fancied she was almost crying."

Anna got into the carriage again in an even worse frame of mind than when she set out from home. To her previous tortures was added now that sense of mortification and of being an outcast which she had felt so distinctly on meeting Kitty.

"Where to? Home?" asked Pyotr.

"Yes, home," she said, not even thinking now where she was going.

"How they looked at me as something dreadful, incomprehensible, and curious! What can he be telling the other with such warmth?" she thought, staring at two men who walked by. "Can one ever tell any one what one is feeling? I meant to tell Dolly, and it's a good thing I didn't tell her. How pleased she would have been at my misery! She would have concealed it, but her chief feeling would have been delight at my being punished for the happiness she envied me for. Kitty, she would have been even more pleased. How I can see through her! She knows I was more than usually sweet to her husband. And she's jealous and hates me. And she despises me. In her eyes I'm an immoral woman. If I were an immoral woman I could have made her husband fall in love with me . . . if I'd cared to."

. . . . . .

She was plunged in these thoughts when the carriage drew up at the steps of her house. It was only when she saw the porter running out to meet her that she remembered she had sent the note and the telegram.

"Is there an answer?" she inquired.

"I'll see this minute," answered the porter, and glancing into his room, he took out and gave her the thin

square envelope of a telegram. "I can't come before ten o'clock.—Vronski," she read.

"And hasn't the messenger come back?"

"No," answered the porter.

"Then, since it's so, I know what I must do," she said, and feeling a vague fury and craving for revenge rising up within her, she ran upstairs. "I'll go to him myself. Before going away for ever, I'll tell him all. Never have I hated any one as I hate that man!" she thought. Seeing his hat on the rack, she shuddered with aversion. She did not consider that his telegram was an answer to her telegram and that he had not yet received her note. She pictured him to herself as talking calmly to his mother and Princess Sorokin and rejoicing at her sufferings. "Yes, I must go quickly," she said, not knowing yet where she was going. She longed to get away as quickly as possible from the feelings she had gone through in that awful house. The servants, the walls, the things in that house—all aroused repulsion and hatred in her and lay like a weight upon her.

"Yes, I must go to the railway station, and if he's not there, then go there and catch him." Anna looked at the railway time-table in the newspapers. An evening train went at two minutes past eight. "Yes, I shall be in time." She gave orders for the other horses to be put in the carriage, and packed in a traveling-bag the things needed for a few days. She knew she would never come back here again.

Among the plans that came into her head she vaguely determined that after what would happen at the station or at the Countess's house, she would go as far as the first town on the Nizhigorod road and stop there. . . . She ordered the carriage and went out. The house threw a shadow now right across the street, but it was a bright evening and still warm in the sunshine. Annushka, who came down with her things, and Pyotr, who put the things in the carriage, and the coachman, evidently out of humor, were all hateful to her, and irritated her by their words and actions.

"I don't want you, Pyotr."

"But how about the ticket?"

"Well, as you like, it doesn't matter," she said crossly.

Pyotr jumped on the box, and putting his arms akimbo, told the coachman to drive to the booking-office.

"Here it is again! Again I understand it all!" Anna said to herself, as soon as the carriage had started, and swaying lightly, rumbled over the tiny cobbles of the paved road, and again one impression followed rapidly upon another.

. . . . . .

And now for the first time Anna turned that glaring light in which she was seeing everything on to her relations with him, which she had hitherto avoided thinking about. "What was it he sought in me? Not love so much as the satisfaction of vanity." She remembered his words, the expression of his face that recalled an abject setter-dog, in the early days of their connection. And everything now confirmed this. "Yes, there was the triumph of success in him. Of course there was love too, but the chief element was the pride of success. He boasted of me. Now that's over. There's nothing to be proud of. Not to be proud of, but to be ashamed of. He has taken from me all he could, and now I am no use to him. He is weary of me and is trying not to be dishonorable in his behavior to me. He let that out yesterday—he wants divorce and marriage so as to burn his ships. He loves me, but how? The zest is gone, as the English say. That fellow wants every one to admire him and is very much pleased with himself," she thought, looking at a red-faced clerk, riding on a riding-school horse. "Yes, there's not the same flavor about me for him now. If I go away from him, at the bottom of his heart he will be glad."

This was not mere supposition, she saw it distinctly in the piercing light, which revealed to her now the meaning of life and human relations.

"My love keeps growing more passionate and egoistic, while his is waning and waning, and that's why we're

drifting apart.'' She went on musing. ''And there's no help for it. He is everything for me, and I want him more and more to give himself up to me entirely. And he wants more and more to get away from me. We walked to meet each other up to the time of our love, and then we have been irresistibly drifting in different directions. And there's no altering that. He tells me I'm insanely jealous, and I have told myself that I am insanely jealous; but it's not true. I'm not jealous, but I'm unsatisfied. But . . .'' she opened her lips, and shifted her place in the carriage in the excitement, aroused by the thought that suddenly struck her. ''If I could be anything but a mistress, passionately caring for nothing but his caresses; but I can't and I don't care to be anything else. And by that desire I rouse aversion in him, and he rouses fury in me, and it cannot be different. Don't I know that he wouldn't deceive me, that he has no schemes about Princess Sorokin, that he's not in love with Kitty, that he won't desert me! I know all that, but it makes it no better for me. If without loving me, from *duty* he'll be good and kind to me, without what I want, that's a thousand times worse than unkindness! That's—hell! And that's just how it is. For a long while now he hasn't loved me. And where love ends, hate begins. I don't know these streets at all. Hills it seems, and still houses, and houses . . . And in the houses always people and people . . . How many of them, no end, and all hating each other! Come, let me try and think what I want, to make me happy. Well? Suppose I am divorced, and Alexey Alexandrovitch lets me have Seryozha, and I marry Vronski.'' Thinking of Alexey Alexandrovitch, she at once pictured him with extraordinary vividness as though he were alive before her, with his mild, lifeless, dull eyes, the blue veins in his white hands, his intonations and the cracking of his fingers, and remembering the feeling which had existed between them, and which was also called love, she shuddered with loathing. ''Well, I'm divorced, and become Vronski's wife. Well, will Kitty cease looking at me as

she looked at me to-day? No. And will Seryozha leave off asking and wondering about my two husbands? And is there any new feeling I can awaken between Vronski and me? Is there possible, if not happiness, some sort of ease from misery? No, no!'' she answered now without the slightest hesitation. ''Impossible! We are drawn apart by life, and I make his unhappiness, and he mine, and there's no altering him or me. Every attempt has been made, the screw has come unscrewed. Oh, a beggar-woman with a baby. She thinks I'm sorry for her. Aren't we all flung into the world only to hate each other, and so to torture ourselves and each other? Schoolboys coming—laughing—Seryozha?'' she thought. ''I thought, too, that I loved him, and used to be touched by my own tenderness. But I have lived without him. I gave him up for another love, and did not regret the exchange till that love was satisfied.'' And with loathing she thought of what she meant by that love. And the clearness with which she saw life now, her own and all men's, was a pleasure to her. ''It's so with me and Pyotr, and the coachman, Fyodor, and that merchant, and all the people living along the Volga, where those placards invite one to go, and everywhere and always,'' she thought when she had driven under the low-pitched roof of the Nizhigorod station, and the porters ran to meet her.

''A ticket to Obiralovka?'' said Pyotr.

She had utterly forgotten where and why she was going, and only by a great effort she understood the question.

''Yes,'' she said, handing him her purse, and taking a little red bag in her hand, she got out of the carriage.

. . . . . .

Some noisy men were quiet as she passed them on the platform, and one whispered something about her to another—something vile, no doubt. She stepped up on the high step, and sat down in a carriage by herself on a dirty seat that had been white. Her bag lay beside her, shaken up and down by the springiness of the seat. With

a foolish smile Pyotr raised his hat, with its colored band, at the window, in token of farewell, an impudent conductor slammed the door and the latch.

. . . . . .

To avoid seeing any one, she got up quickly and seated herself at the opposite window of the empty carriage. A misshapen-looking peasant covered with dirt, in a cap from which his tangled hair stuck out all round, passed by that window, stooping down to the carriage wheels. "There's something familiar about that hideous peasant," thought Anna. And remembering her dream, she moved away to the opposite door, shaking with terror. The conductor opened the door and let in a man and his wife.

"Do you wish to get out?"

Anna made no answer. The conductor and her two fellow-passengers did not notice under her veil her panic-stricken face. She went back to her corner and sat down. . . . Anna saw clearly that they were sick of each other, and hated each other. And no one could have helped hating such miserable monstrosities.

A second bell sounded, and was followed by moving of luggage, noise, shouting and laughter. It was so clear to Anna that there was nothing for any one to be glad of, that this laughter irritated her agonizingly, and she would have liked to stop up her ears not to hear it. At last the third bell rang, there was a whistle and a hiss of steam, and a clank of chains, and the man in her carriage crossed himself. "It would be interesting to ask him what meaning he attaches to that," thought Anna, looking angrily at him. She looked past the lady out of the window at the people who seemed whirling by as they ran beside the train or stood on the platform. The train, jerking at regular intervals at the junctions of the rails, rolled by the platform, past a stone wall, a signal-box, past other trains; the wheels, moving more smoothly and evenly, resounded with a slight clang on the rails.

. . . . . .

"Yes, what did I stop at? That I couldn't conceive a position in which life would not be a misery, that we are all created to be miserable, and that we all know it, and all invent means of deceiving each other. And when one sees the truth, what is one to do?"

"That's what reason is given man for, to escape from what worries him," said the lady in French, lisping affectedly, and obviously pleased with her phrase.

The words seemed an answer to Anna's thoughts.

. . . . . .

"Yes, I'm very much worried, and that's what reason was given me for, to escape; so then one must escape: why not put out the light when there's nothing more to look at, when it's sickening to look at it all? But how? Why did the conductor run along the footboard, why are they shrieking, those young men in that train? Why are they talking, why are they laughing? It's all falsehood, all lying, all humbug, all cruelty! . . ."

When the train came into the station, Anna got out into the crowd of passengers, and moving apart from them as if they were lepers, she stood on the platform, trying to think what she had come here for, and what she meant to do. Everything that had seemed to her possible before was now so difficult to consider, especially in this noisy crowd of hideous people who would not leave her alone. At one moment porters ran up to her proffering their services, then young men clacking their heels on the planks of the platform and talking loudly, stared at her, then people meeting her dodged past on the wrong side. Remembering that she had meant to go on further if there were no answer, she stopped a porter and asked if her coachman were not here with a note from Count Vronski.

"Count Vronski? They sent up here from the Vronskis just this minute, to meet Princess Sorokin and her daughter. And what is the coachman like?"

Just as she was talking to the porter, the coachman Mihail, red and cheerful in his smart blue coat and chain, evidently proud of having so successfully per-

formed his commission, came up to her and gave her a letter. She broke it open, and her heart ached before she had read it.

"I am very sorry your note did not reach me. I will be home at ten," Vronski had written carelessly. . . .

"Yes, that's what I expected!" she said to herself with an evil smile.

"Very good, you can go home then," she said softly, addressing Mihail. She spoke softly because the rapidity of her heart's beating hindered her breathing. "No, I won't let you make me miserable," she thought menacingly, addressing not him, not herself, but the power that made her suffer, and she walked along the platform.

Two maid-servants walking along the platform turned their heads, staring at her and making some remarks about her dress. "Real," they said of the lace she was wearing. The young men would not leave her in peace. Again they passed by, peering into her face, and with a laugh shouting something in an unnatural voice. The stationmaster coming up asked her whether she was going by train. A boy selling kvas, never took his eyes off her. "My God! where am I to go?" she thought, going farther and farther along the platform. At the end she stopped. Some ladies and children, who had come to meet a gentleman in spectacles, paused in their loud laughter and talking and stared at her as she reached them. She quickened her pace and walked away from them to the edge of the platform. A luggage train was coming in. The platform began to sway, and she fancied she was in the train again.

And all at once she thought of the man crushed by the train the day she had first met Vronski, and she knew what she had to do. With a rapid, light step she went down the steps that led from the tank to the rails and stopped quite near the approaching train.

She looked at the lower part of the carriages, at the screws and chains, and the tall cast-iron wheel of the first carriage slowly moving up, and tried to measure the middle between the front and back wheels, and the

very minute when that middle point would be opposite her.

"There," she said to herself, looking into the shadow of the carriage, at the sand and coal-dust which covered the sleepers—"there, in the very middle, and I will punish him and escape from every one and from myself."

She tried to fling herself below the wheels of the first carriage as it reached her; but the red bag which she tried to drop out of her hand delayed her, and she was too late; she missed the moment. She had to wait for the next carriage. A feeling such as she had known when about to take the first plunge in bathing came upon her, and she crossed herself. That familiar gesture brought back into her soul a whole series of girlish and childish memories, and suddenly the darkness that had covered everything for her was torn apart, and life rose up before her for an instant with all its bright past joys. But she did not take her eyes from the wheels of the second carriage. And exactly at the moment when the space between the wheels came opposite her, she dropped the red bag, and drawing her head back into her shoulders, fell on her hands under the carriage, and lightly, as though she would rise again at once, dropped on to her knees. And at the same instant she was terror-stricken at what she was doing. "Where am I? What am I doing? What for?" She tried to get up, to drop backwards; but something huge and merciless struck her on the head and rolled her on her back. "Lord, forgive me all!" she said, feeling it impossible to struggle. A peasant muttering something was working at the iron above her. And the light by which she had read the book filled with troubles, falsehoods, sorrows, and evil, flared up more brightly than ever before, lighted up for her all that had been in darkness, flickered, began to grow dim, and was quenched for ever.

The question of marriage and the ultimate separation of husband and wife when in later days a new love dawns had been widely dis-

cussed in Russia, as in other countries, and at the time *Anna Karenina* appeared, society, perhaps feeling the guilt of its customs, received Tolstoy's work rather unfavorably, but elsewhere its power was quickly recognized; wherever read it was received as the final word on the questions involved. It cannot be called an immoral book, nor should it be classed with those sex novels so common in English and American literature to-day which discuss the questions with a suggestiveness which can be only meant as an appeal to popularity among those of prurient minds.

The *Kreutzer Sonata,* an even more frank and distressing treatment of the same subject, is shocking, but to him who can read the story properly there is no suggestion of anything not purifying and wholesome. While Tolstoy's idea seems to be that marriage is wrong, yet this story proved only that a marriage of lust fostered in idleness and luxury is wrong. Yet, the book is in discord with most of his writings, and has met the fate of all work that is false to truth.

Of Tolstoy's other novels we have not the space to treat, though some of them are remarkable in their way and well worth perusal. *Ivan Ilytch, Palikushka* and *Resurrection.* each in its own field, enhances the reputation of the writer and adds to his fame as a social and religious reformer.

My Confession and *My Religion* point out the origin of his teachings and give his version

of the new morality. It was a mighty task which he had undertaken, and it never reached its fruition. He bases his religion purely upon the teachings of Christ:

> It was long before I could accustom myself to the idea that after eighteen centuries—during which the law of Jesus had been professed by thousands of human beings—after eighteen centuries, during the course of which thousands of men had consecrated their lives to the study of that law, I should myself have discovered it as some new thing.

The conclusion at which one arrives from a perusal of the book, as expressed by Waliszewsky, is that Tolstoy's conception of the teaching of Christ is embodied in five commandments: "Never fall into a rage; do not commit adultery; take no oath; use no violence in self-defense; and make no war." From these principles he deduces, however, the almost total destruction of nearly all existing social institutions and what goes to compose them. The preaching of such principles, however, could not be very offensive to the Russian government because a doctrine that forbids evil-doing can never be very dangerous for existing authorities, and the effect of drawing the revolutionists into this milder propaganda has been beneficial to the country, though it may not have advanced her progress toward the political freedom sought.

As to the mystical elements of Christianity, which he considers as mere additions to the real teachings of Christ, he says:

It is terrible to say so (but sometimes I have this thought): if the teaching of Christ, together with the teaching of the Church that has grown upon it, did not exist at all—those who now call themselves Christians would have been nearer to the teachings of Christ—that is, to an intelligent teaching about the good of life—than they are now. The moral teachings of all the prophets of mankind would not have been closed for them.

In fact, whenever he speaks of God or of immortality he shows that he needs none of the mystical conceptions or metaphysical terms that are usually demanded. While he borrows his language from religious writings, he interprets everything in a purely rationalistic manner and sifts out from Christian teaching all that cannot be believed by the followers of other religions and brings into high relief all those traits of Christianity which belong as well to other positive religions, striving to find whatever is true and humane in all and what may be accepted by believers as well as unbelievers in the present sects.

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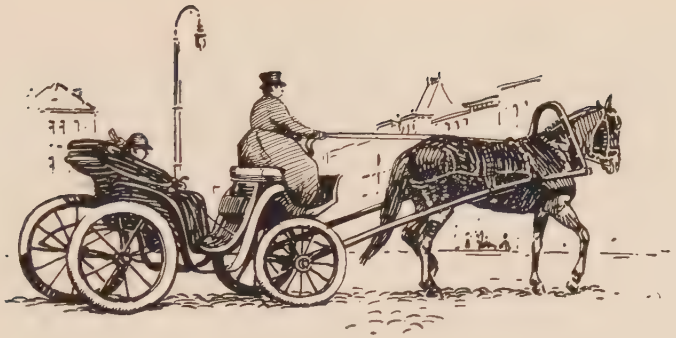


CHAPTER VIII

THE LATEST ASPECTS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE

THE MODERNISTS. A reaction was bound to set in against the motto of Byelinski, "art for life's sake," since it had only led to a surfeit of semi-didactic productions, in which the sordid social life led to despondency and despair. Literature had become a perpetual dirge of the existing order and was a handmaid to the political unrest. But this revolt against the older literature was a reflection of similar tendencies in the West, where magi, symbolists and futurists were vying with each other in creating new moods and in enthroning "pure art," which had no direct relation to the life around us.

One of the most enthusiastic advocates of "art for art's sake" in Russia has been K. D. Merezhkovski (born 1865), who is trying to connect poetry with religion in a mystic apotheosis. He manages to combine the worship of pagan art with the ecclesiasticism of es-

tablished Christianity in some such way as this was done by the men of the Renaissance. To him Dostoevski and Tolstoy are the arch-enemies of art, since they deny the play of the flesh and would reduce the world to a stark spirituality, and he would bring back the reign of Pushkin, the noblest, the most ethereal of the Russian poets. This he brought out in his *Tolstoy and Dostoevski,* which is a spirited, but rather prejudiced, analysis of the two great Russian authors. Merezhkovski has an eye to Western readers, who have a preference for a smooth style and brilliant presentation, and has gone so far in his appeal to the English public as to have some of his books appear in English even before they are printed in Russia. This was the case with his splendid trilogy, *Julian the Apostate, Leonardo da Vinci* and *Peter and Alexis.* In the first, Julian is represented struggling vainly to maintain the Hellenic world against the encroachment of flesh-mortifying Christianity. In the second, the same conflict is transferred to the end of the Middle Ages. In the third, ambitious, cruel Peter is the Antichrist who wishes to establish a temporal power, while his gentle son Alexis stands for the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth through the Church.

If Merezhkovski manages to pass from the victory of paganism to the victory of Christianity without any fear of contradiction, another symbolist, A. Byely (born 1880) has

been able in his short literary career to preach of the coming of Christ, then to seek a refuge in philosophy, which, however, did not satisfy him and only carried him over into the extremes of theosophy. He began by writing a series of *Symphonies,* symbolic poems in prose of a fantastic nature, and has even produced a whole book on *Symbolism.* Like Merezhkovski, he gave expression to the thought that Russia was to save the world through religion, but that was to happen through a union of religion with revolution, which would ultimately embrace the whole world. This idea is worked out in his novel, *The Silver Dove.*

Probably the best of the modernist poets is K. D. Balmont (born 1867), the translator of Shelley and Walt Whitman, while V. Bryusov (born 1873) leans toward the decadents, as is indicated in his translation from Paul Verlaine, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Oscar Wilde and others. One must also mention A. Blok (born 1880), whose patriotic songs written during the great war are of considerable merit. The most noted novelist of the modernist school is F. Sologub (born 1863), who revels in ultra-realistic details, in witches and fantasms of the brain. We shall give here two of Balmont's poems in translation, to illustrate the method of the symbolists:

AN UNENDING NIGHTMARE

Barely, barely glows the glitter of the desert, dying Moon, amidst a shoreless quiet, amidst a bottomless si-

lence. I walk alone. Snow everywhere, snow and ice, and the dead air spreading over a dead kingdom. The shores of the snowy desert appear dim in the distance; upon them are giant flowers, in the bloom of pale beauty, and they constantly rise and fade. I cast a dull glance at Heaven and do not see there any blue firmament: The pale, white, dead hoarfrost has there gathered into an overhanging mass. I walk. There is no end to space! And in this terrible silence my steps are not heard by me. My frozen body runs forward, faster, faster, driven by aimless thirst, it runs in a limitless desert, and I do not see my own shadow in this eternal flight,—nothing but giant flowers, like the crest of eternal mountains of snow, they grow in infinite space!

I WAIT

Night already lights the lamps before the serene visage of the Creator. Enticing is the murmur of the breeze, and the watery space is without end. My reverie sings to me the refrain: "My dear, my beloved one, I am coming!" Upon the blue moisture of the Sea I wait in a lightwinged boat. I wait, and, loving, repeat the awesome words, "I love," and all that is holy in the heart calls and invokes you. Come, O golden love! Let us part from good and evil, and let us with the swift oar measure all the sea from end to end. We shall be borne together into infinity, to the palace of supermundane Beauty, where the moment is changed into eternity, where "I" is changed into "you." I wish for ineffable moments, madly sacred delights, confessions, love, music on untouched golden strings. I will give to you forever all the fervor of an inspired soul, that which makes life fragrant like a flower which breathes the future in the calm. I want to pray with you to the luminaries of another land, to embrace, mingle and unite with you, as with the breath of Spring. With you I shall be like a phantom, like a shadow I will follow you always, unchangingly, everywhere—I wait!

MAXIM GORKY, WIFE AND SON

II. The Twentieth Century. At the end of the nineteenth century the tramp Maksim Gorki (born 1868) produced a sensation with a collection of his short stories originally printed in obscure newspapers, which dealt with the elemental passions of the types best known to the author—the barefoot wanderer through the treeless steppes, the criminal of the purlieus; the dock-hands on the shore of the Black Sea. When Gorki described the middle class in his longer stories, *Foma Gordyeev* and *The Philistines,* he depicted the same excesses with which he had become familiar in his migrations, and of which he once more gave a gloomy picture in a rather unsuccessful play, called *In the Depths.* Already in *The Philistines* he had expressed his belief in the ultimate victory of the workmen over the decadent middle class, and in this belief he was confirmed by the disastrous ending of the revolution of 1905. In his drama, *The Bourgeois,* he then contrasted the active laborer with his muscular arms with the useless intellectuals of the petty middle class. Of the upper middle class and the aristocracy Gorki possesses no adequate knowledge. It is, therefore, no wonder that he lent his aid to the Bolshevik government from which he expected a rebirth of the nation through the enthronement of his labor heroes. He later saw the folly of his assumption and attacked the Bolsheviks with the same vigor with which he hailed their coming.

His short story, *Homebound,* will illustrate Gorki's naked realism:

HOMEBOUND

A strong wind blows in gusts from Khiwa, beats against the black mountains of Dagestan, is reflected against the cold water of the Caspian Sea, and raises at the shore a sudden brief wave.

Thousands of white billocks have reared themselves in the sea, and they whirl and dance, just as molten glass wildly boils in an enormous kettle: the fishermen call this play of the sea and wind "a push."

The white spray scuds over the sea in gauze clouds, bombarding an old two-masted schooner which is sailing from Persia, from Sefid-ruda River to Astrakhan, carrying a load of dried fruit, stoneless raisins, apricots, peaches. There are upon it about one hundred fishermen returning from "God's work," all of them Up-Volga forest people, a healthy, strong lot of men, parched by hot winds, drenched by the briny sea water,—bearded, good-natured animals. They have earned good wages, and they are happy to return home and move about the deck like so many bears.

Through the white vestments of the waves glints, breaks the green body of the sea. The schooner cuts it with its sharp beak, as the plow cuts the earth, and, burying its sides in the snow of the fluffy foam, it dips its slanting jibs in the cold autumnal water.

The sails are puffed up into spheres, its patches flap, its sail-yards creak, the tautly fastened tackle drones harmoniously,—everything all around is tense in its precipitous flight, over the sky flit the clouds, and in them bathes the silvered sun. Sea and sky resemble each other strangely,—and the sky, too, is boiling.

Whistling angrily, the wind carries over the sea the voices of the men, a deep laughter, the words of a song,—they have been trying to sing it for some time, but have not yet managed to strike a concord,—the wind drives

the fine salt spray into their faces, and now and then is heard a strained woman's voice, drawing out the lament:

"Like a fiery serpent."

There is a sweet overpowering odor of luscious apricots, and even the strong sea smell cannot drown this aroma.

They have passed Uch-Kosu, soon they will reach Chechen-Isle, all places anciently known to the Russians, for from there the Kievans used to start on their looting expeditions against Tabaristan. To leeward the darkling Caucasus mountains appear and disappear in the transparent azure of the autumn.

Near the main mast, leaning against it with his back, sits a beardless hero-lad, in a white linen shirt and blue Persian trousers. His red lips are puffed up, his clear blue, childlike eyes are intoxicated with youthful mirth. On his broadly sprawling knees there lay just such a well-built, heavy-limbed young fisher lass, with a roughened face and reddened by sun and weather. Her eyebrows were black, thick and long, like swallow wings; her eyes were dreamily drooping; her head rested languidly over the lad's legs, and amidst the folds of the unbuttoned red jacket rose the firm breasts as though carved in ivory, with virgin nipples and a net of blue veins about them.

The lad placed on her left shoulder his broad, black, cast-iron hand, and clumsily fondled the woman's firm flesh, while his other hand held a tin beaker with thick wine,—the purple drops falling upon the white front of his shirt.

Envious men are circling all around them, holding down their windtossed caps, buttoning their coats, and with eager eyes fingering the sprawling woman. Over the sides, now to the right and now to the left, peep fluffy green waves; in the dappled sky clouds shift; the gluttonous mews shriek; the autumnal sun seems to be dancing over the foaming water, now cloaking itself in bluish tints, now kindling the many colored stones or the water.

The people on the schooner shout, sing, laugh; on a heap of bags with dried peaches lies a keg of Kakhet wine, and around it noisily trudge tall bearded peasants; everything has an ancient, legendary appearance,—one involuntarily thinks of the return of Stenka Razin from his Persian expedition.

Blue-clad Persian sailors, as bony as camels, show their pearly teeth in an amiable grin and look at mirthful Russia,—in the dreamy eyes of the men of the East softly glow incomprehensible smiles.

A wind-tousled gloomy old man, with a hooked nose on a wizard's shaggy face, passing by the lad and woman, tripped over her foot. He stopped, and youthfully throwing back his head, exclaimed:

"The devil take you! What's the sense lying in other people's way? Shameless mug, to bare yourself that way!"

The woman did not even stir, did not even open her eyes, only her lips barely twitched, and the lad slowly rose, placed the beaker on the floor, put his other hand also on the woman, and said in a loud voice:

"Yakim Petrovich, are you jealous? Walk on, and there won't be any trouble! Don't let your mouth water! You have no teeth for sweets!"

He raised his big hands and, letting them once more down on the woman's body, added victoriously:

"We'll gladden the whole of Russia!"

Just then the woman gave a faint smile, and everybody around seemed to heave a deep breath and expanded like one breast, together with the schooner and all men, and then a wave noisily broke against the side and covered all with its briny spray, as also the woman. Then she, scarcely opening her dark eyes, glanced at the old man, at the lad, and at everybody around her with a good-natured smile and, without any haste, covered her body.

"Don't," said the lad, drawing her hands aside. "Let them look! Don't be mean!"

At the stern men and women are dancing, an inebriate youthful voice distinctly counting the beats:

"Your wealth I do not care to see,
Much dearer is my lover to me!"

The heels of the boots tramp on the floor; somebody shrieks like a huge screech owl; the triangle tinkles softly; a Calmuck reed pipe drones, and, rising higher and higher, a feminine voice rings out jauntily:

"The wolves howl in the field,
Because they want to eat,
So let them feed on bugs,—
They will enjoy the treat!"

The men laugh, and somebody shouts with a deafening voice:

"How do you like it, you buggers?"

The wind scatters a holiday smile over the sea.

The tall lad lazily threw over the woman's breast the skirt of his cloak and, pensively rolling his childlike eyes, said, while looking into the distance:

"When we get home, we'll spread ourselves. Yes, Marya, we will, with a vengeance!"

The fire-winged sun rolls to the west, the clouds rush after it, but fall behind, settling in snowy masses upon the black mountain crests.

L. Andreev (1871–1919) has similarly depicted the impotent struggle of the intellectuals against fate. It would be more correct to say that he has depicted the failure of intellectualism in a Godless world, because his characters are not clearly defined, and according to him, ideas, and not men, dominate the issues. This predilection for abstractions has ultimately led Andreev into mysticism, where the substance

is swallowed in mere imagery. He has been a prolific writer, and it is difficult to single out his works. One of his most important dramas is *Savva,* in which he treats the struggle of an anarchist against civilization. It is particularly interesting, since the idea expressed by the hero, that the existing institutions must all be destroyed before a new world may be created, was shattered by Andreev himself, who saw the working of Savva's mind in the Bolshevik revolution, which he attacked with all the fervor of his nature. His allegorical plays, *The Life of Man, King Hunger, Anathema* and *The Ocean,* are all beautiful in workmanship, but rather hazy in contents.

V. Veresaev (born 1867), like the previous two, looks pessimistically upon modern society. Unlike Andreev, he is eminently realistic, and, unlike Gorki, he is the exponent of the degradation of the intellectuals. Being himself a physician, he chooses in his first story, *Pathless,* for his hero a physician, who goes into the work of fighting cholera and famine, not so much from a desire to do good as from the necessity of forgetting himself. In his *Contagious Disease* he described the struggle between the People's Party and the extreme Marxists, who were later to become the Bolsheviks. The revolutionary struggle was depicted by him in the next two novels, and a sensation was created by his frank confession of the physician's impotence in his *A Physician's Diary.* His experience in the Russo-

Japanese War, the brutality and inefficiency of the Russian command, which culminated in the frightful defeat of Russian arms, are described simply yet boldly in his *In the War*. We give a passage from the latter:

Next morning, February 24, guns began to thunder all around us, and we had the impression that we were completely surrounded by an enormous, thundering, firing ring. In the neighboring village the shrapnel burst in clouds, the Shimoses whined, the rifle fire cracked: the Japanese were crossing the river Hun-ho under the fire of our riflemen.

Everybody around us was occupied with an enormous, important, mortally serious matter, but we stood still, without work, without aim, without sense, like unbidden guests who had come inopportunely.

At eleven o'clock the soldier who had been despatched by us came from the neighboring village. He brought us General Putilov's order to break camp immediately and move to the north, to Hou-lin.

We had everything ready, and our horses were under their collars. Fifteen minutes later we started. A company of soldiers came running up and took up a position behind the clay fences of our yard. From the neighboring village the slowly retreating riflemen appeared. Above them rose round curls of smoke. With a whining sound the shrapnel burst in the air. It looked as though a malicious herd of invisible creatures of the air were driving the riflemen before them.

We proceeded to the north. A mad wind blew from the south, and in the thin air clouds of grayish-yellow dust whirled, so that we could not see ten steps ahead. Dying oxen wallowed on each side of the road, and broken carts, discarded fur jackets and felt boots lay all about. The straggling soldiers walked lazily on the footpaths, or lay on the Chinese graves. There was an amazing number of drunken men among them.

Three soldiers were walking slowly on the road. They were sober and emaciated.

"What regiment?"

"Irkutsk."

"Where is your regiment?"

"We do not know. We are looking for it."

Their regiment had been stationed near the Erdshou crater. These three had been located in front of the trenches in an ambush. At night the regiment had been removed from the positions and they had been forgotten. Suddenly they discovered that the trenches were empty and that the troops were gone.

More and more baggage-trains crowded on the road, and it became necessary to stop more frequently. Diagonally across from them, over the beds of the fields, a battalion of infantry drew near. A mounted officer shouted in an angry voice to an officer whom he met:

"Aleksander Petrovich, where is Colonel Panov?"

"I do not know. I have not seen him for two days."

"The devil choke them all! This is not order, but some kind of a bagnio! Where shall we lead the battalion?"

There was in the very air a sense of helplessness and despair. One could see that no one knew or understood anything.

The baggage-trains stopped completely. Over a cross-road the ordnance of the Trans-Baykal battery was hastening in an endless line to the west. Through the dust could be discerned the black, slender gun-barrels, the heads of the horses, the yellow cap-bands, the bronzed faces of the Buryat horsemen, with their slanting eyes. We stood still. Between the ordnance a dust-covered mounted officer, an orderly, crossed over to our side. He had a youthful, fatigued, and perplexed face.

"Do you know where the village Yun-shin-pu is?" he asked us, hurriedly.

"We do not."

"Oh, there, friend! Where is Yun-shin-pu?" he shouted to a passing Chinaman.

Without raising his head, the Chinaman continued to walk along the road. The officer rode up to him and madly swung his knout at him. The Chinaman started to say something and to move his arms. The officer galloped to one side. From under the hoofs of his horse the wind carried away gigantic clouds of yellowish dust.

Suddenly the rapidly moving battery began to stop. The Buryat Cossacks checked their horses and pulled them to one side. The ordnance stopped. An officer of artillery rode by, cursing in a loud voice.

"We are again ordered to go back!" he said, turning to us strangers, and madly gesticulating. "Would you believe it? All we have been doing since morning is to flop from one side to another: now we are sent to Mukden, and now we are ordered to turn back!"

In the opposite direction the ordnance again flashed in the dust, and the dusky faces of the Buryats with their flat noses could be seen bobbing about.

The road was cleared and we moved ahead. We went on and on. The guns roared on all sides, and behind us and to the right the frequent rifle discharges cracked.

About two o'clock we arrived in Hou-lin, but we could not even think of stopping here. Everything was rapidly taken up and moved to the north. On a mountain slope, which was covered with enormous cedars and firs, we rested for half an hour, in order to have a meal. From the road clouds of dust scudded through the trees, and the flame from our fires bent earthward. Above us, over the fir-trees, the white flag with the Red Cross flapped at the spot where the dressing stations of the Novocherkask Regiment and a division lazaretto were located. Blood-stained wounded men stirred, groaned, died. There were no conveyances in which to move them, and they lay in rows. Beyond the mountain the rifle fire resounded feverishly and bullets hummed through the firs. On the top of the mountain one could see the Novocherkask soldiers running back, and falling wounded or dead, and after them the Japanese advancing in extended chains.

To move on! To move on! Like the wandering Jew, without work, not wanted by anybody, we moved on with dozens of carts that were loaded with useless "government property." How could we think of abandoning all that truck and putting into the carts the maimed men upon whom the shrapnel would soon fall! We should have to be responsible for the lost property. The rifle fire came nearer and grew louder. The wounded were agitated, raised themselves on their elbows, and listened in terror. And we moved on.

It was a wide Chinese road, overgrown on either side with bushes. The wagons moved through the dust-clouds in close array. At the edge of the road, near three farmhouses, a number of men were crowded together, and wagons kept coming and going. Those were the commissary stores. They had not been moved away in time, and, rather than burn them, they were freely distributed to the passing troops. Our chief surgeon and supervisor drove up and took away some oats and preserves.

"Would you like to have a keg of brandy?" a commissary official asked.

Davydov's eyes burned with eagerness, and he wavered. But the supervisor emphatically forbade it, on the ground that he did not want his detachment to become drunk on the march.

Our baggage-train moved on. The soldiers secretly cursed the supervisor for having refused the brandy.

Near an enormous keg of liquor, with the lid broken in, stood a commissary official and distributed dipperfuls of liquor to any one who wanted it.

"Take it, boys! As much as you can! I'll have to burn it, anyway!"

The soldiers, with dusty, worn faces, crowded around him. They presented their fur caps to him, and he filled them to the brim with liquor, which the soldiers carried away, holding the caps carefully by the edges. They immediately put their lips to them and drank eagerly, without taking breath. Then they shook out the caps and merrily proceeded on their way.

We fell in with more and more tottering, beastly-drunk soldiers. They lost their rifles, shouted songs, and fell down and rolled in the dust. The bushes were filled with motionless bodies. Three artillerymen, waving their arms, were walking over the beds of the fields with bunches of kao-liang.

Who were these commissary officials? Traitors, who had been bought by the Japanese? Scoundrels who wished to enjoy the complete disgrace of the Russian Army? Oh, no! They were only good-natured Russians, who could not comprehend the idea of personally putting fire to such a precious thing as liquor. All the subsequent days, during the period of the grievous retreat, our Army swarmed with drunken men. It was as though they were celebrating a joyous, universal holiday. It was rumored that in Mukden and in the villages Chinamen who had been bought by Japanese emissaries had been filling our war-worn, retreating soldiers with the devilish Chinese liquor, han-shin. Maybe that was so. But all the drunken soldiers whom I asked told me that they had received brandy, liquor, or cognac from all kinds of Russian stores which had been ordered to be burned. What was the use of the Japanese to waste money on the Chinamen? They had a more faithful and more disinterested confederate, and one that was more terrible to us, that dark confederate with whom the Commander-in-Chief struggled in vain with his documents, a confederate who constantly destroyed our telegraph and telephone connections, who carried off the most important parts of our railway construction, and systematically disseminated a fierce hatred toward us amidst the peaceful local inhabitants.

Among the welter of writers who see black it is pleasant to turn to one who serenely describes pleasant as well as sad scenes, and who does not exclude any type from his literary company. A. Kuprin (born 1870) is alike the

favorite of the children and of grown-ups, for he has written stories for both. Kuprin, like Korolenko, resembles more a Western novelist, whose purpose is not to reflect or guide the social and political development of the nation, but merely artistically to render all the moods, with a leaning toward the happier and lighter aspects of life. His longer novel, *The Duel,* deals with military life in Russia, while in *The Pit* he has even descended to a super-realistic treatment of the sex question, but otherwise he has given less gloomy pictures, especially in his large number of short stories, one of which we give here:

IN THE ANIMAL CAGE

I had a real friend in Gatchina,—a proprietor of a panorama and zoo, admission 30 kopeks for adults and 15 kopeks for children and soldiers. The zoo, to tell the truth, consisted only of a boa constrictor, a slimy, lazy, cold, gluttonous, eternally belly-bound beast. Its cast skin still hangs on the wall of my room in the form of a transparent scaly case, about ten feet in length. This animal tamer used to tell a lot of stories during the intermissions between performances, and in the ale-house late at night, after the panorama was closed, or at my house and during a game of billiards.

He told me how they trained seals, lions, elephants, and porcupines in Hamburg at Hagenbeck's; how any mouse would listen to a high note produced by the inhalation of air between the compressed lips, it being the sound produced by the mouse leaders as a signal for attention; how one may for ever gain an elephant's favor by giving him for a week, a little at a time, some English chewing tobacco, which is sold in brick form. An elephant will never forget this dainty and will recognize

you five years later, when he will emit a sound of joy at meeting you.

Once I came to talk to him about circus dramas behind the curtain.

"Yes, yes," he said pensively. "I myself have read stories of life in a circus, but it's all wrong. The favorite topic of the writers is invariably an abandoned woman's revenge: a wire is cut, the electric lights go out, poison is given to a horse, and so forth.

"Of course, it's all wrong. We circus people have no professional jealousies. You understand. The constant fear of being hurt, maimed, bitten or even torn to pieces,—you understand,—this fear paralyzes all jealousy. If I do not help, you won't help me either. And our women are, in spite of your literature, very chaste and examplar mothers and wives. No wonder! The daily training, work in the arena at night, the constant straining of the muscles, perspiring, circus draughts, professional rheumatic pains,—where is there any place left for temperamental attitudes? Except, perhaps with the clowns, the talking clowns, who are something like actors, where you may find what you call jealousy, envy, and revenge, and, of course, with prize fighters. But we despise them. Can you call it art? You understand?

"But there are cases, there are, to be sure. Thank you. To your health! There are cases where a man grows gray in three or four minutes. Luck to you!

"I had such a case. I was working with a bear, and the man who attended to him was called Yashka. A very capable fellow, and if he had not been such a drunkard he would have turned out to be a first class trainer. He knew that I would discharge him at the end of the season. I had been warned in the stables that he was going to play me a dirty trick, but I paid no attention to it. I always fed my own animals.

"Can you imagine what this scoundrel did? Just before my benefit, in the evening, he threw into Bruin's cage a freshly killed and still trembling pigeon with its feet tied.

"I brought out Bruin as usual. Imagine, his eyes were bloodshot, and he was cranky and would not perform any part. He had tasted blood. And the public?

"Do you know what the public does? They begin to clap hands at a most dangerous moment, and when you show them some trifle, they hiss and hold their breath. I could not do a thing with Bruin, and they began to whistle. Naturally I lost my composure. He stood on his hind legs and roared and, you know how bears do, he tried to box my ears, now with his right paw, now with his left. And so I had to parry my skull. The spectators thought that that was the way it ought to be. But suddenly a baby started crying in the orchestra seats. You see, children are just such little animals. They feel instinctively, not intelligently. And people began to be panic-stricken.

"Of course, the bear would not have hurt anybody. Well, he might have jammed or scratched one or two, but it was I who would have been the real victim! But I immediately saw that in another minute there would be a crush, a fatal madness.

"I do not think an animal acts so stupidly, senselessly and mercilessly in a crowd as a man. Upon my word, even horses are a long way more sensible, let alone stupid beasts.

"All that I weighed in a twinkle. I looked around,—but there were none of my men, no master of the horses present. What was I to do? I began to belabor his snout with a whip. As a rule I never strike my animals and I had never touched Bruin; he was a very clever, considerate and rancorous beast, with a great consciousness of his own dignity. It is true, later I had to have him shot.

"He stood on his hind legs and fought while I whipped him. All this time I had the one idea of enticing him from the ring into the corridor, and that, too, in such a way that the public should not notice anything. So I kept beating him and backing, while he kept making for me, and I felt that he was growing

fiercer every moment. In the stable he made for me and began to crush me. I do not know how they dragged him away, for I fell in a swoon, but fortunately I had gotten him away from the ring.

"Such cases often happen with us. The loss of balance, a hand sprained at the wrong time, an unlucky fall, an unexpected caprice of an animal. One happens to drop awkwardly on one's feet during a forward and backward *salto mortale* and—crack!—everybody in the circus hears something like a shot from a boy's pistol. It means that the tendon of Achilles has snapped, and the man is maimed for life, a cripple, a burden to his family, or he will wander from one ale-house to another and will for five kopeks eat glasses and saucers or swallow burning tow. But all this does not count with us. You understand?

"Once I did experience a real terror, and quite accidentally and foolishly. I'll tell you right away.

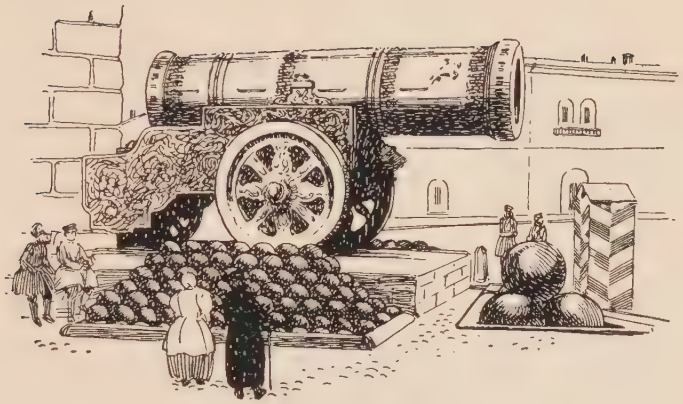
"It was the benefit of my friend Antonio, the musical clown. That day we drank a lot. That season Zenida worked in the circus with her lions. It was an unusually successful evening, so funny and joyous, just like an improvisation. Then, when the public went home, Antonio and I sat in my dressing room and drank an awfully strong cognac, which he had recommended. The lights in the circus were out, and, strange as it may appear to you, when we left the dressing room we lost our way in the corridor. We opened one door,—a dressing room, another, the office of the circus, a third, again somebody's dressing room. It was dark and we groped our way, both of us in a happy mood and, I repeat it, both of us drunk.

"We were laughing. At last I felt with my hand some door-knob. We dropped in. The instinct told me that it smelled of raw flesh and animal droppings. I groped around and put my hands on some bars. The idiotic idea struck me to sit down on the floor. We sat down, and then I saw a few inches away from me two glowing green eyes. Then I heard some agitated velvet

steps and the beating of a mighty tail against the bars. When we orientated ourselves in the darkness we understood, no doubt simultaneously, that we had crawled into the cage of Zenida's animals. They did not touch us. It is well known that a protecting God looks after drunkards, lunatics and children. We sobered up in a twinkle and, I confess, we backed out on our hands and feet. Antonio instinctively banged the door too. The next day he could not even think of it.

"I shall never in all my life forget those soft, stealthy steps, that bated breath of the animals, that sickening smell of decaying flesh in the invisible jaws, those phosphorescent eyes twinkling in the darkness, now here, now there. But neither Antonio nor I at that moment experienced any terror. Only next evening when I thought of our adventure, while I lay in my bed, I began to tremble and sweat from terror. You understand?"

The number of younger writers is very large, but only few of these have appeared in translation. Entirely out of proportion to his talent M. P. Artsybashev (born 1878) has found a lodging in English. He revels in a vulgar presentation of sex problems and only occasionally rises above naturalistic sensationalism. The Bolshevist régime may have produced some writers of note, but their works do not seem to have reached America, and it is yet too early to say whether the political and sociological conditions of Bolshevism have found an adequate expression in literature. However it may be, when Russia once more returns to sanity, its glorious literary past promises a still greater future, which will have sobered down from all artistic and literary excesses of a bewildering period.



CHAPTER IX

THE following brief summary contains all dates of universal interest relating to the literature of Russia.

859—Swedes invited to rule the country.

1238—Golden Horde of Tatars in power.

1533–1584—Unification under Ivan the Terrible.

1613—The First Romanov.

1672–1725—Peter the Great.

1703–1769—Tredyakovski.

1708–1744—Prince Kantemir.

1711–1765—M. V. Lomonosov.

1718—Puffendorf's *History of European States* translated.

1718–1777—A. P. Sumarokov laid foundation for the theater.

1743–1816—G. R. Derzhevin.

1750–1796—E. J. Kostrov, poet, translator of the *Iliad.*

1765–1826—N. M. Karamzin.
1768–1844—J. A. Krylov.
1783–1852—V. A. Zhukovski.
1795–1829—A. S. Griboyedov.
1799–1837—A. S. Pushkin.
1809–1852—N. V. Gogol.
1812–1891—A. Gonchrov.
1814–1841—M. Y. Lermontov.
1818–1883—I. S. Turgenev.
1821–1877—N. A. Nekrasov.
1821–1881—F. M. Dostoevski.
1823–1886—A. N. Ostrovski.
1825—Nicholas I became Czar.
1826–1889—M. E. Saltykov.
1828–1910—Count Leo Tolstoy, greatest of Russian novelists.
1860–1904—A. P. Chekhov.
1865–( )—K. D. Merezhkovski.
1867–( )—K. D. Balmont, leading modernist poet.
1867–( )—V. Veresaev.
1868–( )—Maksim (Maxim) Gorki.
1870–( )—A. Kuprin.
1871–1919—L. Andreev.
1880–( )—A. Byely.
1894—Nicholas II became Czar.
1905–1906—Russo-Japanese War.
1914—Russia joined Allies in World War.
1917—Nicholas II abdicated.
1918—Nicholas II and his family murdered.

OTHER SLAVIC LITERATURES

OTHER SLAVIC LITERATURES

CHAPTER I

POLAND

WHILE Russia possesses an abundance of popular epics, Poland for some reason has entirely lost this source of literary wealth among the other Slavs, although the folk-songs, many of which hark back to prehistoric times, are not only plentiful, but also of rare variety and beauty. And yet, not a single popular production of ancient times has come down to our days. The chief reason for this is probably due to the fact that nowhere was the Latin language so much the medium of intellectual intercourse, to the exclusion of

the native tongue, as in ancient Poland. On the other hand, the Latin literature of the Middle Ages, almost up to our times, is nowhere represented by such an array of poets, historians and orators, as in Poland.

It was only in the sixteenth century that the Polish nobility began to favor native writers, and the evolution of Polish literature was so rapid and so thorough that the very beginning of this new departure is considered to be the golden age of Polish letters. Nicholas Rej, the father of Polish writers and full-fledged poet, began his activity in 1542, and produced a large number of poetic works, chiefly of a didactive nature, but in a vigorous language and not devoid of poetic imagination. For the most part the Polish writers shared the political preoccupation of the aristocracy and flooded the press with political pamphlets or with poems extolling civic virtues. By far the greatest genius of the sixteenth century was Jan Kochanowski (1530–1584), whose translation of the Psalter is still appreciated. His *Threnody,* written upon the death of his daughter, evinces a great depth of feeling, and his *Jests* display a biting satire and a rollicking sense of humor, in which he surpassed the satirical writer Sebastyan Klenowicz (1551–1602). By far the best prose writer was the famous Jesuit preacher, Peter Skarga (1532–1612), whose eloquence has never been surpassed in Poland. Kochanowski's *Threnody I* is translated by Sir John Bowring as follows:

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ALLEY OF JERUSALEM
WARSAW, POLAND

Come gather round my dwelling, tears and sighs,
Eloquent woes and loud-voiced miseries;
All tones of sorrow, anguish and regret,
Hand-wringing grief, and pangs the cheeks that wet;—
Yes! gather round my dwelling, all; and join
Your plaint, your passion with these plaints of mine,
O'er that sweet child whom most unholy death
Hath smitten, and in one outrageous breath
Dispersed all joy!—as when a dragon springs
On Philomela's nest, who sits and sings
Heedless, till roused by cares she flaps her wings,
Flutters around her home, and shrieking tries
To arrest the spoiler;—idle strife! she flies
On wearied wing; in vain,—the abandon'd one
Becomes in turn a prey.—I'll weep alone,
Weep bitterest tears. Vain too: 'tis vain, I know,
All is irreparably vain below;—
We only grasp delusions; life's a cheat
Of new deceit, but link'd to old deceit.
I know not which is vainer,—if to bear
And struggle with our grief in mute despair,
Or give the anguish passionate vent, as here.

Sad times fell upon Poland in the sixteenth century. Humanism gave way to intolerant religious persecutions, culture disappeared, the Polish language was degraded by an outlandish infusion of Latin words and phrases, known as *macaronic,* and in the native language there were written chiefly mediocre school-dramas and dialogues. The political anarchy of the country, which ultimately led to its disruption, had also reduced its literature to impotence, and only the loss of independence was coincident with a rebirth of its culture, since when Poland has occupied an important spiritual place among the Slavic

nations. Under the influence of French rationalism, the cultured Poles emancipated themselves from the deadening influence of the Jesuitic colleges, and in 1773 secularized the schools. The necessity of creating a scientific literature led to a feverish activity of translation and imitation of French models. One of the leading protagonists of the French classicism was Bishop Ignacy Krasicki (1735–1801), who drew his inspiration from La Fontaine and Boileau, and in his *Monachomachia* violently attacked the abuses of the Church. In general, the new impetus to literature was given by the political conditions, which demanded internal reforms on the basis of nationality.

The pseudo-classicism of the French drama is observable in the Polish theatrical productions of the day, but Alexander Fredro (1793–1876) soon turned his attention to sentimentalism, and in a long series of excellent comedies in verse mercilessly scourged the social vices. A specifically political literature led to a profounder study of history and the Slavic antiquities, just when the romanticism of the West was laying all the smaller nations under its tribute, and Poland went completely over to the new movement, which brought about the renaissance of its literature. The romantic country for the Poles was the Ukraine, and a number of poets, Malczewski (1793–1826), Zaleski (1802–1886) and Goszczynski (1803–1876) introduced the Cossacks and the Little Russians into their poetic works. But the com-

plete victory of romanticism was obtained by the talented Adam Mickiewicz (1798–1855), who sang in Lithuanian Wilno, and who brought the verse to the highest degree of perfection. His exquisite ballads, but still more his *Ode to Liberty* and *Konrad Wallenrod,* are essentially patriotic songs, inspiring the reader to help save the country. In his immortal work, *Pan Tadeusz,* the romanticism of his youth gave way to an idealistic realism, and this has remained the keynote of Polish literature until the present time. *Pan Tadeusz,* that is, "Master Thaddeus," is dealing with the curious medieval survival in the beginning of the nineteenth century, when a decree of the court had to be enforced by a personal military incursion upon the property adjudged. This gave the poet an opportunity to portray in inimitable colors the life of the country gentry. We give here, in Miss M. A. Bigg's translation, a passage describing Thaddeus' first meeting with Zosia:

Long in the window stood the traveler
Looking and dreaming; drinking in sweet breath
Of flowers, he bent his visage downward to
The violet plants; with curious eyes pursued
The tiny footprints on the path, and there
Once more he fixed them, thought of them and whose
They were;—he had guessed. By chance he raised his eyes,
And on the garden wall, behold there stood
A young girl. Her white garment only hid
Her slender figure o'er the bosom, leaving
Unveiled her shoulders and her swan-like neck.

Such dress a Lithuanian woman wears
In the morning, and in such is never seen
By men. So though she had none then to see,
She laid her hands upon her bosom, thus
A veil supplying to the little frock.
Not loose in curls her locks, but twisted round
In little knots, and hidden from the sight
In white and tiny husks, that wondrously
Adorned the head; for in the sun's bright rays,
They shone as shines the glory of a saint.
Her face was seen not. Turned unto the plain
She looked for some one, far below. She saw,
And laughed, and clapped her hands; then from the wall
She flew like a white bird, and glided o'er
The garden, over beds and over flowers,
And on a plank against the chamber-wall,
Before the traveler marked it, through the window
She darted, shining, sudden, silent, light,
Like to a moonbeam. Singing, she caught up
The frock, and ran toward the mirror. Then
She first perceived the youth, and from her hands
The garment fell, and pale she grew with fright
And wonder. And the traveler's countenance
Glowed with a rosy color, like a cloud
Which meets the morning dawn. The modest youth
Half shut his eyes and screened them. He endeavored
To speak, entreat her pardon; but he only
Could bow and then retire. The maiden shrieked
Unmeaningly, like children scared in sleep;
The traveler looked alarmed, but she was gone.
He left the room confused, and felt his heart
Loud-beating; and himself he scarcely knew
If this fantastic meeting should amuse,
Or shame him, or rejoice him.

The other two great poets associated with Mickiewicz were Slowacki and Krasinski, who similarly were interested in the political liberation of their country, and like Mickiewicz,

ended in becoming mystical and incomprehensible. The number of romantic and sentimental poets since their day has been very great. We shall mention here only two of the end of the century, Adam Asnyk (1838–1897) and Marya Konopnicka (born 1846). The first has written a considerable number of short poems, somewhat pessimistic in quality, but of a great delicacy of sentiment, and the second similarly has sung in a melancholy vein. Konopnicka began as a romanticist, but soon passed over to a democratic enthusiasm, with a touch of despair. She calls the nation to battle, to save itself from utter ruin, and appeals for a more considerate treatment of the masses. She has also written a number of short stories, especially for children. Her fragmentary drama, *From the Past,* has produced a storm of anger in clerical centers.

Poland has an enormous mass of comedy writers, beginning with a son of Fredro, mentioned before, but the chief activity in the second half of the nineteenth century was developed in prose, where Kraszewski, with his incredible number of more than 500 books, set the pace for later writers. One of the most brilliant of these is Alexander Swientochowski, who excels more in flashing rhetoric than in precise characterizations. But the one who has gained for himself the admiration of the world is Henryk Sienkiewicz, who began his literary career in the United States. His trilogy, *With Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and

Pan Wolodyjowski, depicts the struggle of Poland in the seventeenth century against its enemies. His best-known novel is *Quo Vadis,* in which he depicted the victory of ascetic Christianity over decadent Rome. Another novelist, a woman, E. Orzeszko, has made for herself a lasting place in the literature of the world. Her advocacy of the masses, her love for the peasant and the Jew, her intimate acquaintance with the country aristocracy, made her the favorite of a wide circle of men. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of her *The Argonauts,* says of her that she "is the greatest female writer and thinker in the Slav world at present. There are keen and good critics, just judges of thought and style, who pronounce her the first literary artist among the women of Europe. These critics are not Western Europeans, for Western Europe has no means yet of appreciating this gifted woman. No doubt it will have these means after a time in the form of adequate translations. Meanwhile, I repeat that she is the greatest authoress among all the Slav people." We shall finish this entirely too brief sketch of the rich Polish literature with a few pages from Orzeszko's novel dealing with Asiatic antiquity:

THE WORSHIPER OF MIGHT

Amidst one of the most fertile and most beautiful valleys of the world, near the prosperous city of Sardes, but separated from it by a border of hills covered with chestnut forests, above the blue gold-bearing Pactolus, stood the house of Lydian Pythyon, famous for his wis-

dom and wealth. He was known not only for his wealth, but also for his intellect, which had made him the mightiest citizen of Lydia, that country which bore or contained in its lap the most precious products of nature, the grapevine, wheat, olives, and gold. Pythyon's fame spread far and wide, from the active, inventive Ionian merchants, who were thickly settled on the Aegean Sea, to the denizens of ancient Egypt and the still more distant burning Lydian plains, from the great port of Abydos, through which Persia looked down upon Greece as through an open window, to Susa itself, the great old capital of the mighty Persian empire. At the sight of the laden camels brought by Pythyon, the Ionian merchants restlessly and carefully invoked all their attention and cleverness, for they knew full well that the shrewdest and deftest among them were unable to cope with Pythyon in shrewdness and deftness, that the most cautious and most expert mind was not always able to hold its own against his fluent speech, agile movement of his hands pointing out the goods, and apt and convincing representations and insinuations. He brought to them Indian incense and pearls, silks obtained from various isles, byssus woven from the finest of flax and as transparent as a cloud, Phrygian embroidery of incomparable beauty, carpets whose colors and designs formed the secret and exclusive property of the lately fallen Babylon. He also brought them bags of gold sand, raised from the depths of the Pactolus, and, what was a most rare, most desired, and very expensive article, enormous elephant tusks, for which his emissaries had to betake themselves to the farthest known deserts of Lydia, to the powerful, long-lived, independent Ethiopians, who jealously defended their independence. But it was not merely from the exchange of these costly objects for an unlimited quantity of drachmas and staters that Pythyon's wealth had originated or had increased. Near Sardes, on the shores of the Pactolus, he possessed broad fields and endless herds, and in the dark entrails of sky-scraping Tmolus he had a gold mine, which a thousand

slaves filled with the constant blows of pickaxes and hammers. It was known to everybody that no fields were so well tilled, no herds so fertile, no slave masses governed so orderly and at the same time with so much severity, as in Pythyon's estates. It would almost appear that he knew the magic art of being simultaneously in many places, discerning distant objects, unraveling mysteries, and of uniting and separating in his own mind a multitude of problems and difficulties. As soon as his sons grew up, he attached them to himself as aids, who, though, to be sure, less agile than he, were none the less industrious and active. He had five sons, four of whom already commanded respect among the merchants, humble deference from their fellow-citizens and fear from their slaves. But on the youngest one, the merchants and citizens and slaves looked differently than upon the others, and seemed to think curious things.

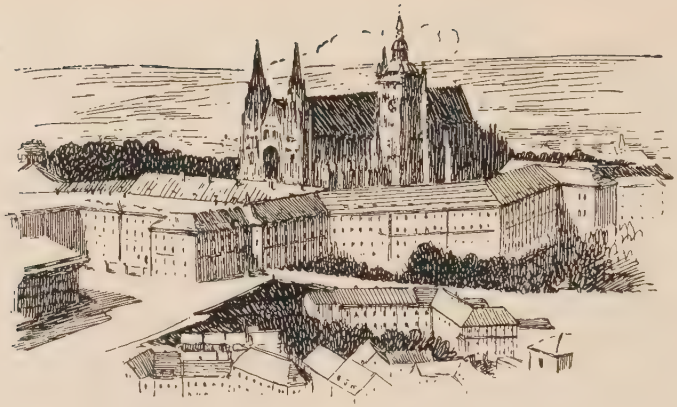
Pythyon was called wise, not merely because he knew how to accumulate wealth better than any one else, but also because of the use he made of the wealth and what he said about it. When, in one of the great city market places, in Sardes, Celanea, or Abydos, seated on the back of his favorite old and widely known camel, Mosh, he perorated to the masses around him about the meaning, usefulness and power of wealth, people of all classes and strangers from all parts listened to him with such rapture and delight that the folds of the chitons and chlamydes became disarranged on the mobile arms of the Ionian Greeks, the red caps shook on the heads of the Phrygians, the heavy, variegated tiaras tilted on the brows of the Medes, Bactrians and Assyrians, and the proud and happy Lydians emitted shouts of exultation in honor of their fellow-citizen. His utterances were not learned or elegant, but rather good-hearted and joyous, rising above the usual in that the speaker's mind betrayed refined and deeply rooted sentiments.

This graybearded, rosy-cheeked, low-statured, stocky old man, with gray eyes fierily glistening under a wrinkled brow, over which rose a purple, pearl-studded tiara, with

his small, lithe, wrinkled hand drew back on his shoulder the broad sleeves of his cloak with its glittering Indian design, and, like a man from the people, called out loudly and clearly:

"I swear by the mighty mother Cybele! Let anybody show me a beetle which a buffalo cannot crush with one pressure of his hoof, a linnet which a hawk cannot kill with one stroke of its beak, a withered leaf which the wind does not carry away on an errant journey, a drop of water which a counter wave does not deport in its direction,—let any one of you, who in considerable numbers are now opening your mouths wide as you listen to my speech, show me any of those things, and I will faithfully divide all my possessions into four parts and will give three of these to him who can show that to me, and will keep the fourth part only for myself and my five sons."

EAST POLAND MILKMAIDS



CHAPTER II

THE LITERATURE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

CZECHOSLOVAKIA became Christian in the ninth century, having received its religion through the Bulgarian apostles Cyril and Methodius, but the Roman Catholic Church soon gained the ascendancy, and by the end of the eleventh century the country stood in close intellectual relation with the Catholic West. From the thirteenth century an enormous mass of Church songs, Biblical stories, legends, didactic poems and romances of the German type was produced in the native language, and we possess a considerable number of Church dramas for the fourteenth century —indeed, *The Mountebank* is the oldest known Easter play in Europe. The rhymed chronicle of Dalimil and the didactic songs of Smil Flashka of Pardubic display considerable poetic talent and linguistic perfection.

In 1348 the University of Prague was founded and became the central point of Bohemian culture, which no longer remained the exclusive possession of the clergy. A layman, Thomas Shtitny (1331–1401), "the first Slavic philosopher" and the first Bohemian prose writer, incurred the enmity of the Church for disseminating philosophic truths in the native tongue, instead of the scholastic Latin. Men like Shtitny were the forerunners of John Huss (1369–1415) and the Bohemian reformation. Under the influence of Wyclif's teachings Huss thundered in his sermons against the primacy of the Pope, while another Bohemian, Jerome, took up the same struggle at the Sorbonne, in Paris. The religious controversy became a political issue, leading to the Hussite war and the ultimate defeat of the Czech democracy. During the decay of the moral renaissance, preached by Huss, there still arose a great preacher, Peter Khelchicky (1390–1460), who taught passive resistance as the foundation of Christian faith. Leo Tolstoy has been called the modern Khelchicky, who preceded him by nearly five hundred years, and, indeed, there is a remarkable resemblance in the religious writings of the two.

The sixteenth century, as in Poland, was the golden age of Bohemian literature, itself a reflex of the Italian Renaissance with its classical studies, at a time when Khelchicky's teachings were eagerly followed by the Moravian Brothers, who themselves did so much for

the dissemination of religious poetry among the masses. Among the Bohemian Brothers the most noteworthy is John Blahoslav (1523–1571), who translated the New Testament, which was soon followed by a complete translation of the Bible. He also made a large collection of songs and wrote some himself. We shall give here a few stanzas from a Taborite *Hymn,* as translated by Sir John Bowring:

Ye champions! who maintain
God's everlasting law,
Call on his name again,
And tow'rds his presence draw;
And soon your steady march your foes shall overawe.

Why should you faint or fear?
He shall preserve ye still;
Life, love—all—all that's dear
Yield to his holy will,
And he shall steel your hearts, and strengthen you 'gainst ill.

From Christ, a hundred fold
Of bliss ye shall receive;
For time—that soon is told—
Eternity he'll give;
And he that dies for truth immortally shall live.

Lift, then, your lances high,
Ye men of knightly word,
For valor shall supply
Meet weapons from her hoard,
And ye shall bravely fight, ye servants of the Lord.

Why should ye dread the foe,
Tho' numerous they may be?
Will God desert ye? No!
For him, and with him, ye
Shall dissipate the base and boasting enemy.

Then came a long period of decay, which lasted up to the nineteenth century. But during this dark period stands out the gigantic figure of John Amos Comenius (1592–1670), whose great desert in matters of education caused the youthful Harvard University to extend an invitation to join its faculty, but which he could not accept. In him was united all the learning of his time, and in him culminated that Christian purity for which the Bohemians had been struggling since the days of Huss. Just before his death in Amsterdam, he wrote his *Testament of Dying Mother to Unity:*

At the moment of the final separation I turn to you, my Czech and Moravian people, and I bequeath to you the treasures confided to me by God. . . . Above all, the love of Divine Truth which the Lord has revealed to us sooner than to any other people, through the deserts of our John Huss. . . .

The second bequest I make to you is the ardent desire to understand ever more clearly and more completely this Divine Truth. And since the Lord has ordered us to study his Law, I leave to you God's book, Holy Writ, which my sons, with much application, have translated into Czech.

I bequeath to you the love of ecclesiastic discipline; I bequeath to you and to your sons the will to purify, embellish and develop our dear tongue, our much beloved Czech language. The ardor of my sons upon this point is well known, and connoisseurs have said that there is no better Czech than that of the Brothers and their books.

Finally I bequeath to you a better and more useful method of instruction. Foreign nations, without difference of nationality and religion, have begun to adopt

it: it is your duty above all not to neglect your patrimony.

The regeneration of Bohemian literature began with the scientific labors of the philologists Joseph Dobrowski (1753–1829), Joseph Jungmann (1773–1847), and K. J. Shafarik (1795–1861), and the great historian, Francis Palacky (1798–1876), whose monumental work on the history of Bohemia helped to concentrate the disjected energies of the Czechs. Jungmann translated on a large scale the best works of German, French and English authors. John Kollar (1793–1852) sang ecstatically patriotic songs, which were surpassed in delicacy of feeling by those of F. L. Chelakowsky (1799–1852). We give here a sonnet by Kollar, and a few stanzas, *Content,* in Sir John Bowring's translation:

SONNET

O what sublime conceptions fill the soul,
When o'er the dawn-clad Tatra the rapt eye
Wanders;—all thought dissolv'd in sympathy,
And words unutter'd into silence roll!
How the heart heaves when thunder-storms eclipse
The sun, and century-rooted oaks uptear:
When Etna opens wide his fiery lips—
Turns pale the star-hair'd moon and shakes the sphere!
Yet this, and more than this, my soul can bear—
But not thine innocent look—thy gentle smile—
What magic, might, and majesty are there:
A trembling agitation shakes me, while
Confus'd amidst thy varied charms I see
The powers of earth and heaven all blent in thee.

CONTENT

My life is like a flowery spring
Of calmness, liberty, and peace;
I mount not high on passion's wing,
I sink not deep in recklessness.
And noisy joys, where'er they be,
Have no attractive charms for me.

The marble busts—the statues tall
Of bronze, I envy not—be mine
A simple home, whose snowy wall
The smiling graces may enshrine.
Tho' gold may deck the rich man's roof,
It is not time- nor sorrow-proof.

Pomona dwells my cottage near,
And leads sweet Flora in her hand;
My trees the richest offering bear—
Uncoveted their treasures stand,
And in their falling leaves I see
True lesson for humanity.

In this short sketch it is not possible more than to scratch the extremely rich development of Czech literature in the nineteenth century. Amidst a mass of poets of the first half of the century probably the best, and certainly the most influential, was Charles Havlichek (1821–1856), whose genius was developed chiefly under Russian Slavophile influence, which tended to make him an admirer of the Russian popular poetry. It was also a study of the Czech popular literature that ripened the talent of the great authoress, Bozhena Nemcova (1820–1862), who treated all kinds of social questions in her admirable novels, such

as *Poor People, Homesickness* and *Bab,* but by far the best is *Grandmother,* which has been translated into many languages.

With Vitezslav Halek (1835–1874) began a new generation of poets. A literary student of Heine, Byron and Shakespeare, he was more particularly trained in the school of Bret Harte and Turgenev, but his best efforts were reflected in lyrical poetry, which set the pace for Jan Neruda (1834–1891), who passed over from poetry to journalism and humorous sketches, of which his *Provincial Sketches* are the best, after which he once more turned to poetry.

A still higher perfection in poetry was attained by Jaroslav Vrchlicky (born 1853), the Longfellow of Bohemian literature. His inimitable translations range from Dante, Tasso, Leopardi and Camoens, to Byron, Shelley, Walt Whitman and the Yiddish poet, Morris Rosenfeld. His stupendous activity in this direction does not overshadow a similar activity in original verse, from which it is difficult to make a representative selection. Among the younger poets must be mentioned J. S. Machar (born 1864), the impressionist, who developed a new language for his poetry, one that is based on the spoken idiom. He mercilessly scourges the vices of his people, and would purify the Bohemian nationalism from self-adulation and declamatory patriotism. In his political tendencies he shares the socialistic views of Masaryk, the first Presi-

dent of Czechoslovakia, whose critical and journalistic activity has been fruitfully exerted in fighting all kinds of shams and self-deceptions. We shall give here the beginning of Machar's *Magdalen,* which deals with the social evil:

Reader, I warn you against psychological authors! Do not believe in the logical sequence of thoughts which, they say, manifests itself in the souls of heroes and heroines. Do not believe in their long-spun monologues, nor in the reminiscences which are drawn out in chain-like order from souls stirred by dreams,—those are old, well-known nets which the sly author, following the good examples of others, casts for your unwary faith: he spreads them out, rubs his hands in glee, and whispers softly, "Only read, and you will be mine."

Our soul . . . just look into it: it is as though you saw the surface of the water. Upon it is beautifully reflected the azure of the skies, the white cloud, the splendor of the sun, the ruddy west, the bird that flits somewhere into the distance, the tree that leans over it. A soft breeze gently ripples it, but the raging storm destroys that pure mirror, and you see the dark waves towering and driving each other, you hear their despairing disconsolate melody,—even thus we know our soul to be.

Below, somewhere in the depth, a strange world is hidden from your view. There may be there an abyss, sand, rocks, a coral reef, nacre, whirlpools, strange creatures,—there is something within you that you know not of. . . . Only rarely, during quiet sleep, do you for a moment look into its mysterious depth. Sometimes a mighty storm throws up upon the shore some tiny shells, or some monstrous thing.

Our thoughts are nothing more than silvery fishes, daughters of the deep, which we see for a moment leisurely swimming in masses near the sunlit surface. Here and there one will flash like a silver coin in the air, will

flash and disappear. . . . Where are here the logical steps? Why did it flash by, why at that particular moment? Whence did it come, and whither does it swim? . . .

My reader, I warn you against psychological authors!

Nine o'clock, Jiri raised his head a little from his white feather bed, and looked with a sleepy eye at the green shade, through which the thin sunbeams burst into the room like rods of gold. He glanced at the cage where a canary was just then dipping its bushy head into its bathtub. Then he yawned loudly and looked at the ceiling, and at the lamp, around which tiny flies were whirling and softly buzzing.

Suddenly there flashed through his brain this picture, just this picture: he saw the maiden with unbraided blonde hair looking into the lamplight: "I do not think, and there is no time for such foolishness as thinking." The picture disappeared.

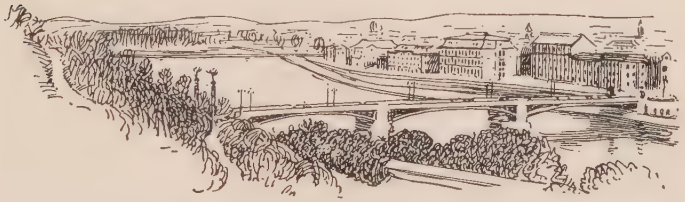
Another scene. The dissolute old man approached him with wavering step: "She is my Antigone," said he. A weak smile twitched Jiri's lips. He stretched himself and placed his arms under his head.

Then he saw a bit of Italy: a golden country, burnt by the sun. The air in motion. The Apennines. Rocks everywhere. Veined stones all around him. The view was open only in one direction: there, towering sharply against the azure sky, a cypress stood out,—black, sad, disconsolate . . .

That flashed by. . . . "Rather would I see you lying dead in a coffin, than here alive;" thus his own words now were dinning in his soul, and he kept repeating them to the slender maiden who drooped her head to one side.

"Was I not a fool last night? Did not the girl secretly laugh at my words?" The thought suddenly passed through his brain. And thus through his soul flashed scenes, pictures and words without logic or connection, like silvery fishes that gleam near the calm surface of the sunlit waters. . . .

Many of the Bohemian writers, like Masaryk himself, were of Slovak origin, that is, they were born and brought up in the Slavic parts of the Magyar kingdom and spoke a dialect which is akin, but not identical with, the dialects of Bohemia. Antonio Bernolak (1762–1813) wrote a Slovak grammar and dictionary, and under his guidance both the Catholic and Protestant Slovaks separated from a participation in Bohemian literature and developed one of their own. Jan Holy (1785–1849) wrote a series of idyls in the new literary language. The greatest activity in this direction was shown by Ludevit Shtur (1815–1856), who dreamed of a union of all the Slavs and founded a number of periodicals for the furthering of the separatist movement from the Czechs. A number of excellent poets have been trained in the school of Shtur, among them Samo Chalupka (1812–1883), J. M. Hurban (1817–1888), and his son S. Hurban-Vajanski, probably the most gifted of them all. Now, since Czechoslovakia has been formed by a political union of the Czechs and Slovaks, the first are agitating one language for both, but there seems to be little chance of early success.



A GLIMPSE OF PRAGUE

CHAPTER III

THE LITERATURES OF YUGOSLAVIA

DALMATIA had by the fifteenth century become thoroughly Slavicized, but the predominance of Venice, which exerted its power all along the coast, caused the mercantile and aristocratic Republic of Ragusa to become bilingual, and when it began, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, to show any national independence, its Serbo-Croatian literature stood entirely under Italian influence. The father of the Serbo-Croatian literature is Marko Marulic (1450–1524), whose epic, *Judita,* was printed in 1521. After a series of noteworthy poets, such as Drzic and Cubranovic and the poetess Floria Zuzoric, John Gundulic (1588–1638), whose life coincided with the greatest development of Ragusa's power,

translated and adapted several Italian works and created the golden age of Serbo-Croatian literature with his noteworthy *Osman,* a romantic epic in which he sang of the conflict of Cross and Crescent. Another epic, *The Christiad,* was written by J. Palmotic (1606–1657). The beginning of Gundulic's *Osman* runs as follows:

O human pride, what do you boast of, since the higher you wing your flight the lower you will fall? No mortal event is eternal and imperturbable under the sun, and the fiery lightning first strikes the mountain tops.

Without the aid of the Highest in heaven all joy of the world is transitory, and the mightiest kingdoms are crushed. The wheel of fortune does not stop revolving, and what was at the top is now at the bottom, and what was at the bottom comes to the top.

Now a crown hangs above the sword, and now the sword falls upon the crown; now a slave rules a kingdom, and now a king becomes a slave.

Through misfortune happiness is born, and a crown is obtained through bloodshed, and those whom many feared, themselves are in terror of the many. The king's head is surrounded by treason and ambush, and suddenly there arise circumstances which were totally unexpected.

The Slovenes, to the north of Trieste, in Carniola and Carinthia, who now form a part of Yugoslavia, but who speak a distinct dialect, at about the same time formed a national literature under the influence of the Reformation. The preacher Primus Truber (1508–1586) laid the foundation for Slovenian literature by encouraging translations of Church books, and this activity was also pursued by the Catholic clergy. But the real development of Slovene

letters began only at the end of the eighteenth century, when V. Vodnik (1758–1819) began to write poetry. The culmination of this literature was soon reached under Francis Preshern (1800–1849), who chiefly followed Italian and German models. The small nation of the Slovenes could not produce a large number of authors, but in modern times they still can proudly point to Anton Ashkerc, who has written ballads and romances, and to the novelist Janko Kersnik, whose stories depict farm scenes.

At the end of the eighteenth century the romanticists of Europe were startled by the wealth and perfection of the folk-songs and epics which emanated from the totally forgotten Serbia. The German Goethe was so much pleased by the ballad, *The Bride of Hassan Aga,* that he translated it into German and presented it to the world as a specimen of the finest national poetry. Indeed, Serbia, which was completely crushed by Turkish tyranny, continued to lead an intellectual life which found its expression in a vast number of its poems, of which we shall give here an extract from *The Battle of Kosovo:*

Sultan Murad advances upon Kosovo. Upon arriving there he writes a letter, which he dispatches to the town of Kruzhevats, into the hands of Prince Lazar: "O Lazar, you who are at the head of Serbia, it has never happened and it can never be that there should be two masters in one land, and that the same peasants should pay double taxes. We cannot both reign at the same time. So send me the keys and the tribute, the golden keys of all the

cities and the tribute for seven years. If you will not send them to me, come to the field of Kosovo, so that we may divide the land with our swords.'' When the missive came to Prince Lazar, he looked at it and shed bitter tears.

A falcon with gray plumage comes flying from the holy places, from the City of Jerusalem, and he was carrying a light-winged swallow. Not a bird it is, nor a gray falcon, but indeed the Prophet Elijah; nor is it a light-winged swallow that he bears, but a letter from the Mother of God. He brings it to Prince Lazar and drops it into his lap, and this is what the letter said to him: ''Lazar, descendant of an illustrious race, for which realm will you stand? Do you want the Kingdom of Heaven, or do you want the empire of the earth? If you choose the empire of the earth, have your horses saddled and the cinches tightened. Serbian warriors, gird your swords and rush upon the Turks, and all its army will perish. But if you choose the Kingdom of Heaven, have a temple built at Kosovo, and put it not on a foundation of marble, but only on scarlet and on silk. Then let your army go to confession and arrange it in battle array: It will all succumb, and with your army you, Prince Lazar, will perish.''

When Lazar read these words, he revolved in his mind many a thought. ''O God! What shall I do and what shall I resolve? For which kingdom shall I decide? Shall it be the Kingdom of Heaven or the empire upon the earth? If I choose the earth, the empire of this world is transitory and short, while the Kingdom of Heaven will last for ages and ages.''

Lazar decided upon the Kingdom of Heaven as against the empire upon earth. He had a temple built at Kosovo. He did not put it on a foundation of marble, but only on scarlet and silk. Then he sent for the Patriarch of Serbia and the twelve mightiest bishops and held communion for the army and arranged it in battle array.

Barely had the Prince taken command of it, when the Turks rushed down upon Kosovo.

The modern period began for the Yugoslavs in the time of Maria Theresa, which, as we have seen, was also favorable for the development of the Hungarian literature. Matya Reljkovic, in the second half of the eighteenth century, started the new movement for the Roman Catholic Croatians, while the greatest activity was developed among the Greek Catholic Serbians, whose literature, since it is written in Cyrillic type, while the Croatian employs Latin letters, remained for a long time foreign to the Croatians. D. Obradovic (1739–1811) preached enlightenment and toleration to his fellow citizens, but it was mainly Vuk Stefanovic Karadzhic (1787–1864) who developed a prodigious philological activity and brought the Serbian literature to the front.

The diversity of dialects in which the literature of Yugoslavia had heretofore found its expression, combined with a growing desire for national union, led to a movement known as *Illyrism,* which intended to create a literary language on the basis of the ancient Ragusan literature and the popular poetry of the Serbs. The leader in this movement was Ljudevit Gaj (1809–1872), who set himself the task of saving his people from being submerged by the surrounding nations. Among the "Illyrian" poets two deserve special mention. Stanko Vraz (1819–1851) and Peter Preradovic (1818–1872). Stanko Vraz was a Slovene by birth, who began his literary career by a collection of Slovene folk-songs, but for the sake of the

union of the Yugoslavs wrote in the "Illyrian" form of the language. We shall give one of his exquisite lyrics in translation:

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? A gentle zephyr that keeps company with spring, and playfully kisses the flower. What is love? A mighty stormwind under which the flower bends in the garden and the oaktree in the forest. What is love? Rays of the sun, than which nothing is faster, which give life to the grass as they pass over it. What is love? A bridge to heaven, over which angels come down to us, showing us the pure paths and bringing to us a slice of heavenly bread. What is love? The black devil, who poisons us with lusts and causes the body to fall into dust, and deprives the soul of its heavenly inheritance. May your love, dear soul, for ever be a holiness: may it be a zephyr, the blissful sun, a golden bridge to heaven, may it be for ever and ever, what your soul is —the daughter of paradise!

By far the most fruitful poet of this school was Peter Preradovic, who in his youth composed German poems and during his military career, as a general, had entirely forgotten his native tongue. Seized by the nationalistic tendencies of Dalmatia, where he was stationed as an officer, he soon became the idol of his people. One of his most famous poems is *Morning is Dawning,* which we render here:

Midnight is past—what awakens me at this time from sleep? The lyre bequeathed to me by my ancestor resounds of its own accord, as it gently and softly whispers, "Morning is dawning, soon it will be day!"

Midnight is past—peace still lies upon dale and hill, but the zephyr already gently whispers from the blue lake

to the darkling forest, lisping softly, "Morning is dawning, soon it will be day!"

Midnight is past—the sea rests calmly in gentle sleep, but a white bird already steers his way towards me from the earth and calls in clarion tones, "Morning is dawning, soon it will be day!"

Midnight is past—the luminary of heaven is still aglow, and in the east, at the very horizon, gleams the star of the Slavic future. It brings the message from its throne, "Morning is dawning, soon it will be day!"

Morning is dawning, day is near! The east bursts with golden splendor. Dalmatia, you glorious land, darkness has vanished from your lap, and the glow of your sun portends to us, "The golden day is approaching for us!"

Since 1860 the Croatians have had a national theater at Zagreb, and prose writing has been well developed by August Shenoa (1838–1881), the realist Shandor-Gjalski and a host of other writers. Of late, since the collapse of "Illyrism," the various parts of Yugoslavia have developed in literature local distinctions. The Croats and the Dalmatians have separately produced some noteworthy authors, while the Serbians have since 1848 evolved a distinctly national literature that is not correlated to the other local circles. By far the best poet of Serbia was Zmay Jovan Jovanovic (1833–1904), who stood under German influence and who also turned some of Petofi's Hungarian poems into Serbian popular songs. Among the prose writers there are several who have written in the spirit of socialism, and even communism. The best novelist is probably Laza Lazarevic (1851–1891), who has described the

patriarchal conditions prevailing in the Sava region. Especially rich is the Serbian scientific literature and literary criticism.

At present all the modern movements of Western Europe may be found represented in the literary activities of Serbia and Croatia. Montenegro, too, has contributed its quota to the Serbian literature. Peter II Njegosh (1813–1851), the Prince of Montenegro, has produced a creditable Montenegrin epic and some fine lyrical poems, and Stefan M. Ljubisha, the writer of short stories, is among the best Montenegrin authors of the present time. We shall end this sketch of Yugoslavic literature with the first chapter from Shenoa's novel, *In the Aquarium:*

Thank God, at last the gray, stubborn veil of mist was rent apart. The imperturbable rain, which had been dripping down for two weeks with constant slothfulness, stopped its activity, and the hot July sun soon succeeded in wiping out its vestige upon flowers, trees, and paths. In the deep blue sky not a mark was to be seen, the flowers again raised their bending heads and the trees their green, elastic branches, even as a man's breast heaves, when it frees itself from a thought that has been oppressing it for a long time. Now the world of men, too, awakens to new life. In the railway stations surges a variegated mass of people, a large number of ladies' hats with brightly colored ribbons move up and down between the tables, on which lie boxes, satchels, water proofs, umbrellas and plaids, and at which sit merchants and aged officials with lean faces. Now and then an officer, who is ordered to proceed to Bosnia, crosses the hall, in marching gait; from time to time the blue-coated porter shouts through the room; occasionally the din of voices is drowned by a shrill whistle of the locomotive.

Thus matters proceed for a while. At last the hall is emptied, and everybody is on the way to the watering places, to Krapina, Rohich, Plattensee, Gleichenberg, Karlsberg, or whatever the name of the longed-for place of refuge may be. One is led by the hope of recovery; another is driven by the desire to rehabilitate his worn nerves in the mountain air; others again are actuated by the passion for diversions and pleasures.

The northbound express train had just arrived at one of the larger stations in Styria. A thick swarm of travelers, Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Croatians, Slovenes, rolled out of the carriages, and calls in various languages mingled in the air. Here a lady corrected a governess who was dragging along two naughty children; there a nabob passively wrapped a shawl about the neck of his hysterical better half; somewhat to one side a Styrian parish priest with melancholy features was absorbed in his snuff box and was badly startled when a Hungarian plum peddler from the Baranga broke out into a curse. In another place a cavalry officer with a tilting cap munched at his long Virginia cigar while listening to an aristocrat of the neighborhood with an English cocked hat, who was buttonholing him and with great pathos was relating to him his amatory adventure at a Rohich ball. Among the last who left the train was a lady of about twenty-five years, a blonde of medium stature and fair corpulence. Her round ruddy face, her full rosy lips, her large blue aristocratically half closed eyes, her slightly upturned snub nose, her whole being betrayed a proud self-consciousness that was not in the least concerned about what was going on around her. Though refined and agile in her movements, the lady was simply attired. She wore a raincoat of dark-blue material and a hat dressed with a black and gray veil. Her small hands were encased in long kid gloves; about her lithe ankles were blue stockings, and on her feet low shoes of tan colored leather; on her breast hung a gold watch and a lorgnette, and in her hand she had a double-silk parasol. Half way between the carriage and the station she

POOR SERBIAN FAMILY

stopped, turned her head around, and called out in French, while leaning on her parasol:

"Mademoiselle Charlotte, hurry! Keep an eye on the child!"

In response to these words there came to her a young, pale-faced, sickly female with a high, dark-colored wig, dressed in a blue linen garment, leading by the hand a black-locked, stubborn boy of about five years.

The cavalry officer pinched on his monocle, the aristocrat raised his head, and both began to stare at the blonde lady. She punished them by walking nonchalantly past them and casting upon them such a glance of contempt that they withdrew crushed into their inner selves, without observing that the governess had compensated them with that melancholy smile of which novels give such detailed accounts.

Back of the station an insignificant-looking carriage was waiting. In spite of her corpulence the blonde lady stepped into the carriage with ease and grace; the stubborn boy leaped in after her, and at last the sickly Mademoiselle Charlotte stepped in.

The Slovenian coachman indifferently watched the scene with bent head. When he had convinced himself that his passengers and their belongings were safely deposited in the carriage, he pulled the reins tight and drove the horses through the village to the dark mountain, at the foot of which the romantic watering place of Schöndorf was nestled.

LION OF SAINT MARK, OVER THE PORTA PLACE, RAGUSA

CHAPTER IV

BULGARIA

THE ancient Bulgarian literature, chiefly of an ecclesiastic and legendary character, cannot arrest us here, as it is not the literature of any existing nation, even though it formed the basis of the very ancient intellectual and spiritual movements in all the countries that received their Christianity from Byzantium, that is, Russia, Bohemia, Serbia and Bulgaria. The modern Bulgarian literature has its beginning with the *Slavo-Bulgarian History* of the monk Paysi (1762). The real regenerator, however, was J. Venelin, a Hungarian Ruthenian, who became acquainted with the Bulgarians of Bessarabia and Southern Russia, and wrote books for them. The first

poetical productions appeared in 1845, from the hand of P. R. Slaveykov. The best story-teller was Lyuben Karavelov (1837–1879), while D. Voynikov (1833–1878) laid the foundation for the drama. The novel of Ivan Vazov (born 1850), *Under the Yoke,* which describes Bulgarian life on the eve of the Russo-Turkish war, has been translated into several languages. We give here the beginning from it:

One cool May morning Master Marko, bareheaded and in a long cloak, was eating with his housefolk in the court-yard.

The table was laid, as usual, near the grapevines, between the quickly flowing and cold brook, which murmured day and night like a swallow, and the high clustering ivy, which could be seen along the wall, evergreen in summer and in winter. A lantern hung down from a branch of a lilac bush, whose fragrant flowers rocked above the heads of the family. And the family was a large one. Round Father Marko and his old mother and his wife there sat around the table a swarm of children, large and small, who were armed with knives and forks and rapidly got away with the food. They fully justified the Turkish proverb: "The enemy's fodder."

The father cast from time to time a good-natured glance at the hard-working grinders with the teeth and the indestructible mill-stones, and he smiled and merrily remarked:

"Eat, children, and you will grow well! Pena, fill up the jug again."

The maid went to the well, where the winejar was cooling, filled the deep China jug with it, and brought it to the table. Father Marko handed it to the children, saying good-naturedly:

"Drink, you rascals!"

The jug went around the table. Their eyes brightened, their cheeks grew ruddy, and here and there one would

wipe his lips in satisfaction. Then Marko turned to his wife, who looked at them with disapproval, and said sternly:

"Let them drink in my presence, so that they may not be eager for wine. I do not want them to become drunkards when they grow up."

Marko had his practical ideas about education. Though he was a man with little education, for he was a man of the old régime, he with his natural common sense understood human nature well, and knew that what was forbidden would be desired so much the more eagerly. For this reason he intrusted the keys of his money-chest to the children, in order to prevent in them any inclination to thieving.

"Gocho, go and open the cypress-wood chest and bring me the money-bag." Another time he would command thus, upon leaving: "Go, child, count out twenty liras in gold from the purse and give them to me when I return."

In spite of the custom prevailing in the majority of houses, that children should stand up so long as the parents were eating, in order to teach the children respect for elders, Marko always demanded that his children should be seated, and when guests came, he called the children in to meet them.

"Let them acquire the manners of gentlemen," he would explain, "and not act strangely and shyly when they see strangers, as does Anko Raspopche."

Anko Raspopche completely lost himself from shyness when he met any one who wore trousers of black cloth.

As he was all day busy with his commercial affairs, Marko saw his people assembled only at table, and at that time he carried out his idea of education in his own peculiar way:

"Dimitr, do not sit down before your grandmother takes her place! Don't act like a Freemason!" "Ilya, don't hold your knife like a butcher! Don't stab your bread, but cut it like a human being!" "Gocho, don't walk about like a Turkish dummy! Take off your fez

when you sit down. Your hair is as long as that of a Tutrakan churl. Go to Ganka and have him cut it in Cossack fashion." "Vasil, pull in your long sleeves so that others may find room. You can spread yourself when we go in the field." "Avram, how dare you get up from the table without making the sign of the cross? Are you a Protestant?"

FLOWER VENDERS

CHAPTER V

UKRAINE

THE Ukrainian state is in the making, but its Little-Russian literature can boast of a respectable past. Under Russian rule the native literary activity was proscribed, wherefore most Little-Russian authors, like Gogol, had to write in Great Russian, but none the less a beginning was made at the end of the eighteenth century by Kotlarevsky, who in 1798 laid a foundation for the new literature by his *Aeneid Travestied.* This was soon followed by the charming novels of Hryhory Kvitka (1778–1843) and the famous poetry of T. G. Shevchenko (1814–1861), who made his debut with a collection of poems, *Kobzar (The Bard),* which were followed by fiery denunciations of the Russian rule. Among the many prose productions since the days of Shevchenko are the popular tales of Marya

Markovich (1834–1907), who wrote under the pseudonym of Marko Vovchok, and whose works in the Russian translations of Turgenev have made her a part of the Great Russian literature. In Galicia the Ruthenians, who are closely related to the Little Russians, were similarly repressed by the Poles, but in the nineteenth century they have developed an extraordinary activity, and the language has been represented in the chairs of at least two universities, on a par with Polish. Here we have a remarkable evolution of the literature. The Ukrainian theater has flourished under the poet Mikhaylo Starytsky (1840–1904) and Marko Kropyvnitsky (1841–1910). The greatest poet of Galicia was Ivan Franko (1856–1916), who was also a philologist of unusual attainments. His novels, *Boa Constrictor* and *In the Sweat of His Brow,* give very realistic accounts of the exploitation of the people in the Borislav mines. In his poem *Moses* he preached the coming liberty for the Ruthenians. The number of Ruthenian writers of modern times is considerable. Among them excels Mykhaylo Kotyubinsky (1864–1913), the Tolstoy of the Little Russians, whose *Intermezzo* is a wonderful description of the Ukrainian steppes. Among the poetesses Larissa Kvitka (1872–1913), who wrote under the pseudonym of Lesia Ukrainska, occupies the first place.

As specimens of Little-Russian literature we here adduce Shevchenko's *Thoughts,* that is,

"Melancholy Poems," and a passage from Kotyubinsky's *Intermezzo:*

THOUGHTS

Thoughts, O thoughts, I am ill at ease with you! Why have you taken your place on paper in serried rows? Why has the wind not scattered you in the steppe like the dust? Why has sorrow not put you to sleep, like a child at the breast? Sorrow, indeed, has brought you into the world a laughing stock for men. Many tears have flowed,—why have they not drowned you, or carried you to the ocean, or scattered you in the fields? Then people would not be asking what ails me, why I curse my fate, why I find it so hard to live in the world, and would not be saying with a smile: "He had nothing else to do!"

Flowers, you my children, why did I love you, why did I fondle you? Will one heart in the whole world weep as I have wept with you? Maybe a maiden's heart and blue eyes will be found that will weep at these thoughts,—and this is all I want. One tear from blue eyes, and I am the lord of lords! Thoughts, O my thoughts, I am ill at ease with you!

Thoughts, O my thoughts, my flowers, my children! I have raised you, have fondled you, and where shall I place you? Go to the Ukraine, far away to my native land! Slink along the hedges, while I shall perish all alone. There, perchance, men's hearts are softer and warmer, and, maybe, you will find there more truth and, maybe, glory as well.

Mother Ukraine, receive my thoughtless babes as your own!

INTERMEZZO

We met for a moment in silence in a field, I and the man, a simple peasant. I do not know how I addressed him, but I suddenly saw through him a mass of blackened huts, girls in a cloud of dust, returning from out-

side labor, dirty, uncomely, with hanging breasts, thin necks;—pale women in torn skirts, with black faces, leaning like shadows over the hemp,—wretched children among famished dogs. All that I saw, though there was nothing to look at. It was all to me like the director's baton that all of a sudden amidst the silence, evokes a whole symphony of sounds.

I did not run away. On the contrary, we began to converse like old acquaintances. He told me things, which appeared terrible to me, as simply, as calmly as a swallow chirps in the field, and I remained and listened, and something within me trembled.

O human sorrow, you have gripped me! And I did not run? The weakened chords of my soul were drawn taut, and other men's sorrows could play upon them.

Speak, speak!

What shall I say? He possesses but a small plot of this sea of verdure. Happy is he whose children the fever has taken away. Sometimes God is good,—and he has five mouths to feed, and something has to be thrown into their jaws as into a mill. I do not know why but the fever has not taken away their five hungry children.

Speak, speak!

The peasants wanted to seize the land, and now some bite its wet dust, while others suffer in Siberia. He got off better: he rotted a year in jail, and now the chief of police flogs him once a week. Once a week they flog a man.

Speak, speak!

Every Sunday the peasants go to church, and he goes "to present" himself to the chief. But this is only a minor outrage in comparison with what he has to suffer from his own people. You are afraid to utter a word. He who has been your friend and chum may be selling you to-day in secret. You pluck a word like a piece of your heart, and he will throw it to the dogs. Your nearest are ready to sell you.

Speak, speak!

You are among men like among wolves. Look out! Everywhere the ears are stretched out, and so are the

hands: A poor fellow steals a wretched fellow's shirt, a neighbor steals a neighbor's, a father his son's. Among men it is like among wolves.

Speak, speak!

Men are devoured by disease, misery and brandy, and in the darkness they devour each other. How is it the sun shines upon us and does not go out? How is it we are able to go on living?

Speak, speak! Light up the heavenly vault with your anger, cover the clouds with your sorrow, and let the thunder and lightning come and refresh heaven and earth! Extinguish the sun, and set another luminary in its place! Speak, speak!

AN OLD WINDMILL ON THE STEPPES, UKRAINE

SCANDINAVIA

SCANDINAVIA

CHAPTER I

THE SCANDINAVIANS

THE NORSEMEN. About the middle of the eighth century the cold regions of the north became over-populated, and the warlike spirit of its inhabitants moved them to set forth on a career of conquest that forms one of the most remarkable and interesting epochs in history. In one of their first irruptions they reached the east coast of England, and harassed the country annually until Alfred the Great almost subdued them, though they returned in later years and under Cnut in the eleventh century conquered practically

the whole of Great Britain. Although known to the English as the Danes, or Northmen, they came probably from all parts of the Scandinavian peninsula as well as from Denmark itself; it is the blood of these ancient sea-rovers that has formed a chief element in the English character of to-day.

The Scandinavians were bold and independent. Their kings were chosen by the people, and all questions of moment were decided by a general vote in the *Thing,* or open parliament. Their vikings, as the sea-roving part of the population was called, were daring adventurers, possessed not only by a spirit of conquest, but also of colonization. They seized Normandy; found their way up the rivers of France; besieged, captured and razed Paris; and by the eleventh century had entered the Mediterranean, ravaged Spain, and under Robert Guiscard made themselves masters of lower Italy. During the Crusades they were found ruling Antioch and Tiberias, and about the same time other forces marched across Germany and established themselves, tradition informs us, in Switzerland. Shortly after the middle of the ninth century they discovered Iceland, and peopled it. Going farther west, they discovered Greenland, found their way to the coast of North America, and, it would seem, may have reached as far south as the New England coast. To the east they entered Russia and established there an empire and a line of rulers, or czars, who kept the country in

subjection until the end of the sixteenth century. From Russia they went south to the Black Sea, besieged Constantinople, and were kept from destroying it only by the payment of immense ransoms by the weak emperors who were then in power. These degenerate rulers retained a large number of Norsemen as a bodyguard, who became renowned the world over as the *Vaeringiar,* whom we shall meet in the old Icelandic sagas. It is the literature of this sturdy, prolific and domineering race who now inhabit principally the Scandinavian peninsula, Denmark, Iceland and Greenland, but whose blood is a powerful strain in many of the leading nations of Europe, that we are about to study.

II. Mythology. Until the advent of Christianity, the Scandinavians were pagans with a polytheistic religion, through which, however, could be seen glimpses of an infinitely powerful Supreme Being, who ruled with justice. In that northern region, where the hostile powers of nature, frost, storm and fire, were everywhere met by the inhabitants and fought with such untiring vigor, these opposing forces were represented as *jotuns* (giants), huge chaotic demons, against which the friendly powers, such as the sun and heat and all that produced life, the gods of the northern mythology, were constantly fighting. The records of these beings are found in the *Eddas,* of which we shall hear more under the literature of Iceland.

Preceding the creation of man, there was a golden age:

> The golden age of the gods, when
> On the green they played
> In joyful mood,
> Nor knew at all
> The want of gold.

According to the *Eddas,* there was once no heaven above nor earth beneath, but only a vast world of mist in a bottomless deep, in which streamed a dashing fountain, from which eleven great rivers flowed, that as they swept on were frozen into ice, which accumulated through the long centuries and filled the illimitable chasm. Far to the southward of this icy world of mist was the world of light, from which a warm wind blew upon the ice and melted it away. As the *Edda* says:

> From the South the Sun
> Shone on the walls;
> Then did the earth
> Green herbs produce.
> The Moon went ahead,
> The Sun followed;
> His right hand held
> The steeds of heaven.

From this melting ice were formed clouds, from which sprang the frost giant Ymir, all his powerful descendants and the cow Audumla, from whose milk Ymir was nourished. The food of the cow was obtained by licking the hoar-frost and salt from the ice, and one day as she was licking the salt stones there appeared

ANCIENT CHURCH OF GOL
CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY

the hair of a man; on the second day, the head; and on the third, the whole body, beautiful, agile and powerful. This was Buri, the first-born; from his son Bor and the latter's wife, a daughter of the giants, sprang Odin with his brothers, Vili and Ve. Together they slew the giant Ymir and—

> Of Ymir's flesh
> Was earth created,
> Of his blood the sea,
> Of his bones the hills,
> Of his hair trees and plants,
> Of his skull the heavens,
> And of his brows
> The gentle powers
> Formed Midgard for the sons of men;
> But of his brain
> The heavy clouds are
> All created.

III. Odin. Odin, otherwise known as Woden, or Wuotan, was the chief god of the Scandinavians and all the Teutonic tribes, similar in many respects to the Mercury of southern mythology. He gives us our word Wednesday (Woden's Day). Odin presided in heaven, the omniscient source of wisdom, and from his throne, Hlidskjalf, ruled the earth as the great patron of culture and of heroism. As his name signifies *Mad,* or *The Raging One,* he was in all probability originally a storm god, and is always represented as attended by the two ravens, Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory). Daily these fly about the earth, gathering tidings of

all that is done. His greatest attributes are his eight-footed steed, Sleipnir; his spear, Gungnir; and his ring, Dropnir. His great wisdom came from drinking from Mimir's fountain, but it was earned only at the expense of one of his eyes. The following account of the incident is from Katharine F. Boult's *Asgard:*

"All is not yet well," he murmured, "I have set these earth-men in Midgard to be happy; the Vanir are in friendship with me and will keep the light-elves to their task of giving sunshine and rain; the dwarfs I have subdued so that they will forge iron and metals for daily use, but with the powers of evil I can do nothing."

"More wisdom must be mine," he mused, after long silence, "and I can gain it only from the Well of Knowledge. Would Mimir, its guardian, but give me one draught to show me how to guide the world aright!"

Then, descending, he took his way to the far edge of the world and leaned over into the mirk and stifling smoke that rose from the seething caldron of Niflheim—the home of gray mist, the nine worlds of Sorrow, Sin, and Death—to watch the forces of darkness writhe and curl and moan.

For nine days and nights did All-Father hang over the abyss, and when he drew back his resolve was taken.

. . . . . .

Bidding farewell to Frigg, he took the form of a man and set forth by flood and fell, through the haunts of men and over the heaving seas, far down to the mirk land of the ancient sage.

As he went slowly on, he saw, looming through the gray twilight, the grave clear eyes of Mimir, under their bushy brows, fixed pityingly upon him.

"What wouldst thou with me, O Lord of the High World?" the old man asked.

"Give me, I pray thee, O Mimir, a draught of thy spring, that I may the better judge how to rule in justice and save my people from the terror of the giants."

But Mimir shook his head and the Ase's heart sank. Must he return, unsatisfied, by that long and toilsome way?

"The water of my spring can only be come at through toil and sacrifice, O All-Father. Toil hast thou had in plenty, but what of sacrifice?"

"Ask what thou wilt, O sage. Aught that is in my power shall be thine."

"Thou speakest without knowledge," said the deep calm voice. "From many have I heard those words, yet none has been found to pay the price I ask. Give me that which thou most valuest."

Then All-Father was silent, for most of all the world did he value his dear son, Baldur the Beautiful.

But Mimir knew his thought and smiled.

"Baldur's time is not yet come; work hath he still to do, although the Nornir—fateful sisters—have cut short his thread of life."

"Ask then. I have said it shall be thine."

"Thy right eye."

Odin drew back and bowed his head.

Was it indeed worth while to pay this heavy price?

Then through his mind passed the memory of the helpless sons of men, whom he himself had fashioned, of the happy homesteads he had passed, of the golden fields rich with grain, of the fishers singing as they sped over the blue waves, of the children laughing at their play—of all the fair land that he had made, which must be swept away should the giants grow in strength.

He raised his head, and his two eyes, for the last time, met Mimir's steadfastly.

"I will pay the price," he said and, plucking out his right eye, he laid it in the sage's hand.

Then Mimir, with a grave smile of content, gave him a mighty horn of the sacred water, and Odin drank and drank until all was gone. As he handed back the

beaker, all that had been vague and dark became clear to him, and he hid his face in his gray cloak, stunned with the knowledge of the grief and horror, the beauty and the final joy of all.

Mimir's voice broke the long silence.

"'Tis well," he said; "here, watered by the silver fountain, shall thine eye remain; a sign that thou—highest of the Gods—hast given thy best for the sons of men."

And All-Father turned and took his way back to upper earth in deep thought, for now he knew what to do for his people's highest good. What the Nornir, in obedience to the Mighty One, decreed he could not alter, but he might have worked much ill by striving unwittingly against their will. As he passed all fell back in reverence at the new light and meaning they read in his glance. Thus was a song made:

"Where is thine eye, All-Father?
Does it lie in the depths of the sea?
Nay, clear in the fountain of Mimir
Gleams the price that the Sage received,
Bathed in mead, as each morning wakens,
By the hand of the Ancient of Days."

One of Odin's first duties was to separate day from night and to create the seasons by placing the sun and the moon in the heavens and assigning to each its respective course. No sooner had the sun shone upon the earth than vegetation began to bud and sprout, and the gods, as they walked beside the sea, were pleased with their new work, but found it still lacking in one respect. Therefore, taking two ash trees, they made from one a man and from the other a woman. To the former they gave the name Ask; to the latter, Embla. Odin

endowed them with life and soul, Vili with reason and motion, while Ve gave them their senses and the power of speech. Placed in Midgard as a home, this couple became the progenitors of the human race.

In Asgard, the dwelling of the gods, Jotunheim, the abode of the giants, and Niflheim, the regions of darkness and cold, were the three great roots, each watered by a living spring, which supported the mighty ash tree, Ygdrasill. Nornir (Norns), Urdur (Past), Verdandi (Present), and Skuld (Future), the goddesses who held the position of the Fates in southern mythology, lived by the great root in Asgard. By the root in Jotunheim is Mimir's well, where wisdom and wit lie concealed, but the spring in Niflheim feeds the savage dragon, Nidhoggur (Darkness), which perpetually gnaws at the root of Ygdrasill:

> The tree Ygdrasill
> Bears a sorer burden
> Than men imagine;
> Above the stag bites it,
> On its side age rots it,
> Nidhoggur gnaws below.

Access to Asgard is gained only by crossing the beautiful bridge, Bifrost (The Rainbow), which Barry Cornwall calls—

> A link
> That binds us to the skies,
> A bridge of rainbow thrown across
> The gulf of tears and sighs.

When one reaches the dwelling of the gods, he finds palaces of silver and gold, of which the most beautiful is Valholl, where lives Odin, sometimes known as the great *Alfodur* (All-Father), but when thus mentioned he seems to possess the vague characteristics of a Supreme Being, the reflection of the monotheistic idea suggested above.

In the great hall of Odin marvelous feasts are held, from which are excluded all those who die a peaceful death, for only the warriors killed while bravely fighting can find access to the joys of Valholl. Every morning the flesh of the boar Saehrimnir is cooked and served to the warriors' spirits, but every night he becomes whole again to furnish them unlimited food. For drink the heroes have mead, which is supplied unfailingly from the she-goat Heidrun. Every day for amusement the warriors fight and hack themselves to pieces, but every night their dismembered bodies are made whole again for the next day's riotous pleasures. Matthew Arnold writes:

He crew at dawn a cheerful note,
To wake the gods and heroes to their tasks,
And all the gods and all the heroes woke.
And from their beds the heroes rose and donned
Their arms, and led their horses from the stall,
And mounted them, and in Valhalla's court
Were ranged; and then the daily fray began,
And all day long they there are hacked and hewn
'Mid dust and groans, and limbs lopped off, and blood;
But all at night return to Odin's hall
Woundless and fresh; such lot is theirs in heaven.

Every day he sends his messengers, the *Valkyriur* (Valkyries), warlike virgins armed with helmets, shields and spears and mounted upon horses, to the battlefields of earth, where Odin makes choice of the warriors who shall be slain.

Matthew Arnold has described their flight:

> And the Valkyries on their steeds went forth
> Toward earth and fights of men; and at their side
> Skulda, the youngest of the Nornies, rode;
> And over Bifrost, where is Heimdall's watch,
> Past Midgard Fortress, down to Earth they came;
> There through some battlefield, where men fall fast,
> Their horses fetlock-deep in blood, they ride,
> And pick the bravest warriors out for death,
> Whom they bring back with them at night to heaven,
> To glad the gods, and feast in Odin's hall.

On their shields the Valkyriur bear the spirits of the slain from the battlefield to Asgard, and as they approach they dismount from their horses at the grove Glasir, remove the veil of death, and allow the slain to see the majestic Valholl with Odin himself waiting to welcome them.

IV. Thor. Of all the twelve Aesir (chief gods) of the Scandinavians, Thor, son of Odin, is the strongest. From his name is derived our word Thursday (Thor's Day). Like Odin, Thor has three valuable possessions; the first is his hammer, Miollnir, which he uses in his endless conflicts with the giants, and whose fatal blows have been innumerable, for no sooner has he thrown the savage weapon

than it returns to his hand. His second possession is his girdle, which redoubles his strength; and the third, the iron gauntlets, which he always dons when using Miollnir. How Thor came into possession of his hammer is told as follows by Boult:

Now it came about that Thor, returning one day from a journey with All-Father, found his palace, Bilskirnir, strangely quiet. From floor to floor he went, calling for Sif, his wife, but no answer came to him, none knew where she had gone.

After long search he found her hidden, sobbing, behind a misty heap of gray clouds, her head wrapped in a thick veil.

"What is this?" he asked, as he raised her gently and drew back the veil.

"O Thor! Thor!" she cried, "I am shamed and set at naught. Never more shall I dare to face the Aesir and Asynjar. See!" And Thor saw that the thick golden braids of her glorious hair, that had reached below her knee, had been shorn close to her head.

"Who has done this?" he thundered, for the hair of Sif was the pride of Asgard.

Sif shook her head.

"How can I tell," she said sadly. "I slept for a while in the shade of the grove, and when I woke my hair was gone."

"There is but one who would play this scurvy trick," raged Thor, "and he shall rue it. Comfort thee, my sweeting, there is no shame for thee; the shame is Loki's, if I mistake not."

And Thor strode away to seek the mischief-maker in such wrath and haste that the ground trembled beneath his tread.

The Aesir were gathering for their evening meal and when Loki beheld the angry god drawing near, he made as if to slip away unnoticed, but Thor was too quick.

Catching the Fire God by the throat he shook and shook him until the teeth rattled in his head, and Odin cried:

"Softly, softly, son Thor; if there be aught against Loki make it plain to us and he shall answer for it. To slay him will advance thee nothing."

"Nay," growled Thor, "but it would advance the gods; since this niddering will bring us all to ruin."

He threw Loki from him and the Fire God, panting but still sneering, lay where he fell. Then Thor told the evil plight of Sif, and loud were the murmurs against the wanton deed. As they died down All-Father spoke:

"What atonement shall Loki make for this insult? Speak, my son."

"He shall cause the swart-elves to fashion hair of gold in place of that which he has stolen from Sif and, should he fail, I claim to break every bone in his body."

To the Aesir this bargain seemed but just, and Loki, scrambling to his feet, sped noiselessly away, trusting to his honeyed tongue to cajole the swart-elves.

"It will go hard with me," he muttered, "if I cannot outwit both dwarfs and gods."

Never did Loki tell the price that he paid to the swart-elves for their aid, and, by his silence, the gods knew that it must be heavy, but ere long he was back in Asgard face to face with them. First, from his wallet he brought out the long and beautiful hair of gold that he placed upon the head of Sif, where it rooted and grew in such abundance that the Asynjar clapped their hands in gladness at its brightness. Next he handed to Odin a spear.

"That," said he, "is Gungnir. With it All-Father will never miss his mark."

Lastly, from his wallet he drew a small ship folded up.

"See, Frey, this is Skidbladnir. It will grow to the size you need when you will and it will sail, despite adverse winds, to any point you wish."

Thus the frowns with which he had been greeted were turned to smiles and the Fire God, as was his wont,

began to make boasts, thereby bringing on himself more trouble.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed, "now the Aesir can see that none of the dwarfs can touch my smiths. The rest of the swart-elves are mere tinkers beside the sons of Ivaldi."

A growl of anger broke in upon his speech, and he stopped short to listen.

Now it chanced that Brock, the dwarf, was within hearing, and it was well known that his brother, Sindri, was first of all smiths.

The small dark creature rushed at Loki, shouting:

"Take back thy words, vain babbler, Sindri is second to none."

"Bah," jeered Loki, "be silent, small man, and wag not thy beard at me. What canst thou know of smith-work?"

Brock stamped and shrieked with rage.

"Thy head against mine, Utgard Loki," he spluttered. "The gods shall decide who is the better smith."

"As thou wilt," and Loki shrugged his shoulders. "Go thou and see what Sindri can do, and bring it here eight nights from this. I wager that thy head will be mine."

Brock hastened away to the cave-world and, finding his brother, told him of all that had befallen. Sindri thought for a while.

"We can prevail," he said at length; "but thou must do thy part, which is to keep the bellows working. Shouldst thou stop but for a minute thou art lost."

The brethren set to work.

Sindri put into the fire a hog-skin, murmuring runes the while, and Brock pulled steadily at the great bellows, despite a gad-fly that stung his hands again and again.

At length Sindri ceased his muttering and said:

"Brother, it is enough."

The fire died down and he drew forth the wild hog, Gold-Bristle.

Brock gazed on it with joy.

"That is well for the first, brother," he said.

"The next will be harder," Sindri answered as, from a hidden place in the cave, he gathered a handful of rich red gold and set it in the glow. Again Brock wielded the bellows, and again the fly came and stung him on the neck; but he knew that it must be Loki hindering his work and he listened to the solemn music of Sindri's runes, paying no heed to the torment.

Again Sindri bade him cease and, as Brock waited in breathless silence, his brother brought out an arm-ring of such dazzling brightness that it lighted up the whole cave, and round its band ran runes that only Sindri could read. He chuckled happily.

"This," said he, "is good. It is Draupnir, that each ninth night shall drop eight rings like to itself. Odin himself must be the wearer."

Brock laughed in triumph as Sindri laid Draupnir aside.

"Loki is doomed," he said.

"May be," his brother answered, " but we will run no risk, for against us are working all the giants of Jotunheim. Now comes the hardest. See, therefore, that thou slacken not for one moment, no matter what shall befall."

He cast into the raging fire a bar of iron and drew back to the farthest corner of the cave to make his runes, while Brock, throwing off his jerkin, pulled at the bellows with might and main. The only sounds were the sob of the bellows and the rhythmic roar as the clear flames rose and fell; the work was almost ended when the gad-fly, savage and desperate, stung Brock on the eyelid, so that blood gushed down into his eye. For one second he ceased blowing to dash aside the stream, and in a moment the fire sank and went black. Sindri hurried up, with dismay on his brow, leaving the last rune unspoken. As he peered into the ashes his face cleared.

"It is well," he said, drawing a great battle-mace from the embers. "Small harm is done; it might have been longer in the haft, but it will serve."

Proudly he whirled the mighty weapon round his head, laughing a deep laugh, while Brock looked on in wonder.

"This is Miolnir, that only Thor can wield, the safeguard of Asgard against the giants. Go, little brother, carry off thy treasures and bring me the head of Utgard Loki to see. He bodes good neither to gods nor men and it will rejoice me to see him dead."

Little Brock staggered, heavy-laden, into the hall of the Aesir.

"See, All-Father," he said, "the gifts of Sindri the smith to thee. Will not Draupnir and its offspring rings be more to thee than Gungnir?"

Odin thanked him, but made no other answer.

"To thee, Frey, my brother sends this boar, to carry thee over mountains and valleys, through mists and clouds, and to travel by night if thou wilt, since the gleam of his bristles will make the darkness bright."

Frey also thanked him, but said no more.

"For thee, Thor, hath Sindri sent Miolnir, a solemn trust to aid thee in the ceaseless battle for gods and men against the raging hosts of Jotunheim."

Thor sprang forward to grasp the handle, without a word, but his face grew bright with high purpose. With all his skill and strength he whirled the dread weapon round and round his head so that Aesir and Asynjar drew back in alarm. Only All-Father sat calm and still and said solemnly:

"Sindri hath judged aright. No treasure can equal this gift of Miolnir, to be the guard of gods and men. Brock has prevailed. Yet surely he would not ask the death of Loki; will he not choose some lighter ransom?"

"Nay, All-Father," Brock shook his swarthy head. "Had I failed, Loki would scarce have let me go."

He turned towards the place where the Fire God had stood, but he was there no longer.

Neither was great Thor in his place. Seeing Loki creep stealthily away, he had followed him and in a moment he returned, dragging Loki by the ear.

It was an ill hour for the Fire God, yet even then his cunning saved him.

"My head is thine, Swart Face," he said, "but not the neck. Cut off my head, but wound not the neck, lest the anger of the gods fall upon thee."

Thus was Brock balked of his reward, and great was his wrath.

"Yet one thing will I do," he cried bitterly, "and the gods will not say me nay. Thy mocking lips will I sew together that they make evil no more."

With Sindri's awl and the thong Vartari, he joined the lips of Loki, so that until his cunning, after many days, got him loose he could speak no word.

Then for a time his spirit was mild and his mischief less, so that Thor, who was wishful to try Miolnir on the giants, thought well to take him on the journey, since his cunning was ever useful. For Odin, having in mind the war that must some day come, was minded that his son should spy out the strength of the giants in Jotunheim.

Thor was the god of thunder, whose sound was heard whenever his chariot, drawn by he-goats, rolled across the heavens, accompanied by the flashing lightnings from his whirling hammer. In his wild journeys he cleaved mountains asunder, loosened the frozen streams and pent up rivers. Little of his time was spent in Asgard with the other Aesir, for when not on his journeys, he dwelt in Bilskirnir, his mansion, with his wife, Sif. With his hammer Thor consecrated weddings, and when a Norseman took an oath he made the sign of the hammer. And of all the gods he had the most worshipers. In Norway and Iceland temples were erected to him exclusively,

and in times of pestilence particularly offerings were made to him. Always in the vigor of youth, Thor is represented as the tallest of beings, wearing a heavy red beard, standing in his chariot and whirling his hammer aloft.

In Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* the musician sings the *Saga of King Olaf,* which begins with the following challenge of Thor:

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miolner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

V. FREYR AND FREYIA, FRIGG. One of the most celebrated of the Aesir is Freyr, who presides over the rain and sunshine and all the fruits of the earth. Freyia, his sister, is the goddess of the springtime, of music and flowers, the patroness of the fairies and of all lovers. Originally she is considered as identical with Frigg, the wife of Odin and queen of heaven. The latter spins on a golden distaff, which every worshiper can see in the belt of Orion, the constellation. She has two maids of honor: Fulla, who has charge of her jewels, and Hlin, the generous friend of all the destitute. Frigg is kept informed of affairs on earth by her messenger, Gna, who rides about on a winged

horse, "flying not, but driving, hurrying fast through clouds and mist and sky." Friday (Frigg's Day) was named in her honor, and originally was considered the luckiest day in the week, though from its association with the crucifixion its significance has been reversed in the minds of the superstitious.

Once Freyr mounted Odin's throne and looked abroad over the universe. Far off in the giants' kingdom he saw a beautiful maid, and from that moment he could neither sleep nor drink nor speak. Skirnir, his messenger, offered to procure the maid as a wife for him, providing Freyr would give him as a reward the wonderful sword, Freyr's most cherished possession, able in itself to slay a multitude in any battle. Freyr was so absorbed in his passion that he gave up the sword and waited impatiently for Skirnir's return:

Freyr. Speak, Skirnir, speak, and tell with speed,
Take not the harness from your steed,
Nor stir your foot till you have said
How fares my love with Gymer's maid.
Skirnir. Bar-isle is hight the seat of love.
Nine nights elapsed, in that known grove
To brave Njord, the gallant boy,
Will Gerda yield the kiss of joy.

When Freyr heard this, he exclaimed:

Long is one night,
Long are two nights,
But how shall I hold out three?
Shorter hath seemed
A month to me oft
Than of this longing time the half.

VI. Loki. Handsome, well-made, but fickle in character and evil in disposition, the giant Loki forces himself into the company of the gods, contrives all fraud and mischief, and forces the Aesir into all manner of difficulties, only to extricate them by his cunning, wit and skill. First of his children is the savage wolf Fenris; second, the Midgard serpent; and third, Hel (Death). Odin, knowing that these children were growing up and dangerous to humanity, sent for them and disposed of them as follows: The serpent he threw into the great ocean which surrounds the earth, but so enormous was it in size that, holding its tail in its mouth, it encircled the whole earth. Hel, with body half flesh color and half blue, stern and forbidding in countenance, he cast into Niflheim, where she resides in her hall Eliudnir. There she presides over the nine regions of the lower world, assigning each to his proper place all those who die of sickness or old age. The hangings of her apartment are Burning Anguish; she sleeps upon her bed, Care, attended by her maid, Slowness. When she eats, it is at her table, Hunger, and with her knife, Starvation.

It was difficult indeed for the gods to capture and chain the wolf Fenris, for he broke the strongest fetters as though they were made of silk. Finally, however, the mountain spirits made for the Aesir the marvelous chain called Gleipnir, into whose composition went the noise made by the footfall of a cat, the beards of

women, the breath of fishes, the nerves of bears, the roots of stones and the spittle of birds. Altogether it appeared only as a slight ribbon, but the wolf recognized his danger and refused to be bound with it unless one of the gods would consent to place his hand within the wolf's mouth as a pledge that Gleipnir should be removed in time. Only Tyr, the god of battles, had courage to do this, and when Fenris found he could not break the fetters and the gods would not release him, he bit off Tyr's hand.

The story of how Loki was taken has been retold by Boult:

And now, although his children were powerless for harm, Loki was still at large, since Odin was loath to cast aside his blood-brother and one-time comrade, until the death of Baldur.

With the passing of the Shining God the evil of Loki became clearer, and the gods guessed rightly that Thokt, the witch of the cave, could be none but Loki. So great was their anger and so loud their cries for vengeance, that he knew that no longer could he show his face in Asgard.

Stealing away, he sought the dark places of the earth and was seen no more until the feast of the flax-harvest came round, when Aesir and Asynjar were wont to feast with old Oegir and his wife, Ran, in their marvelous palace of crystal and to drink sweet mead from the caldron of Eymir the giant, that Thor had carried off.

The feast was set and all were in place at the high table, save Thor who was journeying. Odin in helm of gold and armor of silver; Frigga crowned with stars; Sif of the golden hair; Bragi and Idun; Frey and Freyja with their spouses; even silent Vidr had left his forest home to do honor to the king of the sea and render thanksgiving for the gathered flax.

Now Loki loved above all things the sweet mead of Oegir and was fain to go to the feast. Creeping down by lonely ways, he drew near the palace.

"They will have forgotten, fools that they are! Baldur is dead and they have not sought me to slay me."

Softly as a cat he stole up to the door, trusting to slip in. But the doorkeeper knew him and barred the way.

"No place is there for thee in Oegir's hall," he said roughly. "Get thee gone to Angurbod's den and eat with her."

"That will I not!" cried Loki, aiming a blow at the man that felled him to the ground. Then he fled back to the wood until the noise and confusion were ended. After a time he slunk back once more, to find the door guarded by Eldi the cook.

"Tell me, Eldi," he asked, "of what do the Aesir speak?"

"Good things of all gods and men, save only of thee, O Loki."

"Then will I enter and give them bitter words for spice and cover all with shame and guilt."

Pushing Eldi aside, he slipped into the hall, but found no seat.

Dead silence fell upon the guests, and angry eyes were turned on the newcomer, but he made semblance to notice nothing and spoke in sprightly tones:

"Where is thy vaunted hospitality, O Oegir, that I, an Ase, journey-worn and athirst, should stand unwelcomed?"

"Unwelcomed wilt thou ever be," said Bragi gravely. "No place more is thine among the Aesir, outlaw and villain!"

"Odin," said the Fire God, "hast thou forgotten our mingling of blood in brotherhood? Art thou perjured, forsworn? Where is thy vow that we should ever drink together?"

To be flyted with a broken oath could All-Father not brook.

"Vidr," he said, "make room. It shall not be said that Loki made a mock of us in Oegir's halls."

Then Loki sat him down and set to angering each in turn with insults; then turned upon the goddesses when they strove to bring peace. None did he spare until he came to Sif, who, for quiet's sake, had offered him a cup of mead.

As she stood, angry and blushing at his words, Thor, who had entered unnoticed, thundered out:

"Peace, thou vile one, lest Miolnir cut short thy ribald life!"

"Ha!" sneered Loki, "welcome to the big-talker! Wait until my wolf son meets thee, thou who didst crouch in the thumb of Skrymnir's glove."

Then Thor whirled Miolnir with such a threatening aspect that Loki edged to the door. There he spoke with a wicked chuckle:

"Farewell to thy last banquet, Oegir; never more shalt thou see the gods within thy halls. Ragnarok is at hand. Now I go hide me from the wrath of Ving-Thor."

And he vanished into the darkness.

Northward he fled in haste until he came to a high cliff above a foss, and there he made a dwelling with four doors, one on every side; these he set wide open, keeping eternal watch for the enemies who sought his life, at times swimming in the river pools in the shape of a salmon.

And the Aesir sought him by sea and land, by flood and fell.

At last, looking out from Hlidskjalf over the nine worlds, Odin beheld the traitor climbing the cliff to his abode and knew that the day of punishment was at hand.

Loki sat twining grass and flax for a fishing net. So engrossed was he, that he thought not of his watch until the fire on the hearth, in the center of his hall, shot up in a straight column, as though in warning and, looking up, he beheld the Aesir drawing near.

Throwing his net into the fire, he quickly hid himself

in the foss in the form of a salmon, and the entering gods found but an empty house and, in a dying fire, the fragments of a net still unconsumed.

"See!" cried one, "a net is here; doubtless he has been fishing. It may even be that he himself is a fish. We will also make a net and try."

The net was quickly made and the gods went down to the foss. Thor stood on one side, holding an end, and all the Aesir held the other as they drew it through the water. But Loki, who had become a salmon, placed himself between two stones and the net passed over him. Then they weighted it with stones, but Loki sprang over it and the gods raised a mighty shout, for their prey was close to their hand. Then Thor sprang into the water and hunted the salmon up and down the pool until, with one plunge, he caught it by the tail. Despite its struggles Hlorridi held fast until it was exhausted, and for this reason is it that salmon have still their thin tails.

Seeing that all was at an end Loki took back his shape and struggled, cursed, and fought until Thor held him down; then he lay panting while the gods prepared the bed of his punishment.

With bands as strong as iron they fastened him to three pointed rocks, one beneath his shoulders, another beneath his waist, and a third beneath his knees, and Skadi, in fulfillment of an ancient rhyme, brought a poisonous snake, which she hung above his head, so that its venom might drop upon his face unceasingly and keep him ever in burning torment.

Yet one there was who still felt pity for him. Sigyn, his deserted wife, hastened to the spot, forgiving all things. Holding aloft a cup, she sought to spare her husband's pain by catching the poison that dropped from the serpent's jaws.

Only when she turned to empty the brimming dish did it fall upon his face, and in his agony he writhed and trembled till the whole earth shook.

And thus it was that earthquakes came.

VII. Baldur. The beautiful son of Odin and Frigg, the symbol of summer, of light, beauty, persuasive eloquence and gracious wisdom, Baldur (Balder), "the Good," was the favorite of all the Aesir. Having dreamed that his life was imperiled, he told the assembled gods and begged them to save him from the threatened danger. His mother exacted an oath from fire and water, from iron and all other metals, from the stones, the trees, the beasts, the birds and creeping things, from diseases and poisons and all injurious things that none should do any harm to Baldur. Odin, still not satisfied, determined to consult the prophetess Angurboda, mother of the Midgard serpent, long since dead and in Hel's dominions.

The following is *The Descent of Odin,* as told by Thomas Gray:

Uprose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide
(While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd):
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead:
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mold'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN

A traveler, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN

Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS

Ha! no traveler art thou,
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

The other gods, feeling that Baldur must be safe against all perils, amused themselves by throwing darts and stones at him, by hewing at him with battle axes, regarding it all as an honor, for through everything Baldur passed unharmed. The jealous Loki, however, becoming angered at Baldur's popularity, assumed the shape of a woman and visited Frigg, who told him that she had no alarm for Baldur, for nothing could hurt him, as everything had sworn to protect him except a young and innocent little shrub called mistletoe which grew by the side of Valholl and was too tender to be required to take the oath. Loki, profiting by the information he had treacherously gained, hurried away, secured the mistletoe and

returned to the place where the gods were amusing themselves. Finding *Hodur* standing apart, Loki asked him why he threw nothing at Baldur. The god having explained that he was blind and had nothing to throw, Loki placed in his hand the twig of mistletoe, and, guiding the arm of Hodur, darted the branch at Baldur, who fell lifeless, pierced through and through. All the gods were speechless with horror, and with one accord determined to sacrifice the murderer, though out of respect for the place where they were assembled they were compelled to delay their action and could only give vent to their grief in loud lamentations.

The following is Longfellow's version of Tegner's *Drapa:*

I heard a voice, that cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niflheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And died away
Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.

LOKI AND HODUR

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm;
Even the plants and stones;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe!

Hoeder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before!
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!
The law of love prevails!
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls!
Of the days of eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood!

Hermod, the Nimble, the son of Odin, offered to ride to Hel and offer Hel a ransom if she would permit Baldur to return to Asgard. Mounted on Sleipnir, Hermod galloped away for nine nights through the darkness of deep glens until he came to the golden bridge across the river Gioll. The maiden in charge asked him why he rode so furiously and made so much noise, and when he explained his errand she told him that Baldur had already passed. At the barred gates of Hel Hermod alighted, drew his saddle girths tighter, remounted, and clapping his spurs to the horse, cleared the gate in one tremendous leap. Entering the palace, he found Baldur in one of the

most distinguished positions in the hall, and passed the night with him.

In the morning Hermod requested Hel to release her prisoner, and she consented providing that everything on earth, both living and lifeless, should weep for him, but if any one should refuse or speak against him, he must remain in Hel. When the message was brought back to Asgard, the gods dispatched messengers asking everything to weep; the response was universal until in returning they found a giantess, named Thokk, sitting in a cavern, and she alone refused to wail. Thus was Baldur prevented from returning to Asgard, and the Aesir believed that Thokk was merely Loki in disguise. In a preceding section we have read of his fate.

Baldur's body was placed on a funeral pile on board his ship, Hringorni, the largest in the world, and there it was consumed with the body of his wife Nanna, who had died of a broken heart. In the same flames, too, perished Baldur's horse. All the gods, many of the frost giants and the giants of the mountain were present at the funeral to pay honor to the most beloved of the gods.

VIII. Ragnarok. The Scandinavians believed that the time was coming when the world will end, the gods fall before the demon hosts of the world, and all visible creation be destroyed. Before such time, however, a triple winter, filled with snow, severe frost and piercing winds, during which the sun will

impart no warmth, will come. For three more winters war will spread over the land; the earth, frightened, will begin to tremble; the sea will leave its basin; the heavens will be rent asunder. Then Fenris, the wolf, will break his bonds, the Midgard serpent rise out of the sea, Loki escape from the band that confines him, and join the enemies of the gods. Under their leader Surtur, the sons of Muspell will come forth, bringing with them devastating fire. Over the bridge Bifrost they will ride, but even when the bridge falls under the hoofs of their horses they will continue to direct their march to the battlefield Vigrid, to meet the frost giants, all the followers of Hel and the other enemies of the gods. Then Heimdall will sound the Giallarhorn, and the gods and heroes will advance to battle. Odin will fall before the fangs of Fenris, though the wolf in turn will be killed by Vidar, Odin's son. Thor will kill the Midgard serpent, but perish in the poisonous venom the dying monster will vomit forth. Loki and Heimdall will fall together in a death struggle, and Surtur, who has killed Freyr, will dart forth flames that will consume the earth, while the dimmed sun and quivering stars will fall from heaven, and earth will be no more. This is *Ragnarok,* the "fate of the gods," though the word is usually translated as meaning "twilight of the gods," and forms the theme of the *Gotterdammerung* in Wagner's opera, as we have seen in our discussion of German literature.

From out the chaos, however, will rise a new earth at the command of Alfodur, the Almighty, which will clothe itself with vegetation and produce fruits without labor and care. Thither the gods will repair, and wickedness and misery will be known no more:

She sees arise
The second time
From the sea, the earth
Completely green;
Cascades do fall,
The eagle soars
From lofty mounts,
Pursues its prey;
All ills cease,
Baldur comes,
The heavenly gods
Together dwell
In Odin's halls.

IX. The Origin of Poetry. To the Norse, poetry was an inspiring drink, a God-given mead, possessed by the giants and guarded by Gunnlod. It was supposed to have originated from a treaty of peace ratified in the early myths by the gods spitting in a jar and forming from the spittle a wise man, whom they called *Kvasir*. Two dwarfs, however, killed him and collected his blood in a kettle and two cups. By mixing this blood with honey they made a liquid so powerful that if any one drank it he immediately became a poet. The dwarfs slew a giant and his wife, whose son, Suttung, persuaded the murderers to accompany him out to a shoal in the sea, where he

left them to be drowned. In order to save their lives, they gave him the inspiring beverage, and he placed it in charge of his daughter Gunnlod.

Once Odin made a special voyage to Jotunheim in order to obtain this miraculous drink. First, he met with nine slaves mowing in a meadow and, having whetted their scythes with a magic stone, he threw it into the air and the slaves, fighting for it, were killed upon each other's weapons. Baugi, the master of these slaves, was the brother of Suttung, and in order to obtain one drink of the charmed mead, Odin offered to do the work of the nine slaves whom he had murdered. Having obtained Baugi's consent, Odin was taken to the rocks where Gunnlod guarded her treasure, and, assuming the form of a serpent, he crawled through the opening bored by Baugi into the cavern and made love to Gunnlod, who permitted him a single draft from each of the three vessels, but Odin drained each dry, and, assuming the form of an eagle, flew away toward Asgard, followed by Suttung in the same disguise. When the gods saw their chief approaching, they set out all the jars in their possession, and into them Odin disgorged the magic drink. That which fell into the vessels became the inspiration of true poets, while that which fell upon the ground inspired only silliness and worthless rhymes.

X. Runes. All over the Scandinavian country may be seen stones of different kinds en-

graved with curious characters called *Runes,* which by the old Norse were considered magic charms, whose discovery is by tradition ascribed to Odin. These Runes, of which many thousand inscriptions have been discovered, consist invariably of straight lines not unlike little sticks lying singly or put together. Some were noxious, and were employed to bring trouble upon enemies; others were favorable, and diverted misfortune; still more were medicinal; others were employed to win love. It has been found difficult to translate these inscriptions, yet the Runic alphabet has been deciphered, and most of the epitaphs and other inscriptions are now understood. In the ballads of the Middle Ages, long after the introduction of Christianity, there were innumerable references to the power of Runic knowledge, and our heathen ancestors were terror-stricken when they saw flashing against them swords inscribed with Runes of victory or heard recited Runes which called on the powers of the air to hurl their ships to destruction.

XI. The Languages. The Norse, or Scandinavian, languages include all those dialects which form the present speech of Iceland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The Old Norse, which prevailed over all this region in the ninth century, to-day exists only in a modified form in Iceland. Danish and Swedish may be called the New Norse languages, and since the twelfth century they have assumed a character quite distinct from Old Norse. The

Danish language is not confined to Denmark, but is in use by the cultivated people of Norway and is the literary language of that country. Swedish is remarkably soft and agreeable in its sound, and is the most musical of the Scandinavian dialects. It has been greatly affected by contact with the Germans, but still remains more purely Norse than the Danish. The Norwegian language consists of dialects spoken by the peasantry of that country and has as yet only a limited literature of its own, though the richness of its vocabulary and peculiarity of its construction lend themselves to literary use.

A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE

CHAPTER II

ICELAND

THE ISLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. Iceland is an island having an area of about forty thousand square miles, lying in the North Atlantic Ocean about six hundred miles west of Norway, two hundred fifty miles from the southeast coast of Greenland and touching at the north the Arctic Circle. Roughly oval in shape, the greater part of the shore is deeply indented by bays or fiords that give it relatively a long coast line. About one-sixth of the area is habitable, the rest being too rough in surface and of too rigorous a climate to permit of human occupancy. A considerable number of volcanoes, some of which are still active at intervals, are to be found in the mountainous districts; of the volcanoes, Mount Hecla, about five thousand feet high, is the best known. The part of Iceland actually inhabited is the low-

lands, covering perhaps one-fourteenth of the surface, and it sustains a population of about ninety-five thousand. Considering the latitude, the climate of this section is not severe, and short, cool summers alternate with long, damp winters in the habitable parts. There are six commercial centers and a number of trading stations, from which an export trade of about two million dollars annually is carried on. Reykjavik, with a population of about eighteen thousand, is the capital.

At the very limits of civilization, the inhabitants have always had a hard battle with nature, but they survive as a sturdy, earnest, quiet and highly intelligent race, often somewhat melancholy in disposition. It is said that in spite of the comparative poverty in which the people dwell, there is no country in the world where so many books, in proportion to the population, are printed and sold as in Iceland. Although under the rule of Denmark until 1918, the Icelanders have had their own Althing, or Parliament, vested with complete legislative powers. In the year named the island was granted virtual independence. This condition will exist until 1940, when the future relations of the island and the mother country will be determined.

The first settlement was made in 874 by the Norse viking Ingolf; a few years later Reykjavik was founded, and during the next years colonization proceeded rapidly, so that by 930 nearly all the habitable parts had been settled.

PRINCIPAL STREET

REYJAVIK, ICELAND

In 981 Christianity was first preached, and in 1380 Iceland became a dependency of Denmark.

The Icelandic tongue has experienced less change since the colonization of the island than any other Germanic language in existence. Up to the time of the Reformation, the Old Icelandic dialect remained practically unchanged and is still the more important language from a literary point of view, as in it were composed the great works which continue to be known the world over as the classics of Iceland. Since the Reformation the language has changed in many ways, but still, owing to that isolation of the country which has prevented close contact with other languages, the literary tongue remains singularly pure, and the devotion to the old tales has kept the old forms familiar to all the people. Our concern at this time is only with the classic tongue, for only through that has Iceland affected world literature.

II. Origin of Icelandic Literature. When the Norwegian feudal lords, resentful over the conquest of their land by Harald the Fair-Haired, fled to Iceland, they carried the manners and customs of their native land. It is a wonderful thing that these sturdy old Norsemen should have loved the barren and forbidding island and have persisted in forcing it to yield them a subsistence. But tall, ice-clad mountains, burning volcanoes, vast glaciers and the savage storms that swept across them appealed to the independent rovers, who saw in the frowning precipices, the deep and nar-

row bays leading far into the interior, and the vast caverns washed out by the waves or excavated by the uncontrollable forces of nature a refuge from persecution and a home for them and their children, and for four hundred years their republic existed unconquered. Such things could not have been accomplished except by the best blood of a great people, and such indeed was the heritage of the settlers. They might have deteriorated in this stern and forbidding land, but they kept in close communication with Norway and, though thrown upon their own resources for the greater part of the time, they sent their leading young men over to the mainland for instruction and kept pace to a great degree with the progress of their fellow Norsemen at home.

The very isolation, however, helped to preserve the old legends and tales, and during the long winters, when labor was impossible, their scalds (skalds) sang and recited the myths of their heathen gods and the brave deeds of their ancestors. With foreigners practically unknown, all the people were interested in the same things, looked back with pride over the long lines of their ancestors and recognized the characters in their mythology without an effort. The long genealogies, which to the modern reader of their sagas seem so unnecessarily frequent and so tiresome, were all regarded with greatest interest, for nearly every person was able to trace his descent far into the past. In many respects the people are still

the same, and no race of the present time shows a more passionate regard for oral poetry or listens with such avidity to a well-told tale as these same modern Icelanders, with their primitive instincts so near the surface.

Icelandic classics may readily be grouped under three heads, viz.: ancient songs, both mythical and heroic; scaldic poetry; the sagas.

III. The Eddas. The oldest relic of classic literature is the *Older Edda*, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Edda of Saemund the Wise*, a collection of poems, more or less connected and of varying character. For a long time the manuscript of this *Edda* was lost, but when in 1643 it was discovered, the popular verdict ascribed it to Saemund, who lived in the last of the eleventh and first of the twelfth centuries, but since then it has been definitely proved that the redaction is the work of an unknown Icelander. It is now thought that none of the poems in their present form are from dates much further back than the tenth century, although many writers have referred them to a much greater antiquity. Even the name *Edda*, whose meaning is often given as *great grandmother*, is not properly applicable to the work we are considering, but only to the second creation, of which we shall soon speak. The chief manuscript is kept in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

The collection as it now exists contains by no means all of the ancient poems, but it may be assumed that the remainder are irretriev-

ably lost. There are, however, some thirty-seven poems in the *Edda* as it now exists, though six have been added to the original manuscript. The story of Volund, which appears among the sagas of the next section, is one of the half-mythical and half-heroic lays; the *Prophecy of the Sibyl* (*Voluspa*), long and fragmentary as it may be, is the finest myth in respect to beauty and dignity as well as nobility of matter. It contains the history of the creation of the universe, the origin of dwarfs, giants, gods and men, together with an account of their destruction and final return. In part the oldest of the Eddic lays, the *Havamal* (*Speech of the High One*), that is, of Odin, the All-Father, stands next to the *Voluspa*, with its wisdom and epigrammatic sayings:

> Cattle die,
> Kindred die,
> We ourselves also die;
> But the fair fame
> Never dies
> Of him who has earned it.

From the heroic lays come some of the most familiar of Germanic stories, including the story of Sigurd or Siegfried in its most ancient form, though Wagner in his *Ring of the Nibelungs* has drawn principally upon the prose *Volsungasaga*, which is discussed in a following section.

Many of the Eddic poems have been done into English, particularly by Dean Herbert and William Morris. The following is from

the lament of Gudrun over Sigurd dead, as translated by Magnusson and Morris:

Gudrun of old days
Drew near to dying,
As she sat in sorrow
Over Sigurd;
Yet she sighed not
Nor smote hand on hand,
Nor wailed she aught
As other women.

Then went earls to her,
Full of all wisdom,
Fain help to deal
To her dreadful heart:
Hushed was Gudrun
Of wail, or greeting,
But with heavy woe
Was her heart a-breaking.

Bright and fair
Sat the great earls' brides,
Gold-arrayed
Before Gudrun;
Each told the tale
Of her great trouble,
The bitterest bale
She erst abode.

Then spake Giaflaug,
Giuki's sister:
"Lo, upon earth
I live most loveless,
Who of five mates
Must see the ending,
Of daughters twain
And three sisters,
Of brethren eight,
And abide behind lonely."

Naught gat Gudrun
Of wail or greeting,
So heavy was she
For her dead husband;
So dreadful-hearted
For the King laid dead there.

Then spake Herborg,
Queen of Hunland:
"Crueler tale
Have I to tell of,
Of my seven sons
Down in the Southlands,
And the eighth man, my mate,
Felled in the death-mead.

"Father and mother,
And four brothers,
On the wide sea
The winds and death played with;
The billows beat
On the bulwark boards.

"Alone must I sing o'er them,
Alone must I array them,
Alone must my hands deal with
Their departing;
And all this was
In one season's wearing,
And none was left
For love or solace.

"Then was I bound
A prey of the battle,
When that same season
Wore to its ending;
As a tiring-may
Must I bind the shoon
Of the Duke's high dame,
Every day at dawning.

"From her jealous hate
Gat I heavy mocking;
Cruel lashes
She laid upon me;
Never met I
Better master
Or mistress worser
In all the wide world."

Naught gat Gudrun
Of wail or greeting,
So heavy was she
For her dead husband;
So dreadful-hearted
For the King laid dead there.

Then spake Gullrond,
Giuki's daughter:
"O foster-mother,
Wise as thou mayst be,
Naught canst thou better
The young wife's bale."
And she bade uncover
The dead King's corpse.

She swept the sheet
Away from Sigurd,
And turned his cheek
Toward his wife's knees:
"Look on thy loved one,
Lay lips to his lips,
E'en as thou wert clinging
To thy King alive yet!"

Once looked Gudrun—
One look only,
And saw her lord's locks
Lying all bloody,
The great man's eyes

Glazed and deadly,
And his heart's bulwark
Broken by sword-edge.

Back then sank Gudrun,
Back on the bolster;
Loosed was her head-array,
Red did her cheeks grow,
And the rain-drops ran
Down over her knees.

Then wept Gudrun,
Giuki's daughter,
So that the tears flowed
Through the pillow;
As the geese withal
That were in the home-field,
The fair fowls the may owned,
Fell a-screaming.

Then spake Gullrond,
Giuki's daughter:
"Surely knew I
No love like your love
Among all men,
On the mold abiding;
Naught wouldst thou joy in
Without or within doors,
O my sister,
Save beside Sigurd."

Then spake Gudrun,
Giuki's daughter:
"Such was my Sigurd
Among the sons of Giuki,
As is the king leek
O'er the low grass waxing,
Or a bright stone
Strung on band,

Or a pearl of price
On a prince's brow.

"Once was I counted
By the King's warriors
Higher than any
Of Herjan's mays;
Now am I as little
As the leaf may be,
Amid wind-swept wood,
Now when dead he lieth.

"I miss from my seat,
I miss from my bed,
My darling of sweet speech.
Wrought the sons of Giuki,
Wrought the sons of Giuki,
This sore sorrow;
Yea, for their sister
Most sore sorrow.

"So may your lands
Lie waste on all sides,
As ye have broken
Your bounden oaths!
Ne'er shalt thou, Gunnar,
The gold have joy of;
The dear-bought rings
Shall drag thee to death,
Whereon thou swarest
Oath unto Sigurd.

"Ah, in the days bygone,
Great mirth in the home-field,
When my Sigurd
Set saddle on Grani,
And they went their ways
For the wooing of Brynhild!
An ill day, an ill woman,
And most ill hap!"

Then spake Brynhild,
Budli's daughter:
"May the woman lack
Both love and children,
Who gained greeting
For thee, O Gudrun!
Who gave thee this morning
Many words!"

Then spake Gullrond,
Giuki's daughter:
"Hold peace of such words,
Thou hated of all folk!
The bane of brave men
Hast thou been ever;
All waves of ill
Wash over thy mind;
To seven great kings
Hast thou been a sore sorrow,
And the death of good-will
To wives and women."

Then spake Brynhild,
Budli's daughter:
"None but Atli
Brought bale upon us;
My very brother,
Born of Budli,

"When we saw in the hall
Of the Hunnish people
The gold a-gleaming
On the kingly Giukings;
I have paid for that faring
Oft and fully,
And for the sight
That then I saw."

By a pillar she stood
And strained its wood to her;

From the eyes of Brynhild,
Budli's daughter,
Flashed out fire,
And she snorted forth venom,
As the sore wounds she gazed on
Of the dead-slain Sigurd.

The *Prose,* or *Younger, Edda,* to which, strictly speaking, the title *Edda* alone belongs, is ascribed to Snorri Sturluson, who lived in the first part of the thirteenth century. He was in all respects perhaps the most remarkable man Iceland has produced, for he was not only prominent in the politics of his day, but his gifts to literature are invaluable. The son of a prominent chieftain, he was in 1215 elected "Speaker of the Law" for the commonwealth, a position he held for many years. A visit to Norway made him a favorite with King Haakon, but after his return he became embroiled in personal and political quarrels. In Norway he was later unfortunate in his affiliations, and incurred the displeasure of the King, in spite of whose edicts to the contrary he went again to Iceland. The King sent for him, using as messengers two of Snorri's sons-in-law, who left with instructions to slay the old man if they could not get him otherwise. Gissur appears to have needed no other incentive, and, taking seventy men with him, he went to Snorri's house, where the great man was found hiding in a cellar; here he was cruelly murdered by a member of the band. This happened in 1241.

Snorri's *Edda* treats of Scandinavian myths and the language and modes of composition of the scalds, who were the bards and poets of that early age, those who sang at the feasts of the warriors and held in their possession all the historic lore of the race. The original purpose of the *Younger Edda* was to furnish instruction to young poets.

In early Icelandic poetry alliteration and assonance were employed, but there were no rhymes such as we now use. The poems were usually of eight verses only, but there are some longer and some shorter ones.

The following account of Thor's adventures on his journey to the land of giants is taken from Snorri's *Edda*, and appears here as translated by I. A. Blackwell:

One day the god Thor set out, in his car drawn by two he-goats, and accompanied by Loki, on a journey. Night coming on, they put up at a peasant's cottage, when Thor killed his goats, and after flaying them put them in the kettle. When the flesh was sodden, he sat down with his fellow-traveler to supper, and invited the peasant and his family to partake of the repast. The peasant's son was named Thjalfi, and his daughter Roska. Thor bade them throw all the bones into the goats' skins, which were spread out near the fireplace; but young Thjalfi broke one of the shank-bones with his knife, to come at the marrow. Thor having passed the night in the cottage, rose at the dawn of day; and when he was dressed took his mallet Mjolnir, and lifting it up, consecrated the goats' skins, which he had no sooner done than the two goats reassumed their wonted form, only that one of them now limped in one of its hind legs. Thor, perceiving this, said that the peasant or one of

his family had handled the shank-bone of this goat too roughly, for he saw clearly that it was broken. It may readily be imagined how frightened the peasant was, when he saw Thor knit his brows, and grasp the handle of his mallet with such force that the joints of his fingers became white from the exertion. Fearing to be struck down by the very looks of the god, the peasant and his family made joint suit for pardon, offering whatever they possessed as an atonement for the offense committed. Thor, seeing their fear, desisted from his wrath and became more placable, and finally contented himself by requiring the peasant's children, Thjalfi and Roska, who became his bond-servants, and have followed him ever since.

Leaving his goats with the peasant, Thor proceeded eastward on the road to Jotunheim, until he came to the shores of a vast and deep sea, which having passed over, he penetrated into a strange country along with his companions, Loki, Thjalfi, and Roska. They had not gone far before they saw before them an immense forest, through which they wandered all day. Thjalfi was of all men the swiftest of foot. He bore Thor's wallet, but the forest was a bad place for finding anything eatable to stow in it. When it became dark, they searched on all sides for a place where they might pass the night, and at last came to a very large hall, with an entrance that took up the whole breadth of one of the ends of the building. Here they chose them a place to sleep in; but towards midnight were alarmed by an earthquake, which shook the whole edifice. Thor, rising up, called on his companions to seek with him a place of safety. On the right they found an adjoining chamber, into which they entered; but while the others, trembling with fear, crept into the furthest corner of this retreat, Thor remained at the doorway with his mallet in his hand, prepared to defend himself whatever might happen. A terrible groaning was heard during the night, and at dawn of day Thor went out and observed lying near him a man of enormous bulk, who slept and snored

pretty loudly. Thor could now account for the noise they had heard over night, and girding on his Belt of Prowess, increased that divine strength which he now stood in need of. The giant, awakening, rose up, and it is said that for once in his life Thor was afraid to make use of his mallet, and contented himself by simply asking the giant his name.

"My name is Skrymir," said the other; "but I need not ask thy name, for I know thou art the god Thor. But what hast thou done with my glove?" And stretching out his hand Skrymir picked up his glove, which Thor then perceived was what they had taken over night for a hall, the chamber where they had sought refuge being the thumb. Skrymir then asked whether they would have his fellowship, and Thor consenting, the giant opened his wallet and began to eat his breakfast. Thor and his companions having also taken their morning repast, though in another place, Skrymir proposed that they should lay their provisions together, which Thor also assented to. The giant then put all the meat into one wallet, which he slung on his back and went before them, taking tremendous strides, the whole day, and at dusk sought out for them a place where they might pass the night, under a large oak-tree. Skrymir then told them that he would lie down to sleep. "But take ye the wallet," he added, "and prepare your supper."

Skrymir soon fell asleep, and began to snore strongly, but incredible though it may appear, it must nevertheless be told that when Thor came to open the wallet he could not untie a single knot, nor render a single string looser than it was before. Seeing that his labor was in vain, Thor became wroth, and grasping his mallet with both hands while he advanced a step forward, launched it at the giant's head. Skrymir, awakening, merely asked whether a leaf had not fallen on his head, and whether they had supped and were ready to go to sleep. Thor answered that they were just going to sleep, and so saying, went and laid himself down under another oak-tree. But sleep came not that night to Thor,

and when he remarked that Skrymir snored again so loud that the forest reëchoed with the noise, he arose, and grasping his mallet launched it with such force that it sunk into the giant's skull up to the handle. Skrymir, awakening, cried out:

"What's the matter? Did an acorn fall on my head? How fares it with thee, Thor?"

But Thor went away hastily, saying that he had just then awoke, and that as it was only midnight, there was still time for sleep. He however resolved that if he had an opportunity of striking a third blow, it should settle all matters between them. A little before daybreak he perceived that Skrymir was again fast asleep, and again grasping his mallet, dashed it with such violence that it forced its way into the giant's cheek up to the handle. But Skrymir sat up, and stroking his cheek, said:

"Are there any birds perched on this tree? Methought when I awoke some moss from the branches fell on my head. What! art thou awake, Thor? Methinks it is time for us to get up and dress ourselves; but you have not now a long way before you to the city called Utgard. I have heard you whispering to one another that I am not a man of small dimensions; but if you come into Utgard you will see there many men much taller than myself. Wherefore I advise you, when you come there, not to make too much of yourselves, for the followers of Utgard-Loki will not brook the boasting of such manikins as ye are. The best thing you could do would probably be to turn back again; but if you persist in going on, take the road that leads eastward, for mine now lies northward to those rocks which you may see in the distance."

Hereupon he threw his wallet over his shoulders and turned away from them into the forest, and I could never hear that Thor wished to meet with him a second time.

Thor and his companions proceeded on their way, and towards noon descried a city standing in the middle of a plain. It was so lofty that they were obliged to bend

their necks quite back on their shoulders, ere they could see to the top of it. On arriving at the walls they found the gateway closed, with a gate of bars strongly locked and bolted. Thor, after trying in vain to open it, crept with his companions through the bars, and thus succeeded in gaining admission into the city. Seeing a large palace before them, with the door wide open, they went in and found a number of men of prodigious stature sitting on benches in the hall. Going further, they came before the King, Utgard-Loki, whom they saluted with great respect. Their salutations were, however, returned by a contemptuous look from the King, who after regarding them for some time said with a scornful smile:

"It is tedious to ask for tidings of a long journey, yet if I do not mistake me, that stripling there must be Aku-Thor. Perhaps," he added, addressing himself to Thor, "thou mayest be taller than thou appearest to be. But what are the feats that thou and thy fellows deem yourselves skilled in? for no one is permitted to remain here who does not in some feat or other excel all men."

"The feat I know," replied Loki, "is to eat quicker than any one else; and in this I am ready to give a proof against any one here who may choose to compete with me."

"That will indeed be a feat," said Utgard-Loki, "if thou performest what thou promisest; and it shall be tried forthwith."

He then ordered one of his men, who was sitting at the further end of the bench, and whose name was Logi, to come forward and try his skill with Loki. A trough filled with flesh-meat having been set on the hall floor, Loki placed himself at one end and Logi at the other, and each of them began to eat as fast as he could, until they met in the middle of the trough. But it was soon found that Loki had only eaten the flesh, whereas his adversary had devoured both flesh and bone, and the trough to boot. All the company therefore adjudged that Loki was vanquished.

Utgard-Loki then asked what feat the young man who accompanied Thor could perform. Thjalfi answered that he would run a race with any one who might be matched against him. The King observed that skill in running was something to boast of, but that if the youth would win the match he must display great agility. He then arose and went with all who were present to a plain where there was good ground for running on, and calling a young man named Hugi, bade him run a match with Thjalfi. In the first course, Hugi so much outstripped his competitor that he turned back and met him, not far from the starting-place.

"Thou must ply thy legs better, Thjalfi," said Utgard-Loki, "if thou wilt win the match; though I must needs say that there never came a man here swifter of foot than thou art."

In the second course, Thjalfi was a full bow-shot from the goal when Hugi arrived at it.

"Most bravely dost thou run, Thjalfi," said Utgard-Loki, "though thou wilt not, methinks, win the match. But the third course must decide."

They accordingly ran a third time, but Hugi had already reached the goal before Thjalfi had got half-way. All who were present then cried out that there had been a sufficient trial of skill in this kind of exercise.

Utgard-Loki then asked Thor in what feats he would choose to give proofs of that dexterity for which he was so famous. Thor replied that he would begin a drinking match with any one. Utgard-Loki consented, and entering the palace, bade his cup-bearer bring the large horn which his followers were obliged to drink out of, when they had trespassed in any way against established usage. The cup-bearer having presented it to Thor, Utgard-Loki said:

"Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught, though some men make two of it; but the most puny drinker of all can do it at three."

Thor looked at the horn, which seemed of no extraordinary size, though somewhat long; however, as he was

very thirsty, he set it to his lips, and without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he set the horn down and looked in, he could scarcely perceive that the liquor was diminished.

"'Tis well drunken," exclaimed Utgard-Loki, "though nothing much to boast of; and I would not have believed, had it been told me, that Asa-Thor could not take a greater draught; but thou no doubt meanest to make amends at the second pull."

Thor without answering went at it again with all his might; but when he took the horn from his mouth it seemed to him as if he had drunk rather less than before, although the horn could now be carried without spilling.

"How now, Thor!" said Utgard-Loki: "Thou must not spare thyself more, in performing a feat, than befits thy skill; but if thou meanest to drain the horn at the third draught thou must pull deeply; and I must needs say that thou wilt not be called so mighty a man here as thou art among the Aesir, if thou showest no greater powers in other feats than methinks will be shown in this."

Thor, full of wrath, again set the horn to his lips and exerted himself to the utmost to empty it entirely; but on looking in, found that the liquor was only a little lower; upon which he resolved to make no further attempt, but gave back the horn to the cup-bearer.

"I now see plainly," said Utgard-Loki, "that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee; but wilt thou try any other feat?—though methinks thou are not likely to bear any prize away with thee hence."

"I will try another feat," replied Thor; "and I am sure such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the Aesir; but what new trial hast thou to propose?"

"We have a very trifling game here," answered Utgard-Loki, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in merely lifting my cat from the ground; nor should I have dared to mention such a feat to Asa-Thor,

if I had not already observed that thou art by no means what we took thee for."

As he finished speaking, a large gray cat sprang on the hall floor. Thor, advancing, put his hand under the cat's belly, and did his utmost to raise him from the floor; but the cat, bending his back, had—notwithstanding all Thor's efforts—only one of his feet lifted up; seeing which, Thor made no further attempt.

"This trial has turned out," said Utgard-Loki, "just as I imagined it would; the cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison with our men."

"Little as ye call me," answered Thor, "let me see who amongst you will come hither, now I am in wrath, and wrestle with me."

"I see no one here," said Utgard-Loki, looking at the men sitting on the benches, "who would not think it beneath him to wrestle with thee: let somebody, however, call hither that old crone, my nurse Elli, and let Thor wrestle with her if he will. She has thrown to the ground many a man not less strong and mighty than this Thor is."

A toothless old woman then entered the hall, and was told by Utgard-Loki to take hold of Thor. The tale is shortly told. The more Thor tightened his hold on the crone the firmer she stood. At length, after a very violent struggle, Thor began to lose his footing, and was finally brought down upon one knee. Utgard-Loki then told them to desist, adding that Thor had now no occasion to ask any one else in the hall to wrestle with him, and it was also getting late. He therefore showed Thor and his companions to their seats, and they passed the night there in good cheer.

The next morning, at break of day, Thor and his companions dressed themselves and prepared for their departure. Utgard-Loki then came and ordered a table to be set for them, on which there was no lack of either victuals or drink. After the repast Utgard-Loki led them to the gate of the city, and on parting asked Thor how he thought his journey had turned out, and whether he

had met with any men stronger than himself. Thor told him that he could not deny but that he had brought great shame on himself. "And what grieves me most," he added, "is that ye call me a man of little worth."

"Nay," said Utgard-Loki, "it behoves me to tell thee the truth, now thou art out of the city; which so long as I live and have my way thou shalt never re-enter. And by my troth, had I known beforehand that thou hadst so much strength in thee, and wouldst have brought me so near to a great mishap, I would not have suffered thee to enter this time. Know, then, that I have all along deceived thee by my illusions: first in the forest, where I arrived before thee, and there thou wert not able to untie the wallet, because I had bound it with iron wire, in such a manner that thou couldst not discover how the knot ought to be loosened. After this, thou gavest me three blows with thy mallet; the first, though the least, would have ended my days had it fallen on me, but I brought a rocky mountain before me which thou didst not perceive, and in this mountain thou wilt find three glens, one of them remarkably deep. These are the dints made by thy mallet. I have made use of similar illusions in the contests ye have had with my followers. In the first, Loki, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him; but Logi was in reality nothing else than ardent fire, and therefore consumed not only the meat but the trough which held it. Hugi, with whom Thjalfi contended in running, was Thought; and it was impossible for Thjalfi to keep pace with that. When thou in thy turn didst try to empty the horn, thou didst perform, by my troth, a deed so marvelous that had I not seen it myself I should never have believed it. For one end of that horn reached the sea, which thou wast not aware of, but when thou comest to the shore thou wilt perceive how much the sea has sunk by thy draughts, which have caused what is now called the ebb. Thou didst perform a feat no less wonderful by lifting up the cat; and to tell thee the truth, when we saw that one of his paws was off the floor, we were all of us terror-stricken;

for what thou tookest for a cat was in reality the great Midgard serpent that encompasseth the whole earth, and he was then barely long enough to inclose it between his head and tail, so high had thy hand raised him up towards heaven. Thy wrestling with Elli was also a most astonishing feat, for there was never yet a man, nor ever shall be, whom Old Age—for such in fact was Elli—will not sooner or later lay low if he abide her coming. But now, as we are going to part, let me tell thee that it will be better for both of us if thou never come near me again; for shouldst thou do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions, so that thou wilt never prevail against me."

On hearing these words, Thor in a rage laid hold of his mallet and would have launched it at him; but Utgard-Loki had disappeared, and when Thor would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing around him but a verdant plain. Proceeding therefore on his way, he returned without stopping to Thrudvang.

Another work of Snorri's deserves especial mention, namely, the *Heimskringla,* the most important of the collections of historic sagas. It uses many sagas of earlier date, most of them being the lives of kings, principally of Norway. Among them is the well-known *Saga of King Olaf.*

IV. The Sagas. To the most important section of Icelandic literature, the prose tales, the name *sagas* is commonly applied. At the annual gathering of the *Thing* in midsummer the old tales were told and retold till every listener knew them, and gradually they fell into regular form and were governed by fixed rules. Those quieter days which followed the introduction of Christianity were the most fruitful

epoch for the creation of the sagas, wherein every family found something with which to delight itself in the tales of its heroic ancestors.

The written sagas came from those old tales, and, although varying in style, they did not violate the restrictions which time had placed upon the form. So great is the number that they have been classified into historical, mythical or heroic, and romantic sagas. Among the first group are those which take as their theme some noted Icelander, trace his ancestry and recount his life, his travels, his battles, his loves and the vengeance that was wreaked upon his enemies by his kinsmen after his death. The sagas introduce dialogues, describe events vividly, and not infrequently contain short stanzas of poetry. Very dramatic are some of them, and they are intensely interesting reading, even to-day. The mythical or heroic sagas are different in form and in speech, and mingle fact and fancy, the real and the supernatural, with great freedom. Of this group the *Volsungasaga,* or saga of the family of the Volsungs, descendants of Odin, is the most famous. Some of its heroes, Siegfried or Sigurd and Sigmund, we have already met in their Germanic dress. The romantic sagas were principally adaptations of foreign themes and celebrated such heroes as Alexander, Charlemagne and Percival. There are historically some extremely interesting sagas relating to Greenland and America and other lands reached by the Norsemen in their Viking days.

The *Njalssaga* is regarded as the most remarkable of all, and next it may be ranked the *Gretla* or *Saga of Grettir the Strong,* to both of which, as well as to the *Volsungasaga* and the *Story of Volund the Smith,* we must give further attention. The *Frithiof Saga* will be found discussed among the poems of Tegner.

V. THE "SAGA OF KING OLAF." From the *Saga of King Olaf,* as told by Longfellow in the *Tales of a Wayside Inn,* the following extract tells the tale of *Thangbrand the Priest:*

Short of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look!" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl;
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,—
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,

So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there;
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night;
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the skalds and saga-men:
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarreled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered, "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every skald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that:
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main;
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mold!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! Little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

VI. The Saga of the Volsungs. Rerir, King of Hunland, dwelt with his wife in peace and happiness, except that he had no son to follow him. Having prayed and offered sacrifices to Odin, their hearts were gladdened when they received from the beak of one of the ravens an apple which they were commanded to eat. Joyfully they devoured the fruit and began the long wait. But Rerir must needs go to war, where he died, and his wife followed him shortly after, having lived just long enough to give to her new-born son the name Volsung. The babe grew great and strong, became ruler

of the Huns, and married Hliod of the giant race. Oldest of their ten sons was Sigmund, and with him was born his twin-sister Signy, the two fairest and noblest of the race:

And Signy was wiser than any woman living, yet, because of her wisdom, was ever sadness in her blue eyes, for it was given to her to know all that should befall in the days to come, and she saw before her and her people sin and sorrow and death. Because of this was her twin brother dearer to her than aught besides, since she knew that for him the future held its worst, and yet through him would come the greatest glory to her people; so that, as long as the world should last, the Volsung name would endure in honor.

Now King Volsung built for himself a house after the fashion of those times, only larger and more spacious, and the making of it was this. Near the seashore, at the edge of the great forest, stood a mighty oak-tree. Around this did the King build his feasting-hall, so that the trunk of the oak rose up in the midst and the branches came out through the roof to overshadow the house, and this tree was called Branstock. But some skalds say that it was no oak, but an apple-tree—having memory of the apple of King Rerir.

Inside, the hall was pillared with the trunks of trees, against which were stands for torches and hooks whereon each man put his weapons, so that each could seize them quickly should sudden alarm come upon them. At the upper end, facing the great south door, was the high table, and in the middle of it the seat of the King, while down either side ran other tables with benches for seats. And down the center of the hall, between the tables, burned in winter time four fires, but in summer one only was ever alight.

Many doors opened out of the hall, some leading to the bed-places of the men, others to the rooms of the women, but the serving-men and thralls lived in other

buildings around the courtyard, and only at meal-time did they come into the hall. And all around the steading was a high fence of wood in which was but one gateway, approached only by a crooked path between stakes, in order that all might be safe-warded from foes and from the beasts of the forests.

Now it chanced that in Gothland there dwelt a mighty King named Siggeir. To him came word of the beauty of Signy and of her wisdom and of her father's wealth, so that he bethought him that he would take her to wife. Fearing that King Volsung might say him nay, he made ready a great train of warships and fighting men and sailed with a large company overseas to Hunland.

And when King Volsung saw that array of warships with fearsome painted figure-heads of dragons, of eagles, and of strange monsters of the deep, and beheld the long lines of painted shields—a shield to each fighting man—hanging along their sides, his heart misgave him, for he was old and feared the wrath of Siggeir, since never was it the custom to come thus armed in friendliness. Therefore, when the King of Gothland strode up the hall of the Branstock and made his demand, Volsung answered him with fair words.

"But one daughter have I," he said, "and loth am I to wed her overseas, even to so great a King. Give me, I pray thee, time in which to think of this thing."

Then Siggeir went forth and waited in the tent that had been set up for him, while Volsung and his sons took counsel together, whether this evil thing should be.

And all said yea, seeing that no other way there was out of this evil plight, except only Sigmund. He, knowing the future, as Signy did, saw all the woe that should come from this wedding.

"My father," he said, "nought but sorrow and grief can come of this bond. Better were it that we all should die fighting for the right than that Signy should be offered up. My life will I give most gladly in her cause."

The brethren murmured, for this was not to their mind, and, in the end, Volsung turned to Signy, who,

white and still, stood beside the Branstock, leaning her golden head against the gnarled trunk.

"What says my daughter?" he asked. "Signy, what is thy will? Thy brethren and I fear that this mating must be."

Then the fairest Signy went to each of her brothers in turn and, looking straight into their eyes, saw there no hope of escape. But into the eyes of her father and Sigmund could she not look, since their hands were over them; and she answered:

"My father, rule me in this as in all else; yet is this Siggeir cruel and crafty, with no goodwill towards us, and I fear me that evil will fall upon the Volsungs by reason of this marriage."

Slowly and sadly, with head bent so that her golden plaits swept the floor, she passed from the great hall.

At midsummer there was a great feast made, and swift runners went throughout the land to summon the chiefs to the wedding of their King's one daughter. And King Siggeir sat on the high seat over against his host, King Volsung, and pledged him in the mead cup, passed across the central fire, as the custom of that time was—for one fire burned ever, day and night, in the hall of the Branstock. And—since it was the wont of those times to make great vows at marriage and midsummer feasts over the Cup of Bragi—Siggeir, in his treachery, made a vow that by him the Volsungs should come to their deaths; but he spoke it not aloud, as a brave man should, but drank it silently with lowered, furtive eyes.

Now, when the feasting was at its height, there strode into the hall a gray-bearded man of ruddy hue and mighty stature, who had but one eye. On his head was a hood that half covered his face, from his shoulders hung a cloak of blue-gray wool, and his feet were bare. In his hand he carried a great sword that glinted, steel-bright, in the torch-light, and none made so bold as to greet him as he strode noiselessly up the hall to the Branstock, although none guessed that this was Odin, All-Father, come to weave the fate of the Volsungs.

Amid the silence of that great company the Wanderer smote his sword deep into the trunk of the oak-tree, so that only the glittering hilt stood out. Then, turning, he said:

"There, O Volsungs, is a blade of the best. Never was a better forged. To him that can draw it forth I give it, to work the weal and woe of those that meet it. Valhalla hall is wide, welcome are the battle-slain heroes to feast therein. King Volsung, fare thee well, but not for long!"

And, without going forth from the door, that gray man vanished before the eyes of the feasters, and none knew whither he went nor did any dare to have speech of him.

Then each man, desiring to gain the sword, strove with his neighbor to be the first to touch the hilt until King Volsung said:

"Unseemly is this strife; let the noblest—our guest and son-in-law—try first, then each according to his rank and state. For it comes to me that the brand is a gift of Odin, and it will fall to him alone whom All-Father has chosen.

With an evil smile King Siggeir stepped from the high-seat. Sure was he that he could draw forth that goodly weapon, but he strove and strove in vain and after him did also the chiefs of the Goths.

Then said King Volsung:

"Now stand forth, men of the Hunland, from the least upward to the highest. So shall I come last of all."

Again they tried, but none could stir the hilt by so much as an inch until, last but one, came Sigmund. And as he laid a quiet hand upon it, behold! the sword came forth without force.

Then a shout went up from all, for they saw that no blade like unto this had been forged since the dawn of the world. Silent and black was the wrath of Siggeir, but he smiled as he turned to Sigmund.

"Good brother," he said, "so great is thy valor that not need hast thou of such a sword. Much gold and

treasure have I at home. A fair share of it shall be thine if thou wilt give me the brand, for I have a wish to keep the sword that has come at my wedding."

But Sigmund hated Siggeir too greatly to speak him fair and he answered roughly:

"What is gold to me, O King? Niddering should I be were I to part with the gift of the gods. Thy chance was better than mine to take it, since thou wert first in the trial. Why didst thou not do it? Never will I barter mine honor for gold."

Siggeir was angered at the taunt and soon departed with his bride, having first exacted a pledge from Volsung that within three months he would finish the feast at the home of the groom. The hero kept the appointment, but according, as Signy had foretold, he was set upon and slain by the men of Siggeir, and his ten sons were made captive. The pleas of Signy could not save her brethren, who were chained to a log in the wood and one by one were devoured, night after night, by a were-wolf, until only Sigmund remained. Signy covered his face with honey, and when the monster came on the last night, she loitered so long in licking his face that he was able to tear her tongue out and kill her. In the conflict his chains were broken and he was free. He remained hidden there, and then Signy brought her two sons to him for trial, but as neither proved suitable to avenge the Volsungs, Signy required both to be slain, and waited again with white face and flaming heart:

Thus passed on ten slow years until the Queen sent her third son, named Sinfjotli, unto her brother. He

came upon Sigmund in the depths of the Mirk Wood and they two gazed at one another with silence between them. Then the ten years' old boy spoke:

"This is a wondrous thing. Here is the river and the great rock and the cavern as my mother told me, but thou art not the man who should be my foster-father, since she said that all must tremble who looked upon his face."

"And dost thou not quake, youngling?"

The boy laughed in scorn and picked up his shaft.

"Farther through the forest must I take my way. Farewell."

"Nay, thou shalt stay, for this is the token that thou art chosen, since thou hast looked on the face of the Volsung and smiled. What said thy mother?"

The lad dropped his spear.

"My mother sewed gloves upon my hands through skin and flesh, yet I made no sign; then did she peel them off so that the skin came with them, yet I cried not out. Then said she: 'Go tell Sigmund that I send a man to work his will,' and here am I."

. . . . . .

Then did they fare far and wide through the forest, taking vengeance on King Siggeir's men when they could, but keeping far from his hall, since Sigmund judged the lad yet too young for the plan he had in mind. Together they did mighty deeds, for Sinfjotli was wild and savage beyond other men, and Sigmund, looking on him, feared that, with the Volsung strength, he had gotten the evil heart of Siggeir; yet never were his deeds crooked, and he ever spoke the truth, since fear he had none.

Now it fell out that, seeking plunder, they one day came upon a hut where lay two men asleep. Upon their arms were great gold rings, whereby Sigmund knew them to be the sons of kings, and near their heads hung wolfskins, for they were spell-bound skin-changers—like the mother of Siggeir—but only every tenth day might they come forth as men.

Then Sigmund and Sinfjotli put on them the wolf skins, and, with them, the wolf nature, and no more could they come out of them, and Sinfjotli said:

"It seemeth to me that with the wolf skin, I take the way of wolves, for I know the voices of the Mirk Wood and much that was hidden heretofore."

"So it is," said Sigmund; "to me is thy speech plain, but to earthmen would it be but a wolf's howl. Now see. Each of us will take his way alone through the forest and seek out men. But because thou art still young and not come to thy full strength, this must thou do. If there be but seven men together, fight them; but if there be more than seven, then shalt thou call on me for help in this wise and I will come."

And Sigmund lifted up his head and howled, that the youth might know the cry, and thus they parted.

Then went Sinfjotli, and meeting eleven men, he slew them all after much fighting; but he was sorely wearied therewith and lay hidden to take rest. To him, softly padding through the wood, came Sigmund, and as he came he passed the eleven dead men.

"Why hast thou left me uncalled?" he asked, looking down on the panting wolf. And Sinfjotli laughed.

"What are eleven men?" quoth he.

Then came the wicked wolf nature upon Sigmund and he sprang at the youth and bit him in the throat so that he lay sore hurt—even unto death—then, seeing the wound, his manhood came again and he sorrowed grievously in that he had slain the boy, and he cursed those wolfskins and their evil nature. Yet in no way could he mend it, so, with sore labor, he bore him back to the cave and sat by him to watch.

And as he sat, there came two weasels fighting, so that one slew the other; then the whole one, running into the thicket, returned bearing the leaf of a herb that it laid upon the dead weasel so that straightway it sprang up whole and sound. Then did Sigmund follow to see if, perchance, he also might find that wondrous herb, but, as he searched, there came to him a raven bearing a leaf

in its beak. This he took and drew it across Sinfjotli's wound, back and forth; and as he did so, breath came back to the lips of the boy and light to his eyes, so that he arose in full life.

Then, on a day chosen of Sigmund, these two went forth from their earth-house and the Mirk Wood to the hall of Siggeir the King, and they hid themselves among the barrels of ale that stood in the porch, while the Faithful One went and told Signy that they had come.

Now two little children, the youngest born of Signy and Siggeir, played in the hall with a golden ball, and the ball rolled to the place where the two were hid. Thither came the children seeking it, and beheld the warriors sitting grim and still, and they ran to the King, as he sat on the high-seat, and told him, saying: "Behold the great kings who sit silent at the back of the porch, O father, in their golden helmets and shirts of glittering mail. Have they come at last, as our mother's stories said they would some day?"

And the King turned, glowering on Signy, but the Queen's blue eyes flashed fire, and her head rose proudly, for she knew that her vengeance was nigh.

She looked not on her husband, but, taking a child in either hand, she stepped from the high-seat, and swept down the hall, while all men's eyes went after her, wondering. And, standing by the porch, she cried aloud:

"Come, brother, slay me these betrayers."

"Nay, sister," answered Sigmund, "though thy children betray me, I slay them no more."

But Sinfjotli picked up the children and cast them down dead.

Then Siggeir stood up and called to his men: "Slay me these men in the porch."

And the fighting men ran together in haste, and after much toil took Sigmund and Sinfjotli—for they were but two against many—and bound them. And because it was not fitting to kill captives at sundown, the cruel King bethought him what would be the hardest death for them to die, and he bade the thralls dig a deep hole

in the ground, and therein he set a big flat stone on its edge, so that the hole was divided into two parts, and he set Sigmund on one side of the stone and Sinfjotli on the other, that they might each hear the other's voice, and yet be parted.

And while the thralls were turfing over the hole, Signy came quickly and cast down a large bundle of straw to Sinfjotli. Then was the turfing finished, and the two buried in black night within the barrow. Then Sinfjotli cried:

"The Queen has sent us meat here in the straw, and thrust in the meat is thy sword, for I know the touch of the hilt."

"Then let us saw the stone," said Sigmund, "for naught blunts my good sword."

So Sinfjotli drove the point of the sword hard through the stone, and Sigmund caught it and they sawed, as stonecutters do, until the stone fell asunder.

Then was it easy for them to cut a way out through wood and turf, and they piled faggots around the hall of Siggeir and set fire to it; and Siggeir from within cried:

"Who hath kindled this fire?"

"I, Sigmund the Volsung, that thou mayst know that a Volsung yet liveth."

Then he called above the roar of the flames:

"Signy! Signy! beloved sister, come forth. Thou hast dreed thy weird. Come forth and receive atonement for the sorrows of thy life in Gothland."

So Signy came forth; her blue eyes blazed in the fierce firelight, but her golden hair was white with the sorrow of all the years.

She kissed her brother and her son, saying:

"Dear brother, through thee hath my vengeance come, and I care to live no more. Sadly did I wed King Siggeir, but gladly will I die with him. So fare ye well."

And with head held high, and no backward look, she swept straight into the flames, and so died with King Siggeir and his men.

Sigmund returned to Hunland and married Borghild, whose brother was slain by Sinfiotli, and, though she was paid blood money, she treacherously poisoned the latter and was driven away by Sigmund. Later he married Hiordis, but did not live to see the birth of his son Sigurd, to whom he left the fragments of his sword, which he had broken in the battle where he was mortally wounded.

Hiordis went to Denmark and there Sigurd was born, in the reign of Hialprek, whose son Alf was much in love with Hiordis, the mother, and after her period of mourning was married to her. There, in comfort and honor, grew Sigurd into a manly boy, for whom the King provided as tutor Regin, the master-smith, a strange, dwarfish being, silent and glowering unto all save Sigurd.

Regin was skilled in runes, in the lore of many lands and in metal work, so that the people whispered of his kinship to the underground folk, who have all metals in their keeping. But Hialprek knew not that he was full of guile, and that throughout the years of Sigurd's growth he plotted how he might use the lad for his own wicked ends, and be his undoing. Thus one day he said:

"It is shameful that thou hast no horse. These kings treat thee as their foot-boy. These kings, forsooth! in whose land is peace, and who go not out to fight."

"That is false," said Sigurd hotly, "and thou knowest it. If I need a horse I have but to ask. The kings are beloved of all and need not to fight. Yet if fighting were toward, father Alv would do his part."

And he went angrily out of the smithy. But after some months he went to King Alv and begged a horse of him, and the King said:

"Go choose thee one from the herd by Busil-water; they are the best, and all that is mine is thine, brave son."

Sigurd blithely thanked the King, and took his way to the meadow far up the woods, where the Busil-water ran. On the way he met an aged man, with a long gray beard and one eye, who asked whither he fared.

"To choose me a horse, O Ancient One. If thou art a judge, come with me to help my choice."

And the old man journeyed with him, telling him of his father Sigmund, and his forefather Volsung, whom the Aged One had known. Then Sigurd knew that this must be one of the god-folk, to have lived so long.

As they talked, they came to the green meadow where the horses were, and the old man said:

"Now, will we drive the horses through the river of roaring water, and watch what will betide."

And the force of the water, rushing down from the mountains, frighted the horses, so that they turned and swam to land again, save one gray horse with a broad strong chest, who feared naught. He alone swam to the far side, and there landed, neighing and stamping in pride, then plunged into the torrent once more and swam back to the Ancient One and Sigurd.

"This one must I choose: is it not so?" asked the lad; and the old man answered: "Thou chooseth well, for he is of the race of Sleipnir, All-Father's horse, that never tires," and, as he spoke, he vanished away; and Sigurd knew that this must be Odin himself.

Then he took the horse, which he named Grane, and went back to the hall of the kings well pleased, and they and Hiordis rejoiced with him.

Thus in brief runs the *Volsungasaga,* much of whose continuation we have told heretofore in the literature of Germany. Of the death of Sigurd, the stories vary considerably. While that used by Wagner is the most beautiful, the following is the Norse version:

Now Brynhild, her heart turned to bitterness by the saying of Gudrun, sat her down in her bower and would speak to none, by reason of her hatred and despair.

To her came Gunnar, bringing comfort, but she looked gloomily upon him and said:

"Now shalt thou lose both me and my wealth, for home will I wend in sorrow, unless thou slay me Sigurd and his son—the son of Gudrun."

"That can I not do," said Gunnar, "since brotherhood have I sworn with him."

"Then go!" cried Brynhild. "Thou shalt see my face no more."

Thus was the King torn two ways, and in the end he thought:

"What to me are Sigurd and my oath when weighed against the love of Brynhild. Let him go."

And he called into council his brother, Hogni the Wise, but got no comfort thereby.

"Ill would it be," said he, "to break our oaths, for never should we find a kinsman like to Sigurd. I see well that Brynhild it is who hath stirred thee to this shame and no part will I take therein."

But Gunnar would not hearken, and said:

"See thou, Guttorm is young and has sworn no oath. Moreover, wise would he be to do the will of Brynhild."

"Ill rede, ill rede!" said Hogni, "a terrible reward shall we reap for the slaying of Sigurd."

"Sigurd must die or I must die," said Gunnar, and he sought out the youthful Guttorm, promising him much wealth and power and great store of land therewith.

Then by magic food—the flesh of wolf and juice of worm—he put into him a heart eager and wild for blood.

Grimhild, also, inflamed him the more by runic songs so that he swore to do this deed with all speed.

Quaffing a great cup of his mother's magic brew, Guttorm hasted at gray dawn to the chamber of Sigurd. But, as he stole towards the bed, he saw that the hero lay with wide-open eyes and he shrank back and fled.

But the waiting Grimhild taunted and mocked him, so that a second time did he venture; but so steel-bright gleamed the eyes of Sigurd that again he fled.

"Have I for a son a niddering?" asked Grimhild in scorn, and at that word of shame the youth turned back once more.

This time, behold, the eyes of Sigurd were veiled in sleep, and Guttorm thrust at him with his sword so that the point stuck fast in the bed beneath. But with that wound was the hero roused, and seizing Gram, the sword, he cast it after his slayer so that it caught Guttorm at the door and smote him asunder, so that his head and arms fell within the chamber and his body and legs into the hall-way without.

And now the hapless Gudrun awoke and wept and thus spoke Sigurd unto her:

"Weep not, dear heart, for me, but weep for thy brethren, since an ill turn have they done themselves this day. Sorely will they miss me when they ride to battle. Behold, this is Brynhild's work, yet never have I worked harm to her or Gunnar, but have held fast to the oath I sware with him. Now when they go forth to war will the Niblungs wish that Sigurd, Fafnir's Bane, were there, fighting with them shoulder to shoulder. Farewell, dear heart; for thee I foresee much woe. Would that I could stand by thee. Farewell!"

So died the Golden Sigurd.

And Gudrun moaned and drew a shuddering breath, then sat stone-still, while women came round her with cold comfort, telling of their griefs.

Stone-still sat she until Gullrond uncovered the face of dead Sigurd and, turning it towards her, bade her gaze upon it.

Once did she look, then sank back with a great weeping.

VII. The Story of Volund the Smith. One of the oldest stories is that of Volund, or Wieland (Weland), a son of an old time king. Vo-

lund fashioned the most wonderful ornaments from gold and precious stones, until he became famous all over the world for his skilled workmanship. One day, as he came with his two brothers on a hunting trip, he was surprised to see three beautiful maidens sitting on the sand by a lake, and beside them three marvelously dazzling dresses of white swan's feathers. *Valkyriur* were they, who were living for a time at Wolf's Water, on whose shores they were spinning flax. Volund was married to Alvit, and each of his brothers to one of the other Valkyries.

After nine years with maidens the three brethren were left desolate. Two set forth, one east, the other south, to find their immortal brides, but Volund sat always by the open door, making rings and waiting, waiting for the return of Alvit. The rings he strung on a thread of bark and fastened to the wall, and so he continued to work till seven hundred were fashioned.

At last, Nidud, the wicked King of Sweden, heard of Volund's skill and sent men, who captured the smith and brought him back in chains. Nothing, however, could induce him to work for Nidud nor for his covetous and more wicked Queen. So they maimed him and set him on the Island of the Sea Farm, whence he could not escape:

> And this shameful thing was done, and Volund was set upon the Island alone, with gold of the Swedish King; and, because of his loneliness and misery, he

wrought for Nidud many wondrous things, yet over all murmured he runes that ill should befall all who owned these treasures. At times there came upon him mighty wrath and despair, so that he smote upon his anvil with such force that it crumbled as if it had been clay; then must he weld another anvil ere he could work again, and as he welded he sang:

"Alack! for the sword, my companion,
Alack! for the steel I forged and ground;
Now it has passed to an alien,
My faithful friend hangs at Nithudr's belt.
Lost to me is its brightness,
Nevermore will the runes on its blade
Whisper to me of their magic!
Alack! for the ring of my fashioning,
Alack! for the glory of Alvit;
To an earth-maid hath it been given,
My Valkyr is lost, is lost as my life,
For no end is there now to my sorrow!"

So each day did he dream more of vengeance, and each day became he more gloomy and sullen, until, after many weeks, there came this hope of revenge, although for long was it delayed.

Nidud had two wicked and avaricious young sons, and one lovely daughter, Bodvild, and through these Volund wrought his vengeance:

At the end of this time it befell that Bodvild, who dreamed ever of the lonely worker of the Sea Farm, broke the precious ring of Alvit, and, since none could mend it, and she dared not tell her father, she took four thralls and her two maidens at early dawn, while her parents slept, and rowed over to Volund.

And when Volund beheld the fair maiden drawing nigh alone, he went forth to meet her and give her greeting. "I am Bodvild, the King's daughter. O Smith, I come to beg that thou wilt mend my ring," and she

showed the ring of Alvit, lying in two pieces in her hand, and Volund, thinking of his false Valkyrja, looked so long and hard upon the Princess that her face flushed, and she dropped her bright head and waited. Then Volund spoke:

"Thy ring will I mend, O Bodvild, but only at the price of thy love."

"My love is thine," she answered simply, "and has been since the long-past day when, lame and despairing, thou wert brought before my father."

"And if I wed thee, will he be wroth?" asked Volund.

"So wroth that I doubt not he will kill me, because of my mother's hate of thee. But what matters it if I have thy love?"

"Spoken like a king's daughter," said Volund. "Call in thy maidens and thralls that we may plight our troth."

And he called unto Egil, his brother, that he also should witness; and there, before the seven in the dark smithy, were Volund and Bodvild wed. And he set upon her neck a great golden collar, set with glittering stones. "For," said he, "since rings were made for Alvit, thou shalt have none from me, but arm-rings and necklaces, and girdles and crowns—gold for thy golden hair—as many as thou wilt."

Then Bodvild kissed him on the mouth and went over the sea to her home, but oft at early morn thereafter she sped across to spend what time she might with her husband.

And now came it that Volund often laughed and sang runes over his work, so that Egil said:

"Hast thou a secret joy, O brother, that thou sittest no more in gloom and silence?"

"A joy have I," said Volund, "in that my vengeance draweth nigh. Is thy swan coat finished?"

"In three days will it be ready; but, brother, thou wouldst not hurt Bodvild?"

"Nay, she hath been the first part of my revenge, in that Nidud would rather that she lay dead than that she should wed me. She is a gentle maid, and will

dwell with me at Wolf's Water. Soon will come the viper's spawn, his sons, and my work will be done."

And so it fell out, for, by constant watching, the youths in the end made their way to the smithy unseen by the King or the Queen, and strode in upon Volund as he worked. His great chests stood open, and their greedy eyes beheld the jewels that lay heaped therein.

"Give us of your rings and gold," they cried roughly.

"Come hither alone to-morrow," said Volund, "and see to it that ye tell none of your errand—neither maidens nor hall-men. Then shall ye take and carry off all that ye will."

And he hammered the more grimly on his anvil.

Then the lads departed, saying low:

"And what shall hinder us from killing that lame man and taking all?"

While each in his heart thought:

"Then will I slay my brother so that the hoard may be mine."

Hustling each other in their haste and greed, they came next day ere the dawn, and running to the chest, struggled which should seize the most. But as they knelt and fought, their heads being within the chest, behold the iron lid came down upon them and cut off their heads.

Then was Volund's revenge fulfilled. He took the skulls of the King's sons and set them in silver as a gift for Nidud; their eyes and teeth by his runes he changed to stone and set as jewels for the Queen.

So came the youths home no more, and therefore had the wicked Queen no rest: ever did she wander by the shore and in the birch-woods seeking her sons, who came not; while the King sat in his high-seat waiting gloomily, and Bodvild kept her chamber, and so the days went by.

And one day his wife came to Nidud and said:

"Wakest thou, Nidud, King of Sweden?"

"I wake ever," he answered, "for joy hath fled and no more can I sleep by reason of the evil counsel that

thou gavest me; for I fear me that by this it is that our young sons have come to their death. I would fain speak with Volund, for it is borne in upon me, that by reason of my cruelty to him has this sorrow come upon me."

"Volund is here," came a voice from above, and going to the door of the high-hall the King saw Volund, clad in the swan-feather dress and holding in his arms Bodvild the Princess, high above him in the clouds.

Then the King called aloud:

"Tell me, thou master of runes, hast thou seen my sons?"

"Swear unto me first, by point of sword, by Sleipnir's mane, by ship of Odin, and by Urda's fountain, that thou wilt never harm my wife, no matter what her name, nor do hurt to child of mine."

And Nidud swore by all these things.

"Then go to the smithy, the prison where thou didst set me, and under the dust in the pit beneath the bellows wilt thou find thy sons. From their skulls hast thou drunk thy mead, round thy Queen's neck hang their teeth and eyes."

Then the Queen shrieked aloud and tore from her neck the fated stones, and the King cried:

"Would that I could take vengeance on thee, O Volund, and on my daughter, but for my oath's sake I cannot. Neither could aught, save Odin's ravens, tear thee down, nor could the most cunning archer reach thee in thy clouds. Go with Bodvild, and trouble me no more."

So Volund, laughing and bearing Bodvild, soared away across mountains and forests and tarns to his loved Wolf-Dale; and there they dwelt until their deaths, and they had a son named Vidrek, who became a great hero in after times in the southern lands. And oft-times came Slagfidr and Egil to talk with them, and show them of their booty; and through their tales was it that the little Vidrek was minded to go forth in search of adventures.

His story is of a later time and cometh not into this place, but the fame of Volund the Smith went forth through all lands so that after many hundred years in far-off countries, even England, did folk still call upon him, when in straits, to do their smith-work.

The extracts in this and the preceding two sections, unless otherwise credited, are taken from the tales as retold by Katharine Boult.

VIII. The Saga of Ragnar Lodbrok. Ragnar, one of the great vikings, lived in the ninth century, and according to Norse traditions died at the hands of Ella of Northumberland. The same traditions attribute the founding of London, England, to Ragnar's son Ivar. There is, then, a fairly well established foundation in fact for the largely mythological saga which bears the viking's name. *The Saga of the Volsungs* is largely mythical.

Herrud, a mighty jarl dwelling in Gautland, had one child only, the beautiful Thora, a gentle lady. When Herrud went away on his viking raids, he gave to Thora a magic box containing much gold, and perched thereon a small dragon. In time the dragon grew so that it was put outside the castle, along which it stretched its scaly length till in time the monster enclosed it all and prevented every one from entering. In time Herrud, scarce knowing what to do, offered Thora in marriage to whomsoever would slay the dragon.

Often had Prince Ragnar of Denmark heard of the beauteous prisoner, and when Herrud's offer reached his ears he set forth, wearing

breeches, from which unusual fact he gained his surname Lodbrok. After a terrible battle, in which his heavy clothing saved his life, he slew the dragon and gained Thora for his wife. She bore him two sons, who grew up to manhood and joined their father in his expeditions, and then the gentle mother died. Ragnar, unable to bide at home, put his realm into the hands of his sons and sailed away.

Aslaug, child of Sigurd and Brynhild, was enclosed by her uncle Heimir with a wealth of jewels in the post of a great harp to protect her from the vengeance of Gudrun. Clothed as a scald, he bore the harp through many lands, until he came, wet and weary, to the hut of an old man, Aki, whose wife, Grima, was alone within. Seeing the golden bracelet on his arm, the wicked woman coveted it, and when Aki returned persuaded him to kill Heimir as he slept. They burst open the pillar of the harp, and there, upon a heap of gold and jewels, lay Aslaug with the steel-blue eyes of Sigurd the Volsung. As Aslaug refused to speak, the old couple brought her up under the name of Kraka.

One day Ragnar, in his raiding, approached the home of Kraka and sent his men ashore to bake bread. They saw the girl and were so infatuated by her loveliness that they allowed the bread to burn black. To placate Ragnar they told him of the maiden; he sent them ashore for her, and told them to bid her come not alone nor yet in company, not clad nor yet unclothed,

not fasting and yet having eaten naught. After much persuasion Kraka came: no clothes had she, yet a fishing net was wrapped many times about her body and her golden hair showered around her to the knees; naught had she eaten, but she had her white teeth set in an onion and so fasted not; no person was with her, yet she had the company of her dog. Ragnar fell in love with her and begged her to be his wife:

"Herd-maidens wed not with kings," she said.
"But here is Thora's robe," he answered; then he sang:

"Take thou, O sweet, this silver-wrought kirtle,
Borgar-hjort owned it, and she would rejoice,
Fain would she, living, have called thee sister,
Fain would she, dying, have known me in peace.
Faithful was she till the Nornir divided us,
Faithful wilt thou be until my life's end."

And Aslaug sang back:

"Ne'er may I take the silver-wrought kirtle,
Owned long years since by Thora thy Queen;
Never can eagles mate with the ravens,
Kraka my name is, and coal-black I go,
Ever in wadmal, herding the cattle,
Hard must I ever live, far from all wealth."

Yet in the end she consented to wed him, if after her return home he should continue in the same mood; when the time had elapsed there was Ragnar to claim his bride. Besides other children, three sons they had—Ivar, whose legs were so weak that he could not walk, but must be borne everywhere on a litter, yet who was wisest among men; Hvitserk, the

berserker; and the young Rognvald. At length Kraka revealed her identity and told the story of Heimir and herself, the last of the Volsungs. Ragnar kissed her joyfully and spread the news of her descent throughout the land.

Later in a raid on England Ragnar was taken prisoner by King Ella, who cast him into a den of snakes; at first a magic shirt kept them all away, until, in fact, Ella saw what protected his prisoner and removed it. Then did the snakes bite him on all sides, and then did Ragnar sing his famous death song, with which in many an after year the Icelandic scalds spurred their listeners on to victory:

We hewed with the brand!
Long since we went to Gothland for the slaying of the Worm,
There I won Thora and my name of Leathern-Breeches,
Since I pierced that serpent through, with my blade of inlaid steel.

We, etc.
Young was I when east of Oere-sound we made good breakfast for the wolves,
While our steels sang on the high-crested helms much food did they find,
Blood-stained the sea, the ravens waded through.

We, etc.
Ere twenty years passed o'er us, high-borne were our spears,
At Dvina's mouth in the far east eight jarls did we lay low,
Warriors died; the crimson death colored the sea and ravens feasted.

We, etc.
The war-queen loved us when we sent the Helsinga to Odin's halls,
Keen bit the feathered arrow when our ships reached Iva's flood,
Gay was the music of sword on breast-plate and cleft shield.

We, etc.
Great was our courage when fierce Herraudr, 'mid his winged steeds, died.
No jarl more fearless sent his foaming coursers o'er the main;
His stout heart drove him, fearless, by the sea-fowls' haunt.

We, etc.
The brand bit sore at Scarpa-reef, the sword flew from its sheath,
Crimson the borders of our moon-shields when King Raven died;
Loud roared the spear on Ulla's field, as low lay Eystan the King.
(Here follow several similar verses.)

We, etc.
O'er us was fated Herthiof to win a mighty victory,
There fell my son, bold Rognvald, before the host of spears.
His bow, unerring, shot in Sudorey its last fatal bolt.

We, etc.
In Ireland King Marstan let not the she-wolf nor the eagle starve.
A sacrifice he made at Wetherford, for the steel-thorn issuing from its sheath,
Pierced to the heart of Ragnar, fearless son of mine.

We, etc.
South we played at war with three kings, the blood of the Irish dyed the sea,
Then stormed we to the sword-play at the river-mouth of Anglesey,
No kissing of a girl was it to fight as we fought there.

We, etc.
Little did I wot that at the hands of Ella my death should come!
Yet what boots it? None can withstand his fate and well is it
To quaff the mead in shull-boughs in the great hall of Odin.

We, etc.
Before cold death does no brave man quail; no thought of fear have I.
Soon will the battle wake when Aslaug's sons their bitter blades unsheath,
Soon will they learn the manner of my death, stout hearts of their brave mother!

We, etc.
My life is well-nigh o'er; sharp is the pang that the serpent gives.
Goinn the Snake, nests deep in my heart. No more will my children rest;
Great wrath will be theirs at the undoing of their sire.

We, etc.
Full gladly do I go! See the Valkyrjar fresh from Odin's halls!
High-seated among heroes shall I quaff the yellow-mead.
The Aesir welcome me. Laughing gladly do I die!

The sons of Ragnar took ample vengeance, but only after the wily Ivar had established

himself in England and paved the way for his fiery brethren to act.

IX. The Saga of Grettir the Strong. In the main this saga was originally a truthful account of a man named Grettir, who lived probably in the early part of the eleventh century at Bjarg, in the northwest of Iceland, and spent the greater part of his life as an outlaw and a robber. The story was not written till the thirteenth century, and the manuscripts we have not until two hundred years later. During this long period the tale was embellished with many, many incidents manifestly untrue and enlarged by the addition of much material borrowed from other sources. The character of Grettir is a complex one, but it develops under the reader's eye in a thoroughly natural manner. Tremendously strong in body; morose, vindictive and overbearing in manner, but nevertheless refined and delicate in some situations; helpful to others in a remarkable degree; courageous and self-reliant in difficulty, yet childishly afraid of the dark, he struggles through life at outs with the world, condemned for crimes of which he was innocent, but deserving punishment for more serious ones that never were brought against him. It is a story of human action with little or nothing of descriptive writing, but told in a happy, rollicking style that to-day would be called slangy. Grettir himself is a poet, but his verses, like those of Icelandic scaldic poetry in general, are not conformable

to the rules of modern prosody, are not musical, and are vastly inferior to the noble songs of the *Edda*. The extracts which follow are taken from the translation by George Ainslie Hight.

The saga begins, as do all of them, with tedious genealogical details, but with the account of Grettir's childhood becomes interesting:

Grettir grew up at Bjarg until he was ten years old, when he began to develop a little. Asmund told him that he must do some work. Grettir said that would not suit him very well, but asked what he was to do.

"You must mind the geese," said Asmund.

"That is wretched work, only fit for an idiot," Grettir answered.

"You do that properly," his father said, "and we shall get on better together."

So Grettir went to mind the geese. There were fifty of them, and a number of goslings. Before long he began to find them troublesome, and the goslings would not come on quickly enough. This put him out, for he could never control his temper. Soon afterwards some wanderers found the goslings lying outside dead, and the geese with their wings broken. This was in the autumn. Asmund was very much annoyed and asked Grettir whether he had killed the birds. Grettir grinned and answered:

> "Always when winter is coming on
> I like to wring the goslings' necks.
> If among them there are geese
> I treat the creatures all alike."

"You shan't twist any more of their necks," said Asmund.

"*The friend aye warns his friend of ill,*" answered Grettir.

Bellingham High School
Bellingham, Wash.

"I will give you other work to do."

"*He knoweth most who most hath tried.* But what am I to do now?" Grettir asked.

"You shall rub my back when I am sitting by the fire, as I am in the habit of having it done."

"*Warm work for the hands,*" he answered. "It is only fit for an idiot."

This for a time was Grettir's occupation. As the autumn advanced Asmund wanted more warmth, and was constantly telling Grettir to rub his back hard. It was the custom in those days for people to have large rooms with long fires in them in their houses, where men sat by the fire in the evenings on benches, sleeping afterwards at the side away from the fires. By day the women carded their wool there.

One evening when Grettir had to scratch Asmund's back his father said to him: "Now you will have to put aside your laziness, you good-for-nothing you."

Grettir answered: "*'Tis ill to rouse a hasty temper.*"

"You are fit for nothing at all," said Asmund.

Grettir saw some wool-combs lying on one of the benches; he took up one of them and drew it along Asmund's back. Asmund sprang up and was going to thrash him with his stick, but he escaped. His mother came up and asked what they were fighting about. Grettir answered in a verse:

> "Oh, lady, the giver of treasure, I see,
> has dire intent to burn my hands.
> With nails uncut I was stroking his back.
> Clearly I see the bird of wounds."

His mother was much vexed with Grettir for what he had done and said he would not grow up very prudent. The affair did not improve the relations between Asmund and his son.

Soon after this Asmund spoke to Grettir and told him to look after his horses. Grettir said that would be better than back-fire-warming.

"You are to do what I tell you," said Asmund. "I have a dun mare with a dark stripe down her back whom I call Keingala. She is very knowing about the weather and about rain coming. When she refuses to graze it never fails that a storm will follow. You are then to keep the horses under shelter in the stables, and when cold weather sets in keep them to the north of the ridge. I hope you will perform this duty better than the two which I gave you before."

Grettir said: "That is cold work, and fit for a man to do; but it seems to me rash to trust to the mare, when to my knowledge no one has done so before."

So Grettir took to minding the horses, and went on until Yule-tide was past, when very cold weather set in, with snow, so that grazing was difficult. He was very badly provided with clothes and little hardened to the weather. He began to feel it very cold, and Keingala always chose the windiest places whatever the weather was. She never came to the meadow early enough to get home before nightfall. Grettir then thought he would play a trick upon Keingala to pay her out for her wanderings. One morning early he came to the stables, opened the door and found Keingala standing in front of the manger. She had taken the whole of the fodder which had been given to all the horses for herself.

Grettir then jumped upon her back, with a sharp knife in his hand which he drew across her shoulder and along her back on both sides. The horse was fat and fresh; she shied back very frightened and kicked out till her hoofs rattled against the walls. Grettir fell off, but picked himself up and tried to mount her again. There was a sharp struggle, which ended in his shaving all the skin on her back down to her flank. Then he drove the horses out to the meadow. Keingala would not take a bite except off her back, and soon after noon she bolted off to the stables. Grettir locked the door and went home. Asmund asked him where the horses were; he said he had looked after them as usual. Asmund said

there must be a storm close at hand if the horses would not stay out in such weather as there was then.

Grettir said: "*Many seem wise who are lacking in wit.*"

The night passed and there was no storm. Grettir drove out the horses, but Keingala could not endure the pasture. Asmund thought it very strange that no change came in the weather. On the third morning he went himself to the horses and on seeing Keingala he said: "Ill indeed have the horses fared in this beautiful weather! Thy back will not deceive me, my Bleikala."

"*The likely may happen—also the unlikely,*" said Grettir.

Asmund stroked the back of the horse and all her coat came off on his hand. He could not understand how she had got into that state and thought Grettir must have done it. Grettir grinned and said nothing. Asmund went home and became very abusive. He heard his wife say: "My son's watching of the horses must have prospered well."

Then he spoke a verse:

"He has cheated me sorely, and Keingala shorn.
'Tis the pride of a woman that urges her tongue.
Artful he holds my commands in derision.
Consider my verses, oh, wife of my heart."

"I do not know," she said, "which seems to me the more perverse, for you to make him work, or for him always to get out of it in the same way."

"Now there shall be an end to it," said Asmund. "He must have something worse than merely making good the damage."

"Let neither speak of it to the other," said Grettir, and so it remained.

Asmund had Keingala killed. Many more childish pranks did Grettir play which are not told in the saga. He now began to grow very big, but men did not clearly know what strength he had because he had never been tried in wrestling. He kept making verses and ditties

which were always a little ironical. He did not sleep in the common room and was generally very silent.

Grettir's real difficulties begin with the following incident:

A little later Thorkell journeyed to the Thing with sixty men. All the men of his godord went with him. They passed through Bjarg, where Grettir joined them. They rode South through the heath called Tvidoegra. There was very little grazing to be had in the hills, so they rode quickly past them into the cultivated land. When they reached Fljotstunga they thought it was time to sleep, so they took the bits from their horses and turned them loose with their saddles. They lay there well on into the day, and when they woke began to look for their horses. Every horse had gone off in a different direction and some had been rolling. Grettir could not find his horse at all. The custom was at that time that men should find their own provisions at the Thing, and most of them carried their sacks over their saddles. When Grettir found his horse its saddle was under its belly, and the sack of provisions gone. He searched about but could not find it. Then he saw a man running very fast and asked him who he was. He said his name was Skeggi and that he was a man from Ass in Vatnsdal in the North.

"I am traveling with Thorkell," he said. "I have been careless and lost my provision-bag."

"*Alone in misfortune is worst.* I also have lost my stock of provisions; so we can look for them together."

Skeggi was well pleased with this proposal, and so they went about seeking for a time. Suddenly, when Grettir least expected it, Skeggi started running with all his might along the moor and picked up the sack. Grettir saw him bend and asked what it was that he had picked up.

"My sack," he said.

"Who says so besides yourself?" Grettir asked. "Let me see it! *Many a thing is like another.*"

Skeggi said no one should take from him what was his own. Grettir seized hold of the sack and they both pulled at it for a time, each trying to get his own way.

"You Midfjord men have strange notions," said Skeggi, "if you think that because a man is not so wealthy as you are, he is not to dare to hold to his own before you."

Grettir said it had nothing to do with a man's degree, and that each should have that which was his own.

Skeggi replied: "Audun is now too far away to strangle you as he did at the ball-play."

"That is well," said Grettir; "but however that may have been you shall not strangle me."

Skeggi then seized his axe and struck at Grettir, who on seeing it seized the handle of the axe with his left hand and pulled it forward with such force that Skeggi at once let go. The next moment it stood in his brain and he fell dead to the earth. Grettir took the sack, threw it across his saddle and rode back to his companions.

Thorkell rode on, knowing nothing of what had happened. Soon Skeggi was missed in the company, and when Grettir came up they asked him what news he had of Skeggi. He answered in a verse:

> "Hammer-troll ogress has done him to death.
> Thirsting for blood the war-fiend came.
> With hard-edged blade she gaped o'er his head,
> nor spared she his teeth. I saw it myself."

Then Thorkell's men sprang up and said it was impossible that a troll should have taken the man in full daylight. Thorkell was silent for a moment. Then he said: "There must be something more in it. Grettir must have killed him. What was it that really happened, Grettir?"

Grettir then told him all about their fight. Thorkell said: "It is a most unfortunate occurrence, because Skeggi was entrusted to my service, and was a man of good family. I will take the matter upon myself and pay

whatever compensation is adjudged. But a question of banishment does not lie with me. Now, Grettir, there are two things for you to choose between. Either you can go on to the Thing with us and take the chance of what may happen there, or you can turn back and go home."

Grettir decided to go on to the Thing, and to the Thing he went. The matter was taken up by the heirs of the man slain. Thorkell gave his hand to pay the compensation and Grettir was to be banished for three years.

On their way back from the Thing all the chiefs halted at Sledaas before they parted company. It was then that Grettir lifted a stone lying in the grass, which is still known as Grettishaf. Many went afterwards to see this stone and were astounded that so young a man should have lifted such a mountain.

A curious custom is described in the following chapter:

That summer there was a great horse-fight at Langafit below Reykir, whither a great many people came together. Atli of Bjarg had a good stallion of Keingala's race; gray with a dark stripe down his back. Both father and son valued the horse highly. The two brothers Kormak and Thorgils in Mel had a very mettlesome brown stallion, and they arranged to match it against that of Atli from Bjarg. Many other excellent stallions were brought. Odd the Needy-Skald, Kormak's kinsman, had the charge of their horse on the day. He had grown into a strong man and had a high opinion of himself; he was surly and reckless. Grettir asked Atli who should have charge of his stallion.

"That is not so clear to me," said Atli.

"Would you like me to back him?"

"Then you must keep very cool, kinsman," he said. "We have men to deal with who are rather overbearing."

"Let them pay for their bluster," he said, "if they cannot control it."

The stallions were led out and the mares tethered together in the front on the bank of the river. There was a large pool just beyond the bank. The horses fought vigorously and there was excellent sport. Odd managed his horse pluckily and Grettir gave way before him, holding the tail of his horse with one hand and with the other the stick with which he pricked it on. Odd stood in the front by his horse, and one could not be sure that he was not pricking off Atli's horse from his own. Grettir pretended not to notice it. The horses then came near the river. Then Odd thrust with his pointed stick at Grettir and caught him in the shoulder-blade which Grettir was turning toward him. He struck pretty hard, and the flesh swelled up, but Grettir was little hurt. At the same moment the horses reared. Grettir ducked beneath the flank of his horse and drove his stick into Odd's side with such violence that three of his ribs were broken and Odd fell into the pool with his horse and all the mares that were tethered there by the bank. Some people swam out and rescued them. There was great excitement about it. Kormak's men on one side and those of Bjarg on the other seized their arms, but the men of Hrutfirding and Vatnsnes came between them and parted them. They all went home in great wrath, but kept quiet for a time. Atli said very little, but Grettir rather swaggered and said that they should meet again if he had his way.

Grettir's habit of helping himself to what he needed is well shown in the extract that follows:

Later in the summer Grettir the son of Asmund came back to Iceland, landing in the Hvita in Borgarfjord. People about the district went down to the ship and all the news came at once upon Grettir, first that his father was dead, then that his brother was slain, and third that he was declared outlaw throughout the land. Then he spoke this verse:

"All fell at once upon the bard,
exile, father dead and brother.
Oh, man of battle! Many an one
who breaks the swords shall smart for this."

It is told that Grettir changed his manner no whit for these tidings, but was just as merry as before. He remained on board his ship for a time because he could not get a horse to suit him.

There was a man named Sveinn who dwelt at Bakki up from Thingnes. He was a good bondi and a merry companion; he often composed verses which it was a delight to listen to. He had a brown mare, the swiftest of horses, which he called Saddle-head. Once Grettir left Vellir in the night because he did not wish the traders to know of it. He got a black cape and put it over his clothes to conceal himself. He went up past Thingnes to Bakki, by which time it was light. Seeing a brown horse in the meadow he went up and put a bridle on it, mounted on its back and rode up along the Hvita river below Baer on to the river Flokadalsa and up to the road above Kalfanes. The men working at Bakki were up by then, and told the bondi that a man was riding his horse. He got up and laughed and spoke a verse:

"There rode a man upon Saddle-head's back;
close to the garth the thief has come.
Frey of the Thunder-Sky, dreadful of aspect,
appears from his strength to be busy with mischief."

Then he took a horse and rode after him. Grettir rode on till he came to the settlement at Kropp, where he met a man named Halli who said he was going down to the ship at Vellir. Grettir then spoke a verse:

"Tell, oh, tell in the dwellings abroad,
tell thou hast met with Saddle-head.
The handler of dice in sable cowl
sat on his back; hasten, oh, Halli!"

Then they parted. Halli went along the road as far as Kalfanes before he met Sveinn. They greeted each other hurriedly and Sveinn said:

> "Saw you that loafer ride from the dwellings?
> Sorely he means my patience to try.
> The people about shall deal with him roughly;
> blue shall his body be if I meet him."

"You can know from what I tell you," said Halli, "that I met the man who said he was riding Saddle-head, and he told me to spread it abroad in the dwellings and the district. He was a huge man in a black cloak."

"Well, he seems to think something of himself," said the bondi. "I mean to know who he is."

Then he went on after him. Grettir came to Deildartunga and found a woman outside. He began to talk to her and spoke a verse:

> "Mistress august! Go tell of the jest
> that the serpent of earth has past on his way.
> The garrulous brewer of Odin's mead
> will come to Gilsbakki before he will rest."

The woman learned the verse and Grettir rode on. Soon after Sveinn rode up; she was still outside, and when he came he spoke the verse:

> "Who was the man who a moment ago
> rode past on a dusky horse in the storm?
> The hound-eyed rascal, practiced in mischief.
> This day I will follow his steps to the end."

She told him as she had been taught. He considered the lines and said: "It is not unlikely that this man is no play-fellow for me. But I mean to catch him."

He then rode along the cultivated country. Each could see the other's path. The weather was stormy and wet. Grettir reached Gilsbakki that day, where Grim the son of Thorhall welcomed him warmly and begged him to stay, which he did. He let Saddle-head

run loose and told Grim how he had come by her. Then Sveinn came up, dismounted and saw his horse. Then he said:

"Who has ridden on my mare?
Who will pay me for her hire?
Who ever saw such an arrant thief?
Who next will be the cowl-man's game?"

Grettir had then put off his wet clothes, and heard the ditty. He said:

"Home I rode the mare to Grim's,
a better man than the hovel-dweller!
Nothing will I pay for hire!
now we may be friends again."

"Just so shall it be," said the bondi. "Your ride on the horse is fully paid for."

Then they each began repeating verses, and Grettir said he could not blame him for looking after his property. The bondi stayed there the night and they had great jokes about the matter. The verses they made were called "Saddle-head verses." In the morning the bondi rode home, parting good friends with Grettir.

Grettir was finally overcome by Thorbjorn through the aid of spells woven by an old woman:

The autumn passed and but three weeks remained till the winter. The old woman asked to be driven to the sea-shore. Thorbjorn asked what she was going to do.

"A small thing only," she said, "yet maybe the signal of greater things to come."

They did as she asked them. When they reached the shore she hobbled on by the sea as if directed to a spot where lay a great stump of a tree as large as a man could bear on his shoulder. She looked at it and bade them turn it over before her; the other side looked

as if it had been burned and smoothed. She had a small flat surface cut on its smooth side; then she took a knife, cut runes upon it, reddened them with her blood and muttered some spells over it. After that she walked backwards against the sun round it, and spoke many potent words. Then she made them push the tree into the sea, and said it should go to Drangey and that Grettir should suffer hurt from it. Then she went back to Vidvik. Thorbjorn said he did not know what would come of it. The woman said he would know more clearly some day. The wind was toward the land up the fjord, but the woman's stump drifted against the wind, and not more slowly than would have been expected.

Grettir was sitting in Drangey with his companions very comfortably, as has been told. On the day following that on which the old woman had cast her spells upon the tree they went down from the hill to look for firewood. When they got to the western side of the island they found a great stump stranded there.

"Here is a fine log for fuel," cried Illugi, "let us carry it home." Grettir gave it a kick with his foot and said: "An ill tree and ill sent. We must find other wood for the fire."

He pushed it out into the sea and told Illugi to beware of carrying it home, for it was sent for their destruction. Then they returned to their hut and said nothing about the tree to the thrall. The next day they found the tree again, nearer to the ladder than on the day before. Grettir put it back into the sea and said he would never carry it home. That night passed and dirty weather set in with rain, so that they did not care to go out and told Glaum to fetch fuel. He grumbled very much and declared it was cruel to make him plague himself to death in every kind of weather. He descended the ladder and found there the woman's log. He thought himself lucky, labored home with it to the hut and threw it down with a great noise which Grettir heard.

"Glaum has got something; I must go out and see what it is," he said, and went out, taking his wood-cutting axe with him.

"Let your cutting up of it be no worse than my carrying of it home!" said Glaum.

Grettir was irritated with the thrall; he used his axe with both hands and did not notice what tree it was. Directly the axe touched the tree it turned flat and glanced off into Grettir's right leg. It entered above his right knee and pierced to the bone, making a severe wound. Grettir turned to the tree and said: "He who meant me evil has prevailed; it will not end with this. This is the very log which I twice rejected. Two disasters have you now brought about, Glaum; first you let our fire go out, and now you have brought in this tree of ill-fortune. A third mistake will be the death of you and of us all."

Illugi then bound the wound. It bled little; Grettir slept well that night and three days passed without its paining him. When they opened the bandages the flesh had grown together and the wound was almost healed. Illugi said: "I do not think that you will suffer very long with this wound."

"That would be well," said Grettir; "it has happened strangely however it ends; but my mind tells me otherwise."

One evening they all went to bed, and about midnight Grettir began to toss about. Illugi asked him why he was so restless. Grettir said his leg was hurting him and he thought there must be some change in its appearance. They fetched a light, unbound the wound and found it swollen and blue as coal. It had opened again and was much worse than at first. He had much pain after that and could not keep quiet.

Grettir said: "We must be prepared for it. This illness of mine is not for nothing; there is witchcraft in it. The old woman has meant to punish me for the stone which I threw at her." Illugi said: "I told you that no good would come of that old woman."

"It will be all the same in the end," said Grettir, and spoke a verse:

> "Often when men have threatened my life
> I have known to defend it against the foe;
> but now 'tis a woman has done me to death.
> Truly the spells of the wicked are mighty.

"Now we must be on the watch; Thorbjorn Angle will not leave it to end here. You, Glaum, must in future guard the ladder every day and pull it up in the evening. Do this trustily, for much depends thereon. If you betray us your end will be a short one."

Glaum promised most faithfully. The weather now became severe. A northeasterly wind set in and it was very cold. Every evening Grettir asked if the ladder was drawn in.

"Are we now to look for men?" said Glaum. "Is any man so anxious to take your life that he will lose his own for it? This weather is much worse than impossible. Your warlike mood seems to have left you utterly if you think that everything is coming to kill you."

"You will always bear yourself worse than either of us," said Grettir, "whatever happens. But now you must mind the ladder however unwilling you may be."

They drove him out every morning, much to his disgust. The pain of the wound increased, and the whole leg was swollen; the thigh began to fester both above and below the wound, which spread all round, and Grettir thought he was likely to die. Illugi sat with him night and day, paying no heed to anything else. They were now in the second week of his illness.

Thorbjorn Angle was now at home in Vidvik, much put out at not having been able to overcome Grettir. When about a week had passed from the day when the old woman had bewitched the log, she came to speak with Thorbjorn and asked whether he did not mean to visit Grettir. He said there was nothing about which he was more determined.

"But do you wish to meet him, foster-mother?" he asked.

"I have no intention of meeting him," she said; "I have sent him my greeting, which I expect he has received. But I advise you to set off at once and go quickly to see him, otherwise it will not be your fate to overcome him."

He replied: "I have made so many inglorious journeys there that I am not going again. This weather is reason enough; it would not be possible, however pressing it were."

"You are indeed without counsel if you see not through these wiles. Now, I will advise you. First go and collect men; ride to your brother-in-law Halldor in Hof and get help from him. Is it too wild a thing to suppose that I may have to do with this breeze that is now playing?"

. . . . . .

It has now to be told how Grettir became so ill that he could not stand on his feet. Illugi sat with him and Glaum had to hold watch. He still continued to object, and said they might think their lives were going to fall out of them, but there was no reason for it. He went out, but most unwillingly. When he came to the ladder he said to himself that there was no need to draw it up. He felt very sleepy, lay down and slept all day, and did not wake until Thorbjorn reached the island. They saw then that the ladder was not drawn up. Thorbjorn said: "The situation has changed from what it used to be; there are no men moving about, and the ladder is in its place. It may be that more will come of our journey than we expected at first. Now let us go to the hut and not let our courage slacken. If they are well we may know for certain that there will be need for each to do his very best."

They went up the ladder, looked round and saw close to the ascent a man lying and snoring aloud. Thorbjorn recognized Glaum, went up to the rascal and told him to wake up, striking his ear with the hilt of his sword

and saying: "Truly he is in a bad case whose life is entrusted to your keeping."

Glaum looked up and said: "They are going on as usual. Do you think my freedom such a great thing while I am lying here in the cold?"

Angle said: "Have you lost your wits? Don't you see that your enemies are upon you and about to kill you all?"

Glaum said nothing, but on recognizing the men cried out as loud as he could.

"Do one thing or the other," said Angle; "either be silent this moment and tell me all about your household, or be killed."

Glaum was as silent as if he had been dipped in water.

Thorbjorn said: "Are the brothers in the hut? Why are they not about?"

"That would not be so easy," said Glaum, "for Grettir is sick and nigh to death and Illugi is sitting with him."

Thorbjorn asked about his condition, and what had happened. Then Glaum told him all about Grettir's wound.

Angle laughed and said: "True is the ancient saying that *Old friends are the last to break away,* and also this, that *It is ill to have a thrall for your friend*—such a one as you, Glaum! You have shamefully betrayed your liege lord, though there was little good in him."

Then the others cast reproaches at him for his villainy; they beat him almost helpless and left him lying there. Then they went on to the hut and knocked violently at the door.

Illugi said: "Graybelly is knocking at the door, brother."

"He is knocking rather loud," said Grettir; "most unmercifully." Then the door broke in pieces. Illugi rushed to his arms and defended the door so that they could not get in. They assailed it long, but could get nothing in but the points of their spears, all of which Illugi severed from their shafts. Seeing that they could

do nothing, they sprang on to the roof and began to break it in. Then Grettir got on to his feet, seized a spear and thrust it between the rafters. It struck Kar, Halldor's man from Hof, and went right through him. Angle told them to go to work warily and be careful of themselves. "We shall only overcome them," he said, "if we act with caution."

Then they laid open the end of one of the timbers and bore upon it until it broke. Grettir was unable to rise from his knees, but he seized the sword Karsnaut at the moment when they all sprang in from the roof, and a mighty fray began. Grettir struck with his sword at Vikar, a man of Hjalti the son of Thord, reaching his left shoulder as he sprang from the roof. It passed across his shoulder, out under his right arm, and cut him right in two. His body fell in two parts on the top of Grettir and prevented him from recovering his sword as quickly as he wished, so that Thorbjorn Angle was able to wound him severely between the shoulders. Grettir said: *"Bare is his back who has no brother!"*

Illugi threw his shield before Grettir and defended him so valiantly that all men praised his prowess.

Grettir said to Angle: "Who showed you the way to the island?"

"Christ showed us the way," he said.

"I guess," said Grettir, "that it was the wicked old woman, your foster-mother, who showed you; hers were the counsels that you relied upon."

"It shall now be all the same to you," said Angle, "upon whom I relied."

They returned to the attack; Illugi defended himself and Grettir courageously, but Grettir was unfit for fighting, partly from his wounds, partly from his illness. Angle then ordered them to bear Illugi down with their shields, saying he had never met with his like amongst older men than he. They did so, and pressed upon him with a wall of armor against which resistance was impossible. They took him prisoner and kept him. He had wounded most of those who were attacking him and

killed three. Then they went for Grettir, who had fallen forward on his face. There was no resistance in him for he was already dead from his wounded leg; his thigh was all mortified up to the rectum. Many more wounds they gave him, but little or no blood flowed.

When they thought he was quite dead Angle took hold of his sword, saying he had borne it long enough, but Grettir's fingers were so tightly locked around the hilt that he could not loosen them. Many tried before they gave it up, eight of them in turn, but all failed. Angle then said: "Why should we spare a forestman? Lay his hand upon the log."

They did so, and he hewed off the hand at the wrist. Then the fingers straightened and were loosed from the hilt. Angle took his sword in both hands and hewed at Grettir's head. So mighty was the blow that the sword could not hold against it, and a piece was broken out of the edge. When asked why he spoilt a good weapon, he replied: "It will be more easily known if there be any question."

They said this was unnecessary, as the man was dead before. "I will do more," he said, and struck two or three blows at Grettir's neck before he took off his head. Then he said:

"Now I know for certain that Grettir is dead; a great man of war have we laid even with the earth. We will take his head with us, for I have no wish to lose the money which was put upon it. There shall not be any doubt that it was I who slew Grettir."

They said he might do as he pleased, but they felt much disgusted, and thought his conduct contemptible.

Thorbjorn was exiled, and finally Grettir was avenged by Thorstein, though the latter had to go to Constantinople, where he found his victim among the Vaeringiar. The remaining part of the saga is an accretion of later date than the tale of Grettir and deals with the ad-

ventures of Thorstein with the Lady Spes and her husband, a feeble imitation of the legend of Tristan and Iseult, which we have elsewhere discussed. In fact, the adulterous Lady Spes passes through the ordeal by the same stratagem with which Iseult deceived King Mark.

X. THE SAGA OF NJALL. *The Story of Burnt Njal,* as the name appears in Dasent's translation, is considered the finest of the epics from classic times. Full of intrigue, cunning, love, hate and revenge, its characters exhibit an individuality not found in many of the other sagas. Scores of people throng its pages, and each of the more important is placed carefully by his pedigree. Family feuds arise, are continued for generations, and bloodshed and robbery are the general order of the day. The death of one man meant vengeance from his next of kin, which in turn meant vengeance from the other side. Blood-money often was accepted for life taken by violence, and the amount varied with the position or value of the man. Every summer the Althing met, and all events revolved around that, for every bondi was supposed to attend the Thing, to carry his complaints there, and settle his quarrels with his adversary. The sentences of the Thing were often disregarded by the powerful chiefs, and sometimes its action was prompted by fear of consequences. In *Njala,* it seems the men are always riding to the Thing and settling their quarrels, only to find them on again with greater force before they have

ridden home. Yet, while there seems in all the sagas to be a general disregard of life and murder an every-day occurrence, yet there is an excessively strong feeling for the rights of property, and affairs were probably no worse than in other countries where there was no general government and only independent chiefs to enforce police protection.

The slaying of an enemy in open combat, even if some advantage was taken of the victim, was not considered disgraceful, unless the slayer tried to conceal his act or failed to proclaim it. For a man to take no notice of the killing of a kinsman was disgraceful, but compensation might be accepted without criticism.

In *Njala* there is a long series of blood feuds, with ramifications innumerable, and one character after another comes into prominence only to be removed by a violent death, which is induced with endless changes in circumstances. Several women take part in the action of the saga, and two or three are vengeful, inconstant schemers, who urge the men to take tragic revenge or hire conscienceless men to carry out their schemes. Njall, the wise old chief, gives good advice to all who come to him, and for a long time is outside the chain of feuds that make up the story. After a while, however, he and his family are drawn into it, and after successfully holding their own for a long time, Njall himself, his faithful wife and his strong son Skarphedinn are burned in their dwelling and most of the family killed, but Kari and

Bjorn carry on the feud. The climax comes in a battle royal at the Althing, but even after that there is some blood-letting before Kari and Flosi, the leaders among the survivors of the two factions, become fully reconciled and the feud is ended for all time.

It is difficult to select from so long and varied a work a few incidents which show something of the scope and character of the whole, and quite impossible here to trace the connection between different sections. One of the women who bred much trouble was Hallgerda, who at the time to which we allude was the wife of Gunnar. Bergthora, a better woman, but vengeful withal, was the wife of Njall, the wise man.

The following extract from Dasent's translation gives incidents which occurred near the beginning of the long and disastrous feud:

Gunnar rode away to the Thing, but before he rode from home he said to Hallgerda, "Be good now while I am away, and show none of thine ill temper in anything with which my friends have to do."

"The trolls take thy friends," says Hallgerda.

So Gunnar rode to the Thing, and saw it was not good to come to words with her. Njall rode to the Thing too, and all his sons with him.

Now it must be told of what tidings happened at home. Njall and Gunnar owned a wood in common at Redslip; they had not shared the wood, but each was wont to hew in it as he needed, and neither said a word to the other about that. Hallgerda's grieve's name was Kol; he had been with her long, and was one of the worst of men. There was a man named Swart; he was Njall's and Bergthora's house-carle; they were very fond of him. Now

Bergthora told him that he must go up into Redslip and hew wood; but she said, "I will get men to draw home the wood."

He said he would do the work she set him to win; and so he went up into Redslip, and was to be there a week.

Some gangrel men came to Lithend from the east across Markfleet, and said that Swart had been in Redslip, and hewn wood, and done a deal of work.

"So," says Hallgerda, "Bergthora must mean to rob me in many things, but I'll take care that he does not hew again."

Rannveig, Gunnar's mother, heard that, and said, "There have been good housewives before now, though they never set their hearts on manslaughter."

Now the night wore away, and early next morning Hallgerda came to speak to Kol, and said, "I have thought of some work for thee;" and with that she put weapons into his hands, and went on to say—"Fare thou to Redslip; there wilt thou find Swart."

"What shall I do to him?" he says.

"Askest thou that, when thou art the worst of men?" she says. "Thou shalt kill him."

"I can get that done," he says, "but 'tis more likely that I shall lose my own life for it."

"Everything grows big in thy eyes," she says, "and thou behavest ill to say this after I have spoken up for thee in everything. I must get another man to do this if thou darest not."

He took the axe, and was very wroth, and takes a horse that Gunnar owned, and rides now till he comes east of Markfleet. There he got off and bided in the wood, till they had carried down the firewood, and Swart was left alone behind. Then Kol sprang on him, and said, "More folk can hew great strokes than thou alone;" and so he laid the axe on his head, and smote him his death-blow, and rides home afterwards, and tells Hallgerda of the slaying.

She said, "I shall take such good care of thee, that no harm shall come to thee."

"May be so," says he, "but I dreamt all the other way as I slept ere I did the deed."

Now they come up into the wood, and find Swart slain, and bear him home. Hallgerda sent a man to Gunnar at the Thing to tell him of the slaying. Gunnar said no hard words at first of Hallgerda to the messenger, and men knew not at first whether he thought well or ill of it. A little after he stood up, and bade his men go with him: they did so, and fared to Njall's booth. Gunnar sent a man to fetch Njall, and begged him to come out. Njall went out at once, and he and Gunnar fell a-talking, and Gunnar said, "I have to tell thee of the slaying of a man, and my wife and my grieve Kol were those who did it; but Swart, thy house-carle, fell before them."

Njall held his peace while he told him the whole story. Then Njall spoke, "Thou must take heed not to let her have her way in everything."

Gunnar said, "Thou thyself shalt settle the terms."

Njall spoke again, " 'Twill be hard work for thee to atone for all Hallgerda's mischief; and somewhere else there will be a broader trail to follow than this which we two now have a share in, and yet, even here there will be much awanting before all be well; and herein we shall need to bear in mind the friendly words that passed between us of old; and something tells me that thou wilt come well out of it, but still thou wilt be sore tried."

Then Njall took the award into his own hands from Gunnar, and said, "I will not push this matter to the uttermost; thou shalt pay twelve ounces of silver; but I will add this to my award, that if anything happens from our homestead about which thou hast to utter an award, thou wilt not be less easy in thy terms."

Gunnar paid up the money out of hand, and rode home afterwards. Njall, too, came home from the Thing, and his sons. Bergthora saw the money, and said, "This is very justly settled; but even as much money shall be paid for Kol as time goes on."

Gunnar came home from the Thing and blamed Hallgerda. She said, better men lay unatoned in many

places. Gunnar said, she might have her way in beginning a quarrel, "but how is to be settled rests with me."

Hallgerda was for ever chattering of Swart's slaying, but Bergthora liked that ill. Once Njall and her sons went up to Thorolfsfell to see about the house-keeping there, but that selfsame day this thing happened when Bergthora was out of doors: she sees a man ride up to the house on a black horse. She stayed there and did not go in, for she did not know the man. That man had a spear in his hand, and was girded with a short sword. She asked this man his name.

"Atli is my name," says he.

She asked whence he came.

"I am an Eastfirther," he says.

"Whither shalt thou go?" she says.

"I am a homeless man," says he, "and I thought to see Njall and Skarphedinn, and know if they would take me in."

"What work is handiest to thee?" says she.

"I am a man used to field-work," he says, "and many things else come very handy to me; but I will not hide from thee that I am a man of hard temper, and it has been many a man's lot before now to bind up wounds at my hand."

"I do not blame thee," she says, "though thou art no milksop."

Atli said, "Hast thou any voice in things here?"

"I am Njall's wife," she says, "and I have as much to say to our housefolk as he."

"Wilt thou take me in then?" says he.

"I will give thee thy choice of that," says she. "If thou wilt do all the work that I set before thee, and that, though I wish to send thee where a man's life is at stake."

"Thou must have so many men at thy beck," says he, "that thou wilt not need me for such work."

"That I will settle as I please," she says.

"We will strike a bargain on these terms," says he.

Then she took him into the household.

. . . . . .

Now we must take up the story and say, that Atli asked Bergthora what work he should do that day.

"I have thought of some work for thee," she says; "thou shalt go and look for Kol until thou find him; for now shalt thou slay him this very day, if thou wilt do my will."

"This work is well fitted," says Atli, "for each of us two are bad fellows; but still I will so lay myself out for him that one or other of us shall die."

"Well mayst thou fare," she says, "and thou shalt not do this deed for nothing."

He took his weapons and his horse, and rode up to Fleetlithe, and there met men who were coming down from Lithend. They were at home east in the Mark. They asked Atli whither he meant to go. He said he was riding to look for an old jade. They said that was a small errand for such a workman, "but still 'twould be better to ask those who have been about last night."

"Who are they?" says he.

"Killing-Kol," say they, "Hallgerda's house-carle, fared from the fold just now, and has been awake all night."

"I do not know whether I dare to meet him," says Atli, "he is bad-tempered, and may be that I shall let another's wound be my warning."

"Thou bearest that look beneath the brows as though thou wert no coward," they said, and showed him where Kol was.

Then he spurred his horse and rides fast, and when he meets Kol, Atli said to him, "Go the pack-saddle bands well?"

"That's no business of thine, worthless fellow, nor of any one else whence thou comest."

Atli said, "Thou hast something behind that is earnest work, but that is to die."

After that Atli thrust at him with his spear, and struck him about his middle. Kol swept at him with his axe, but missed him, and fell off his horse, and died at once.

Atli rode till he met some of Hallgerda's workmen, and

said, "Go ye up to the horse yonder, and look to Kol, for he has fallen off, and is dead."

"Hast thou slain him?" say they.

"Well, 'twill seem to Hallgerda as though he has not fallen by his own hand."

After that Atli rode home and told Bergthora; she thanked him for this deed, and for the words which he had spoken about it.

"I do not know," says he, "what Njall will think of this."

"He will take it well upon his hands," she says, "and I will tell thee one thing as a token of it, that he has carried away with him to the Thing the price of that thrall which we took last spring, and that money will now serve for Kol; but though peace be made thou must still be ware of thyself, for Hallgerda will keep no peace."

"Wilt thou send at all a man to Njall to tell him of the slaying?"

"I will not," she says, "I should like it better that Kol were unatoned."

Then they stopped talking about it.

Hallgerda was told of Kol's slaying, and of the words that Atli had said. She said Atli should be paid off for them. She sent a man to the Thing to tell Gunnar of Kol's slaying; he answered little or nothing, and sent a man to tell Njall. He too made no answer, but Skarphedinn said, "Thralls are men of more mettle than of yore; they used to fly at each other and fight, and no one thought much harm of that; but now they will do naught but kill," and as he said this he smiled.

Njall pulled down the purse of money which hung up in the booth, and went out; his sons went with him to Gunnar's booth.

Skarphedinn said to a man who was in the doorway of the booth, "Say thou to Gunnar that my father wants to see him."

He did so, and Gunnar went out at once and gave Njall a hearty welcome. After that they began to talk.

"'Tis ill done," says Njall, "that my housewife should have broken the peace, and let thy house-carle be slain."

"She shall not have blame for that," says Gunnar.

"Settle the award thyself," says Njall.

"So I will do," says Gunnar, "and I value those two men at an even price, Swart and Kol. Thou shalt pay me twelve ounces in silver."

Njall took the purse of money and handed it to Gunnar. Gunnar knew the money, and saw it was the same that he had paid Njall. Njall went away to his booth, and they were just as good friends as before. When Njall came home, he blamed Bergthora; but she said she would never give way to Hallgerda. Hallgerda was very cross with Gunnar, because he had made peace for Kol's slaying. Gunnar told her he would never break with Njall or his sons, and she flew into a great rage; but Gunnar took no heed of that, and so they sat for that year, and nothing noteworthy happened.

Next spring Njall said to Atli, "I wish that thou wouldst change thy abode to the east firths, so that Hallgerda may not put an end to thy life."

"I am not afraid of that," says Atli, "and I will willingly stay at home if I have the choice."

"Still that is less wise," says Njall.

"I think it better to lose my life in thy house than to change my master; but this I will beg of thee, if I am slain, that a thrall's price shall not be paid for me."

"Thou shalt be atoned for as a free man; but perhaps Bergthora will make thee a promise which she will fulfill, that revenge, man for man, shall be taken for thee."

Then he made up his mind to be a hired servant there.

Now it must be told of Hallgerda that she sent a man west to Bearfirth, to fetch Brynjolf the Unruly, her kinsman. He was a base son of Swan, and he was one of the worst of men. Gunnar knew nothing about it. Hallgerda said he was well fitted to be a grieve. So Brynjolf came from the west, and Gunnar asked what he was to do there. He said he was going to stay there.

"Thou wilt not better our household," says Gunnar, "after what has been told me of thee, but I will not turn away any of Hallgerda's kinsmen, whom she wishes to be with her."

Gunnar said little, but was not unkind to him, and so things went on till the Thing. Gunnar rides to the Thing and Kolskegg rides too, and when they came to the Thing they and Njall met, for he and his sons were at the Thing, and all went well with Gunnar and them.

Bergthora said to Atli, "Go thou up into Thorolfsfell and work there a week."

So he went up thither, and was there on the sly, and burnt charcoal in the wood.

Hallgerda said to Brynjolf, "I have been told Atli is not at home, and he must be winning work on Thorolfsfell."

"What thinkest thou likeliest that he is working at?" says he.

"At something in the wood," she says.

"What shall I do to him?" he asks.

"Thou shalt kill him," says she.

He was rather slow in answering her, and Hallgerda said, " 'Twould grow less in Thiostolf's eyes to kill Atli if he were alive."

"Thou shalt have no need to goad me on much more," he says, and then he seized his weapons, and takes his horse and mounts, and rides to Thorolfsfell. There he saw a great reek of coalsmoke east of the homestead, so he rides thither, and gets off his horse and ties him up, but he goes where the smoke was thickest. Then he sees where the charcoal pit is, and a man stands by it. He saw that he had thrust his spear in the ground by him. Brynjolf goes along with the smoke right up to him, but he was eager at his work, and saw him not. Brynjolf gave him a stroke on the head with his axe, and he turned so quick round that Brynjolf loosed his hold of the axe, and Atli grasped the spear, and hurled it after him. Then Brynjolf cast himself down on the ground, but the spear flew away over him.

"Lucky for thee that I was not ready for thee," says Atli, "but now Hallgerda will be well pleased, for thou wilt tell her of my death; but it is a comfort to know that thou wilt have the same fate soon; but come now, take thy axe which has been here."

He answered him never a word, nor did he take the axe before he was dead. Then he rode up to the house on Thorolfsfell, and told of the slaying, and after that rode home and told Hallgerda. She sent men to Bergthorsknoll, and let them tell Bergthora that now Kol's slaying was paid for.

After that Hallgerda sent a man to the Thing to tell Gunnar of Atli's killing.

Gunnar himself is drawn into the feud, and after many adventures and not a few killings meets his death in the following manner:

Next autumn Mord Valgard's son sent word that Gunnar would be all alone at home, but all his people would be down in the isles to make an end of their haymaking. Then Gizur the White and Geir the Priest rode east over the rivers as soon as ever they heard that, and so east across the sands to Hof. Then they sent word to Starkad under the Three-corner, and there they all met who were to fall on Gunnar, and took counsel how they might best bring it about.

Mord said that they could not come on Gunnar unawares, unless they seized the farmer who dwelt at the next homestead, whose name was Thorkell, and made him go against his will with them to lay hands on the hound Sam, and unless he went before them to the homestead to do this.

Then they set out east for Lithend, but sent to fetch Thorkell. They seized him and bound him, and gave him two choices—one that they would slay him, or else he must lay hands on the hound; but he chooses rather to save his life, and went with them.

There was a beaten sunk road, between fences, above the farm yard at Lithend, and there they halted with

their band. Master Thorkell went up to the homestead, and the tyke lay on the top of the house, and he entices the dog away with him into a deep hollow in the path. Just then the hound sees that there are men before them, and he leaps on Thorkell and tears his belly open.

Aunund of Witchwood smote the hound on the head with his axe, so that the blade sunk into the brain. The hound gave such a great howl that they thought it passing strange, and he fell down dead.

Gunnar woke up in his hall and said, "Thou hast been sorely treated, Sam, my fosterling, and this warning is so meant that our two deaths will not be far apart."

Gunnar's hall was made all of wood, and roofed with beams above, and there were window-slits under the beams that carried the roof, and they were fitted with shutters.

Gunnar slept in a loft above the hall, and so did Hallgerda and his mother.

Now when they were come near to the house they knew not whether Gunnar were at home, and bade that some one would go straight up to the house and see if he could find out. But the rest sat them down on the ground.

Thorgrim the Easterling went and began to climb up on the hall; Gunnar sees that a red kirtle passed before the window-slit, and thrusts out the bill, and smote him on the middle. Thorgrim's feet slipped from under him, and he dropped his shield, and down he toppled from the roof.

Then he goes to Gizur and his band as they sat on the ground.

Gizur looked at him and said, "Well, is Gunnar at home?"

"Find that out for yourselves," said Thorgrim; "but this I am sure of, that his bill is at home," and with that he fell down dead.

Then they made for the buildings. Gunnar shot out arrows at them, and made a stout defense, and they could get nothing done. Then some of them got into the out

houses and tried to attack him thence, but Gunnar found them out with his arrows there also.

So it went on for a while, then they took a rest, and made a second onslaught. Gunnar still shot out at them, and they could do nothing, and fell off the second time. Then Gizur the White said, "Let us press on harder; nothing comes of our onslaught."

Then they made a third bout of it, and were long at it, and then they fell off again.

Gunnar said, "There lies an arrow outside on the wall, and it is one of their shafts; I will shoot at them with it, and it will be a shame to them if they get a hurt from their own weapons."

His mother said, "Do not so, my son; nor rouse them again when they have already fallen off from the attack."

But Gunnar caught up the arrow and shot it after them, and struck Eylif Aunund's son, and he got a great wound; he was standing all by himself, and they knew not that he was wounded.

"Out came an arm yonder," says Gizur, "and there was a gold ring on it, and took an arrow from the roof, and they would not look outside for shafts if there were enough in doors; and now ye shall make a fresh onslaught."

"Let us burn him house and all," said Mord.

"That shall never be," says Gizur, "though I knew that my life lay on it; but it is easy for thee to find out some plan, such a cunning man as thou art said to be."

Some ropes lay there on the ground, and they were often used to strengthen the roof. Then Mord said, "Let us take the ropes and throw one end over the end of the carrying beams, but let us fasten the other end to these rocks and twist them tight with levers, and so pull the roof off the hall."

So they took the ropes and all lent a hand to carry this out, and before Gunnar was aware of it, they had pulled the whole roof off the hall.

Then Gunnar still shoots with his bow so that they could never come nigh him. Then Mord said again that

they must burn the house over Gunnar's head. But Gizur said, "I know not why thou wilt speak of that which no one else wishes, and that shall never be."

Just then Thorbrand Thorleik's son sprang up on the roof, and cuts asunder Gunnar's bowstring. Gunnar clutches the bill with both hands, and turns on him quickly and drives it through him, and hurls him down on the ground.

Then up sprung Asbrand his brother. Gunnar thrusts at him with his bill, and he threw his shield before the blow, but the bill passed clean through the shield and broke both his arms, and down he fell from the wall.

Gunnar had already wounded eight men and slain those twain. By that time Gunnar had got two wounds, and all men said that he never once winced either at wounds or death.

Then Gunnar said to Hallgerda, "Give me two locks of thy hair, and ye two, my mother and thou, twist them together into a bowstring for me."

"Does aught lie on it?" she says.

"My life lies on it," he said; "for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow."

"Well!" she says, "now I will call to thy mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me; and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short."

Then Gunnar sang a song:

"Each who hurls the gory javelin
Hath some honor of his own,
Now my helpmeet wimple-hooded
Hurries all my fame to earth.
No one owner of a war-ship
Often asks for little things,
Woman, fond of Frodi's flour,
Wends her hand as she is wont."

"Every one has something to boast of," says Gunnar, "and I will ask thee no more for this."

"Thou behavest ill," said Rannveig, "and this shame shall long be had in mind."

Gunnar made a stout and bold defense, and now wounds other eight men with such sore wounds that many lay at death's door. Gunnar keeps them all off until he fell worn out with toil. Then they wounded him with many and great wounds, but still he got away out of their hands, and held his own against them a while longer, but at last it came about that they slew him.

Of this defense of his, Thorkell the Skald of Gota-Elf sang in the verses which follow:

"We have heard how south in Iceland
Gunnar guarded well himself,
Boldly battle's thunder wielding,
Fiercest foeman on the wave;
Hero of the golden collar,
Sixteen with the sword he wounded;
In the shock that Odin loveth,
Two before him tasted death."

But this is what Thormod Olaf's son sang:

"None that scattered sea's bright sunbeams,
Won more glorious fame than Gunnar.
So runs fame of old in Iceland,
Fitting fame of heathen men;
Lord of fight when helms were crashing,
Lives of foeman twain he took,
Wielding bitter steel he sorely
Wounded twelve, and four besides."

Then Gizur spoke and said, "We have now laid low to earth a mighty chief, and hard work has it been, and the fame of this defense of his shall last as long as men live in this land."

After that he went to see Rannveig and said, "Wilt thou grant us earth here for two of our men who are dead, that they may lie in a cairn here?"

"All the more willingly for two," she says, "because I wish with all my heart I had to grant it to all of you."

"It must be forgiven thee," he says, "to speak thus, for thou hast had a great loss."

Then he gave orders that no man should spoil or rob anything there.

After that they went away.

Then Thorgeir Starkad's son said, "We may not be in our house at home for the sons of Sigfus, unless thou Gizur or thou Geir be here south some little while."

"This shall be so," says Gizur, and they cast lots, and the lot fell on Geir to stay behind.

After that he came to the Point, and set up his house there; he had a son whose name was Hroald; he was base born, and his mother's name was Biartey; he boasted that he had given Gunnar his death blow. Hroald was at the Point with his father.

Thorgeir Starkad's son boasted of another wound which he had given to Gunnar.

Gizur sat at home at Mossfell. Gunnar's slaying was heard of, and ill spoken of throughout the whole country, and his death was a great grief to many a man.

Njall could ill brook Gunnar's death, nor could the sons of Sigfus brook it either.

They asked whether Njall thought they had any right to give notice of a suit of manslaughter for Gunnar, or to set the suit on foot.

He said that could not be done, as the man had been outlawed; but said it would be better worth trying to do something to wound their glory, by slaying some men in vengeance after him.

They cast a cairn over Gunnar, and made him sit upright in the cairn. Rannveig would not hear of his bill being buried in the cairn, but said he alone should have it as his own, who was ready to avenge Gunnar. So no one took the bill.

She was so hard on Hallgerda, that she was on the point of killing her; and she said that she had been the cause of her son's slaying.

Then Hallgerda fled away to Gritwater, and her son Grani with her, and they shared the goods between them;

Hogni was to have the land at Lithend and the homestead on it, but Grani was to have the land let out on lease.

Now this token happened at Lithend, that the neatherd and the serving-maid were driving cattle by Gunnar's cairn. They thought that he was merry, and that he was singing inside the cairn. They went home and told Rannveig, Gunnar's mother, of this token, but she bade them go and tell Njall.

Then they went over to Bergthorsknoll and told Njall, but he made them tell it three times over.

After that, he had a long talk all alone with Skarphedinn; and Skarphedinn took his weapons and goes with them to Lithend.

Rannveig and Hogni gave him a hearty welcome, and were very glad to see him. Rannveig asked him to stay there some time, and he said he would.

He and Hogni were always together, at home and abroad. Hogni was a brisk, brave man, well-bred and well-trained in mind and body, but distrustful and slow to believe what he was told, and that was why they dared not tell him of the token.

Now those two, Skarphedinn and Hogni, were out of doors one evening by Gunnar's cairn on the south side. The moon and stars were shining clear and bright, but every now and then the clouds drove over them. Then all at once they thought they saw the cairn standing open, and lo! Gunnar had turned himself in the cairn and looked at the moon. They thought they saw four lights burning in the cairn, and none of them threw a shadow. They saw that Gunnar was merry, and he wore a joyful face. He sang a song, and so loud, that it might have been heard though they had been further off.

"He that lavished rings in largesse,
When the fights' red rain-drops fell,
Bright of face, with heart-strings hardy,
Hogni's father met his fate;
Then his brow with helmet shrouding,
Bearing battle-shield, he spake,

'I will die the prop of battle,
Sooner die than yield an inch,
Yes, sooner die than yield an inch.''

After that the cairn was shut up again.

''Wouldst thou believe these tokens if Njall or I told them to thee?'' says Skarphedinn.

''I would believe them,'' he says, ''if Njall told them, for it is said he never lies.''

''Such tokens as these mean much,'' says Skarphedinn, ''when he shows himself to us, he who would sooner die than yield to his foes; and see how he has taught us what we ought to do.''

''I shall be able to bring nothing to pass,'' says Hogni, ''unless thou wilt stand by me.''

''Now,'' says Skarphedinn, ''will I bear in mind how Gunnar behaved after the slaying of your kinsman Sigmund; now I will yield you such help as I may. My father gave his word to Gunnar to do that whenever thou or thy mother had need of it.''

After that they go home to Lithend.

The curious episode *Amund the Blind:*

That event happened three winters after at the Thingskala-Thing that Amund the Blind was at the Thing; he was the son of Hauskuld Njall's son. He made men lead him about among the booths, and so he came to the booth inside which was Lyting of Samstede. He made them lead him into the booth till he came before Lyting.

''Is Lyting of Samstede here?'' he asked.

''What dost thou want?'' says Lyting.

''I want to know,'' says Amund, ''what atonement thou wilt pay me for my father. I am base-born, and I have touched no fine.''

''I have atoned for the slaying of thy father,'' says Lyting, ''with a full price, and thy father's father and thy father's brothers took the money; but my brothers fell without a price as outlaws; and so it was that I had both done an ill deed, and paid dear for it.''

"I ask not," says Amund, "as to thy having paid an atonement to them. I know that ye two are now friends, but I ask this, what atonement wilt thou pay to me?"

"None at all," says Lyting.

"I cannot see," says Amund, "how thou canst have right before God, when thou hast stricken me so near the heart; but all I can say is, that if I were blessed with the sight of both my eyes, I would have either a money fine for my father, or revenge man for man, and so may God judge between us."

After that he went out; but when he came to the door of the booth, he turned short round towards the inside. Then his eyes were opened, and he said, "Praised be the Lord! now I see what his will is."

With that he ran straight into the booth until he comes before Lyting, and smites him with an axe on the head, so that it sunk in up to the hammer, and gives the axe a pull towards him.

Lyting fell forwards and was dead at once.

Amund goes out to the door of the booth, and when he got to the very same spot on which he had stood when his eyes were opened, lo! they were shut again, and he was blind all his life after.

Then he made them lead him to Njall and his sons, and he told them of Lyting's slaying.

"Thou mayest not be blamed for this," says Njall, "for such things are settled by a higher power; but it is worth while to take warning from such events, lest we cut any short who have such near claims as Amund had."

After that Njall offered an atonement to Lyting's kinsmen. Hauskuld the Priest of Whiteness had a share in bringing Lyting's kinsmen to take the fine, and then the matter was put to an award, and half the fines fell away for the sake of the claim which he seemed to have on Lyting.

After that men came forward with pledges of peace and good faith, and Lyting's kinsmen granted pledges to Amund. Men rode home from the Thing; and now all is quiet for a long while.

The death of Njall and his family may be called the most important series of incidents, but it was far from marking the end of the feud, which, it will be observed, continues to embroil men in it until many hundreds are engaged in the final battle at the Thing:

Flosi summoned all his men up to the "Great Rift," and went thither himself.

So when all his men were come, there were one hundred and twenty of them.

Then Flosi spake thus to the sons of Sigfus, "In what way shall I stand by you in this quarrel, which will be most to your minds?"

"Nothing will please us," said Gunnar Lambi's son, "until those brothers, Njall's sons, are all slain."

"This," said Flosi, "will I promise to you, ye sons of Sigfus, not to part from this quarrel before one of us bites the dust before the other. I will also know whether there be any man here who will not stand by us in this quarrel." But they all said they would stand by him.

Then Flosi said, "Come now all to me, and swear an oath that no man will shrink from this quarrel."

Then all went up to Flosi and swore oaths to him; and then Flosi said, "We will all of us shake hands on this, that he shall have forfeited life and land who quits this quarrel ere it be over."

. . . . . .

Then Flosi said to the sons of Sigfus, "Choose ye now a leader, whomsoever ye think best fitted; for some one man must needs be chief over the quarrel."

Then Kettle of the Mark answered, "If the choice is to be left with us brothers, then we will soon choose that this duty should fall on thee; there are many things which lead to this. Thou art a man of great birth, and a mighty chief, stout of heart, and strong of body, and wise withal, and so we think it best that thou shouldst see to all that is needful in the quarrel."

"It is most fitting," said Flosi, "that I should agree to undertake this as your prayer asks; and now I will lay down the course which we shall follow, and my counsel is, that each man ride home from the Thing and look after his household during the summer, so long as men's haymaking lasts. I, too, will ride home, and be at home this summer; but when that Lord's day comes on which winter is eight weeks off, then I will let them sing me a mass at home, and afterwards ride west across Loomnips Sand; each of our men shall have two horses. I will not swell our company beyond those which have now taken the oath, for we have enough and to spare if all keep true tryst. I will ride all the Lord's day and the night as well, but at even on the second day of the week, I shall ride up to Threecorner ridge about mid-even. There shall ye then be all come who have sworn an oath in this matter. But if there be any one who has not come, and who has joined us in this quarrel, then that man shall lose nothing save his life, if we may have our way. . . . And now I will tell you my whole purpose, that when we meet there all together, we shall ride to Bergthorsknoll with all our band, and fall on Njall's sons with fire and sword, and not turn away before they are all dead. Ye shall hide this plan, for our lives lie on it. And now we will take to our horses and ride home."

Then they all went to their booths.

After that Flosi made them saddle his horses, and they waited for no man, and rode home.

Flosi would not stay to meet Hall his father-in-law, for he knew of a surety that Hall would set his face against all strong deeds.

Njall rode home from the Thing and his sons. They were at home that summer. Njall asked Kari his son-in-law whether he thought at all of riding east to Dyrholms to his own house.

"I will not ride east," answered Kari, "for one fate shall befall me and thy sons."

Njall thanked him, and said that was only what was

likely from him. There were nearly thirty fighting men in Njall's house, reckoning the house-carles.

One day it happened that Rodny Hauskuld's daughter, the mother of Hauskuld Njall's son, came to the Springs. Her brother Ingialld greeted her well, but she would not take his greeting, but yet bade him go out with her. Ingialld did so, and went out with her; and so they walked away from the farm-yard both together. Then she clutched hold of him and they both sat down, and Rodny said, "Is it true that thou hast sworn an oath to fall on Njall, and slay him and his sons?"

"True it is," said he.

"A very great dastard art thou," she says, "thou, whom Njall hath thrice saved from outlawry."

"Still it hath come to this," says Ingialld, "that my life lies on it if I do not this."

"Not so," says she, "thou shalt live all the same, and be called a better man, if thou betrayest not him to whom thou oughtest to behave best."

Then she took a linen hood out of her bag, it was clotted with blood all over, and torn and tattered, and said, "This hood, Hauskuld Njall's son, and thy sister's son, had on his head when they slew him; methinks, then, it is ill doing to stand by those from whom this mischief sprang."

"Well!" answers Ingialld, "So it shall be that I will not be against Njall whatever follows after, but still I know that they will turn and throw trouble on me."

"Now mightest thou," said Rodny, "yield Njall and his sons great help, if thou tellest him all these plans."

"That I will not do," says Ingialld, "for then I am every man's dastard if I tell what was trusted to me in good faith; but it is a manly deed to sunder myself from this quarrel when I know that there is a sure looking for of vengeance; but tell Njall and his sons to be ware of themselves all this summer, for that will be good counsel, and to keep many men about them."

Then she fared to Bergthorsknoll, and told Njall all this talk; and Njall thanked her, and said she had done

well, "For there would be more wickedness in his falling on me than of all men else."

She fared home, but he told this to his sons.

There was a carline at Bergthorsknoll, whose name was Saevuna. She was wise in many things, and foresighted; but she was then very old, and Njall's sons called her an old dotard, when she talked so much, but still some things which she said came to pass. It fell one day that she took a cudgel in her hand, and went up above the house to a stack of vetches. She beat the stack of vetches with her cudgel, and wished it might never thrive, "Wretch that it was!"

Skarphedinn laughed at her, and asked why she was so angry with the vetch stack.

"This stack of vetches," said the carline, "will be taken and lighted with fire when Njall my master is burnt, house and all, and Bergthora my foster-child. Take it away to the water, or burn it up as quick as you can."

"We will not do that," says Skarphedinn, "for something else will be got to light a fire with, if that were foredoomed, though this stack were not here."

The carline babbled the whole summer about the vetch-stack that it should be got indoors, but something always hindered it.

At Reykium on Skeid dwelt one Runolf Thorstein's son. His son's name was Hildiglum. He went out on the night of the Lord's day, when nine weeks were still to winter; he heard a great crash, so that he thought both heaven and earth shook. Then he looked into the west "airt," and he thought he saw thereabouts a ring of fiery hue, and within the ring a man on a gray horse. He passed quickly by him, and rode hard. He had a flaming firebrand in his hand, and he rode so close to him that he could see him plainly. He was as black as pitch, and he sang this song with a mighty voice:

"Here I ride swift steed,
His flank flecked with rime,

Rain from his mane drips,
Horse mighty for harm;
Flames flare at each end,
Gall glows in the midst,
So fares it with Flosi's redes
As this flaming brand flies;
And so fares it with Flosi's redes
As this flaming brand flies."

Then he thought he hurled the firebrand east towards the fells before him, and such a blaze of fire leapt up to meet it that he could not see the fells for the blaze. It seemed as though that man rode east among the flames and vanished there.

After that he went to his bed, and was senseless a long time, but at last he came to himself. He bore in mind all that had happened, and told his father, but he bade him tell it to Hjallti Skeggi's son. So he went and told Hjallti, but he said he had seen " 'the Wolf's ride,' and that comes ever before great tidings."

Flosi busked him from the east when two months were still to winter, and summoned to him all his men who had promised him help and company. Each of them had two horses and good weapons, and they all came to Swinefell, and were there that night.

Flosi made them say prayers betimes on the Lord's day, and afterwards they sate down to meat. He spoke to his household, and told them what work each was to do while he was away. After that he went to his horses.

Flosi and his men rode first west on the Sand. Flosi bade them not to ride too hard at first; but said they would do well enough at that pace, and he bade all to wait for the others if any of them had need to stop. They rode west to Woodcombe, and came to Kirkby. Flosi there bade all men to come into the church, and pray to God, and men did so.

After that they mounted their horses, and rode on the fell, and so to Fishwaters, and rode a little to the west of the lakes, and so struck down west on to the

Sand. Then they left Eyjafell Jokul on their left hand, and so came down into Godaland, and so on to Markfleet, and came about nones on the second day of the week to Threecorner ridge, and waited till mid-even. Then all had come thither save Ingialld of the Springs.

The sons of Sigfus spoke much ill of him, but Flosi bade them not blame Ingialld when he was not by, "But we will pay him for this hereafter."

Now we must take up the story, and turn to Bergthorsknoll, and say that Grim and Helgi go to Holar. They had children out at foster there, and they told their mother that they should not come home that evening. They were in Holar all the day, and there came some poor women and said they had come from far. Those brothers asked for tidings, and they said they had no tidings, "But still we might tell you one bit of news."

They asked what that might be, and bade them not hide it. They said so it should be.

"We came down out of Fleetlithe, and we saw all the sons of Sigfus riding fully armed—they made for Threecorner ridge, and were fifteen in company. We saw too Grani Gunnar's son and Gunnar Lambi's son, and they were five in all. They took the same road, and one may say now that the whole country-side is faring and flitting about."

"Then," said Helgi Njall's son, "Flosi must have come from the east, and they must have all gone to meet him, and we two, Grim, should be where Skarphedinn is."

Grim said so it ought to be, and they fared home.

That same evening Bergthora spoke to her household, and said, "Now shall ye choose your meat to-night, so that each may have what he likes best; for this evening is the last that I shall set meat before my household."

"That shall not be," they said.

"It will be though," she says, "and I could tell you much more if I would, but this shall be a token, that Grim and Helgi will be home ere men have eaten their full to-night; and if this turns out so, then the rest that I say will happen too."

After that she set meat on the board, and Njall said, "Wondrously now it seems to me. Methinks I see all round the room, and it seems as though the gable wall were thrown down, but the whole board and the meat on it is one gore of blood."

All thought this strange but Skarphedinn, he bade men not be downcast, nor to utter other unseemly sounds, so that men might make a story out of them.

"For it befits us surely more than other men to bear us well, and it is only what is looked for from us."

Grim and Helgi came home ere the board was cleared, and men were much struck at that. Njall asked why they had returned so quickly, but they told what they had heard.

Njall bade no man go to sleep, but to be ware of themselves.

Now Flosi speaks to his men, "Now we will ride to Bergthorsknoll, and come thither before supper-time."

They do so. There was a dell in the knoll, and they rode thither, and tethered their horses there, and stayed there till the evening was far spent.

Then Flosi said, "Now we will go straight up to the house, and keep close, and walk slow, and see what counsel they will take."

Njall stood out of doors, and his sons, and Kari and all the serving-men, and they stood in array to meet them in the yard, and they were near thirty of them.

Flosi halted and said, "Now we shall see what counsel they take, for it seems to me, if they stand out of doors to meet us, as though we should never get the mastery over them."

"Then is our journey bad," says Grani Gunnar's son, "if we are not to dare to fall on them."

"Nor shall that be," says Flosi; "for we will fall on them though they stand out of doors; but we shall pay that penalty, that many will not go away to tell which side won the day."

Njall said to his men, "See ye now what a great band of men they have."

"They have both a great and well-knit band," says Skarphedinn; "but this is why they make a halt now, because they think it will be a hard struggle to master us."

"That cannot be why they halt," says Njall; "and my will is that our men go indoors, for they had hard work to master Gunnar of Lithend, though he was alone to meet them; but here is a strong house as there was there, and they will be slow to come to close quarters."

"This is not to be settled in that wise," says Skarphedinn, "for those chiefs fell on Gunnar's house, who were so noble-minded, that they would rather turn back than burn him, house and all; but these will fall on us at once with fire, if they cannot get at us in any other way, for they will leave no stone unturned to get the better of us; and no doubt they think, as is not unlikely, that it will be their deaths if we escape out of their hands. Besides, I am unwilling to let myself be stifled indoors like a fox in his earth."

"Now," said Njall, "as often it happens, my sons, ye set my counsel at naught, and show me no honor, but when ye were younger ye did not so, and then your plans were better furthered."

"Let us do," said Helgi, "as our father wills; that will be best for us."

"I am not so sure of that," says Skarphedinn, "for now he is 'fey;' but still I may well humor my father in this, by being burnt indoors along with him, for I am not afraid of my death."

Then he said to Kari, "Let us stand by one another well, brother-in-law, so that neither parts from the other."

"That I have made up my mind to do," says Kari; "but if it should be otherwise doomed,—well! then it must be as it must be, and I shall not be able to fight against it."

"Avenge us, and we will avenge thee," says Skarphedinn, "if we live after thee."

Kari said so it should be.

Then they all went in, and stood in array at the door.

"Now are they all 'fey,' " said Flosi, "since they have gone indoors, and we will go right up to them as quickly as we can, and throng as close as we can before the door, and give heed that none of them, neither Kari nor Njall's sons, get away; for that were our bane."

So Flosi and his men came up to the house, and set men to watch round the house, if there were any secret doors in it. But Flosi went up to the front of the house with his men.

Then Hroald Auzur's son ran up to where Skarphedinn stood, and thrust at him. Skarphedinn hewed the spearhead off the shaft as he held it, and made another stroke at him, and the axe fell on the top of the shield, and dashed back the whole shield on Hroald's body, but the upper horn of the axe caught him on the brow, and he fell at full length on his back, and was dead at once.

"Little chance had that one with thee, Skarphedinn," said Kari, "and thou art our boldest."

"I'm not so sure of that," says Skarphedinn, and he drew up his lips and smiled.

Kari, and Grim, and Helgi, threw out many spears, and wounded many men; but Flosi and his men could do nothing.

At last Flosi said, "We have already gotten great manscathe in our men; many are wounded, and the slain whom we would choose last of all. It is now clear that we shall never master them with weapons; many now there be who are not so forward in fight as they boasted, and yet they were those who goaded us on most. I say this most to Grani Gunnar's son, and Gunnar Lambi's son, who were the least willing to spare their foes. But still we shall have to take to some other plan for ourselves, and now there are but two choices left, and neither of them good. One is to turn away, and that is our death; the other, to set fire to the house, and burn them inside it; and that is a deed which we shall have to answer for heavily before God, since we are Christian men ourselves; but still we must take to that counsel."

Now they took fire, and made a great pile before the doors. Then Skarphedinn said, "What, lads! are ye lighting a fire, or are ye taking to cooking?"

"So it shall be," answered Grani Gunnar's son; "and thou shalt not need to be better done."

"Thou repayest me," said Skarphedinn, "as one may look for from the man that thou art. I avenged thy father, and thou settest most store by that duty which is farthest from thee."

Then the women threw whey on the fire, and quenched it as fast as they lit it. Some, too, brought water, or slops.

Then Kol Thorstein's son said to Flosi, "A plan comes into my mind; I have seen a loft over the hall among the crosstrees, and we will put the fire in there, and light it with the vetch-stack that stands just above the house."

Then they took the vetch-stack and set fire to it, and they who were inside were not aware of it till the whole hall was a-blaze over their heads.

Then Flosi and his men made a great pile before each of the doors, and then the women folk who were inside began to weep and to wail.

Njall spoke to them and said, "Keep up your hearts, nor utter shrieks, for this is but a passing storm, and it will be long before ye have another such; and put your faith in God, and believe that he is so merciful that he well not let us burn both in this world and the next."

Such words of comfort had he for them all, and others still more strong.

Now the whole house began to blaze. Then Njall went to the door and said, "Is Flosi so near that he can hear my voice?"

Flosi said that he could hear it.

"Wilt thou," said Njall, "take an atonement from my sons, or allow any men to go out?"

"I will not," answers Flosi, "take any atonement from thy sons, and now our dealings shall come to an end once for all, and I will not stir from this spot till they are all dead; but I will allow the women and children and house-carles to go out."

Then Njall went into the house, and said to the fold, "Now all those must go out to whom leave is given, and so go thou out Thorhalla Asgrim's daughter, and all the people also with thee who may."

Then Thorhalla said, "This is another parting between me and Helgi than I thought of a while ago; but still I will egg on my father and brothers to avenge this manscathe which is wrought here."

"Go, and good go with thee," said Njall, "for thou art a brave woman."

After that she went out and much folk with her.

Then Astrid of Deepback said to Helgi Njall's son, "Come thou out with me, and I will throw a woman's cloak over thee, and tie thy head with a kerchief."

He spoke against it at first, but at last he did so at the prayer of others.

So Astrid wrapped the kerchief round Helgi's head, but Thorhilda, Skarphedinn's wife, threw the cloak over him, and he went out between them, and then Thorgerda Njall's daughter, and Helga her sister, and many other folk went out too.

But when Helgi came out Flosi said, "That is a tall woman and broad across the shoulders that went yonder, take her and hold her."

But when Helgi heard that, he cast away the cloak. He had got his sword under his arm, and hewed at a man, and the blow fell on his shield and cut off the point of it, and the man's leg as well. Then Flosi came up and hewed at Helgi's neck, and took off his head at a stroke.

Then Flosi went to the door and called out to Njall, and said he would speak with him and Bergthora.

Now Njall does so, and Flosi said, "I will offer thee, master Njall, leave to go out, for it is unworthy that thou shouldst burn indoors."

"I will not go out," said Njall, "for I am an old man, and little fitted to avenge my sons, but I will not live in shame."

Then Flosi said to Bergthora, "Come thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors."

"I was given away to Njall young," said Bergthora, "and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate."

After that they both went back into the house.

"What counsel shall we now take?" said Bergthora.

"We will go to our bed," says Njall, "and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest."

Then she said to the boy Thord, Kari's son, "Thee will I take out, and thou shalt not burn in here."

"Thou hast promised me this, grandmother," says the boy, "that we should never part so long as I wished to be with thee; but methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njall than to live after you."

Then she bore the boy to her bed, and Njall spoke to his steward and said, "Now thou shalt see where we lay us down, and how I lay us out, for I mean not to stir an inch hence, whether reek or burning smart me, and so thou wilt be able to guess where to look for our bones."

There had been an ox slaughtered and the hide lay there. Njall told the steward to spread the hide over them, and he did so.

So there they lay down both of them in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter.

Then the steward took the hide and spread it over them, and went out afterwards. Kettle of the Mark caught hold of him, and dragged him out, he asked carefully after his father-in-law Njall, but the steward told him the whole truth. Then Kettle said, "Great grief hath been sent on us, when we have had to share such ill-luck together."

Skarphedinn saw how his father laid him down, and how he laid himself out, and then he said, "Our father goes early to bed, and that is what was to be looked for, for he is an old man."

Then Skarphedinn, and Kari, and Grim, caught the brands as fast as they dropped down, and hurled them

out at them, and so it went on a while. Then they hurled spears in at them, but they caught them all as they flew, and sent them back again.

Then Flosi bade them cease shooting, "for all feats of arms will go hard with us when we deal with them; ye may well wait till the fire overcomes them."

So they do that, and shoot no more.

Then the great beams out of the roof began to fall, and Skarphedinn said, "Now must my father be dead, and I have neither heard groan nor cough from him."

Then they went to the end of the hall, and there had fallen down a cross-beam inside which was much burnt in the middle.

Kari spoke to Skarphedinn, and said, "Leap thou out here, and I will help thee to do so, and I will leap out after thee, and then we shall both get away if we set about it so, for hitherward blows all the smoke."

"Thou shalt leap first," said Skarphedinn; "but I will leap straightway on thy heels."

"That is not wise," say Kari, "for I can get out well enough elsewhere, though it does not come about here."

"I will not do that," say Skarphedinn; "leap thou out first, but I will leap after thee at once."

"It is bidden to every man," says Kari, "to seek to save his life while he has a choice, and I will do so now; but still this parting of ours will be in such wise that we shall never see one another more; for if I leap out of the fire, I shall have no mind to leap back into the fire to thee, and then each of us will have to fare his own way."

"It joys me, brother-in-law," says Skarphedinn, "to think that if thou gettest away thou wilt avenge me."

Then Kari took up a blazing bench in his hand, and runs up along the cross-beam, then he hurls the bench out at the roof, and it fell among those who were outside.

Then they ran away, and by that time all Kari's upper clothing and hair were a-blaze; he threw himself down from the roof, and so crept along with the smoke.

Then one man said who was nearest, "Was that a man that leapt out at the roof?"

"Far from it," says another; "more likely it was Skarphedinn who hurled a firebrand at us."

After that they had no more mistrust.

Kari ran till he came to a stream, and then he threw himself down into it, and so quenched the fire on him.

After that he ran along under shelter of the smoke into a hollow, and rested him there, and that has since been called Kari's Hollow.

Now it is to be told of Skarphedinn that he runs out on the cross-beam straight after Kari, but when he came to where the beam was most burnt, then it broke down under him. Skarphedinn came down on his feet, and tried again the second time, and climbs up the wall with a run, then down on him came the wall-plate, and he toppled down again inside.

Then Skarphedinn said, "Now one can see what will come;" and then he went along the side wall. Gunnar Lambi's son leapt up on the wall and sees Skarphedinn, he spoke thus, "Weepest thou now, Skarphedinn?"

"Not so," says Skarphedinn; "but true it is that the smoke makes one's eyes smart, but is it as it seems to me, dost thou laugh?"

"So it is surely," says Gunnar, "and I have never laughed since thou slewest Thrain on Markfleet."

Then Skarphedinn said, "Here now is a keepsake for thee;" and with that he took out of his purse the jaw-tooth which he had hewn out of Thrain, and threw it at Gunnar, and struck him in the eye, so that it started out and lay on his cheek.

Then Gunnar fell down from the roof.

Skarphedinn then went to his brother Grim, and they held one another by the hand and trode the fire; but when they came to the middle of the hall Grim fell down dead.

Then Skarphedinn went to the end of the house, and then there was a great crash, and down fell the roof. Skarphedinn was then shut in between it and the gable, and so he could not stir a step thence.

Flosi and his band stayed by the fire until it was broad daylight.

Then he went up on the gable, and Glum Hilldir's son, and some other men. Then Glum said, "Is Skarphedinn dead, indeed?" But the others said he must have been dead long ago.

The fire sometimes blazed up fitfully and sometimes burned low, and then they heard down in the fire beneath them that this song was sung:

"Deep, I ween, ye Ogre offspring
Devilish brood of giant birth,
Would ye groan with gloomy visage
Had the fight gone to my mind;
But my very soul it gladdens
That my friends who now boast high,
Wrought not this foul deed, their glory,
Save with footsteps filled with gore."

"Can Skarphedinn, think ye, have sung this song dead or alive?" said Grani Gunnar's son.

"I will go into no guesses about that," says Flosi.

"We will look for Skarphedinn," says Grani, "and the other men who have been here burnt inside the house."

"That shall not be," says Flosi, "it is just like such foolish men as thou art, now that men will be gathering force all over the country; and when they do come, I trow the very same man who now lingers will be so scared that he will not know which way to turn; and now my counsel is that we all ride away as quickly as ever we can."

Then Flosi went hastily to his horse and all his men.

Then Flosi said to Geirmund, "Is Ingialld, thinkest thou, at home at the Springs?"

Geirmund said he thought he must be at home.

"There now is a man," says Flosi, "who has broken his oath with us and all good faith."

Then Flosi said to the sons of Sigfus, "What course will ye now take with Ingialld; will ye forgive him, or shall we now fall on him and slay him?"

They all answered that they would rather fall on him and slay him.

CHAPTER III

DENMARK

THE LAND AND ITS HISTORY. Denmark, or Danmark, is the peninsula of Jutland extending north from the mainland of Europe, a few islands which lie off the coast, and several outlying possessions, which, with the exception of Iceland, may be disregarded by us. The surface is a continuation of the great European plain, is practically level and, lying but a few feet above the sea, has few harbors on the western coast, where navigation is dangerous. Owing to the surrounding seas the climate of Denmark is quite temperate, though the winters are severe. The Lutheran religion is established and education is compulsory, with Copenhagen as the university town. The total population is a little less than three million.

The early history of Denmark is extremely interesting, and, small as it is, the country has played a considerable part in the history of Europe. Until the ninth century there are no records except those of the sagas, which give a very inadequate idea of what actually occurred. Toward the beginning of the ninth century, however, history becomes more authentic, and from about the year 800 to the end of the fifteenth century the name of Dane was a terror to Europe. It was during that period that there was added to the Litany the phrase: "From the fury of the Dane, Good Lord, deliver us." In another section we have discussed more fully the raids of the Northmen, and from our point of view the long and troubled history of Denmark is of little consequence. In the early part of the sixteenth century the country became entirely Protestant, and the results appeared to increase its prosperity, for during the sixteenth century it was one of the great powers of Europe, a maritime nation which every one respected. However, although its history is full of noble effort, its position in Europe is such that it has been harried from all sides; since the middle of the nineteenth century it has dropped into a secondary position and has ceased to play any active and influential part in European affairs.

II. Early Literature. The splendid ancient literature of Scandinavia is better treated in the chapter on Iceland, in which country

ANDERSEN'S STATUE
COPENHAGEN

it has been preserved unsullied to the present day. Yet, it should be remembered that Denmark, Sweden and Norway, as we now understand them, should all be given some part in the creation of those great works of antiquity. After the decay of ancient literature there came centuries in which little or nothing was produced. Then the monks brought Latin into Scandinavia and for a long time it usurped the place of the native tongue as a literary language, but in the sixteenth century the spirit of the Reformation began to exert its influence, new fields of thought were opened, a taste for literature was created, and large numbers of translations, principally from the German, were introduced, and a study of the ancient classics was revived. Naturally, this sowed the seed for a harvest of literature later on. The University of Copenhagen was established in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and in 1532 Christiern Pedersen set up a printing press at Malmo, translated the Bible (1550) and put the legend of Charlemagne into literary form.

III. Holberg. The first great writer in Danish was Ludvig, Baron Holberg (1684–1754), who was born and educated at Bergen in Norway, though he afterward continued his studies in the University of Copenhagen and among the libraries at Oxford, England. Until about 1716 his writings were principally upon law and history, but after that date he began a series of humorous works, the first of

which, *Peder Paars*, is a brilliant satire on contemporary manners, especially upon the pedantic stiffness and stupidity of his fellowmen. This work was followed by others of the same character, after which he wrote a number of comedies, of which the best-known is considered to be *Henrik and Pernille.* Later he turned again to history and philosophy, although it was after this time that he wrote his famous satire, *The Subterranean Journey of Niels Klim,* which was many times translated into most European languages.

If we omit Voltaire, Holberg was probably the greatest writer of the epoch, and he enjoys the distinction of having made Danish a literary language and having won for it the consideration of the aristocracy.

Peder Paars is a long epic in four books, containing about six thousand lines. Holberg's poetic genius was not of the highest order, and the rhymed iambic hexameters in which the poem is written are not well constructed, but his ironical gifts were considerable and his humor infectious. The epic pretends to have been written by a fictitious Hans Mickelsen and annotated by an equally fictitious Just Justesen. It recounts the adventures of a grocer on a journey to Aarhus and travesties the classical epic throughout, with the purpose not only of poking fun at heroic poems, but also of ridiculing the many absurd ballads which were written by common people. The deadening influences of the classics as studied

at the University of Copenhagen roused Holberg's antagonism, and the poem is unsparing on that subject.

Peder Paars is wrecked on the island of Anholt, of which the poem speaks as follows:

Anholt the island's name, in answer he did say,
And daily for seafarers the islanders do pray,
That they may come to shore. And answer oft is given,
For hither storm-tossed ships quite frequently are driven.
Good people are they now, although I fear 'tis true
That they in former days were but a sorry crew.
A very aged man, once guest of mine, I know,
Who told me of a priest that lived here long ago,—
His name I do not give; it need not mentioned be,—
Who for a child baptized a daler charged as fee;
And when 'twas asked of him upon what grounds, and why,
He made this double charge, he boldly gave reply:—
"Two marks I am allowed for each child I baptize,
And two for burial. Now, rarely 'tis one dies
Of sickness in his bed, for hanged are nearly all,
And thus my rightful dues I get, or not at all."
Of yore their lives were evil, as we from this may tell,—
It little touches me, for here I do not dwell,—
But now we see that better they grow from day to day,
For Christian lives they lead, and shipwrecks are their stay.

These lines so roused the antagonism of a resident of Anholt that he petitioned to have the poem burned by a public hangman. Another passage which gave great offense is the following:

The entire hall was seen with syllogisms quaking,
While some their outstretched hands, and others fists were shaking.

From off the learnèd brows salt perspiration ran,
And most profusely from a venerable man
Who in the pulpit stood. There flew his head about
Greek-Latin shafts so thick, one could no longer doubt
That nothing less than life and honor were at stake;
Since for no trifle men would such a tumult make.
Tell me, Calliope, what deep, what grievous wrong
Hath to such passionate wrath stirred up this learnèd throng?
What ails these sages now, whose minds the world illume,
That here, like men made drunk or mad, they shout and fume?

IV. Evald. Holberg was followed by a number of writers of less skill and inferior talents, but in 1743 Johannes Evald (Ewald) was born at Copenhagen, where his father was a pastor. During the Seven Years' War he was alternately in the Prussian and Austrian service, and on his return home wrote several tragedies, none considered of great merit. However, he soon demonstrated his lyric power by producing a number of beautiful poems, of which the most notable is the song, *King Christian Stood by the Lofty Mast,* which has become the national anthem of Denmark. The following is Longfellow's familiar translation:

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed.
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar:
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went,
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might,
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

The lyric drama of *The Fishermen* is considered the strongest and most beautiful of Evald's works, and *Balder's Death, Rolf Krage,* and *Adam and Eve* are all remarkable, each in its particular way. Evald was the first who recognized the great wealth of poetry which lay in the antiquity of Scandinavia and

the first to present to his nation the true poetic grandeur and beauty of their national history. However, his work was not received as it should have been by his contemporaries, and, neglected in life, solitary, poor, suffering from physical and mental ills, he died at the age of thirty-seven.

V. Baggesen. The next writer of considerable importance in Danish literature was Jens Baggesen (1764–1826), whose work belonged to the eighteenth century, though he lived to see and fight against the spirit of romanticism, which in the early nineteenth century was finding its way into Denmark as elsewhere throughout Europe. When the French Revolution broke out he had reached manhood, and he observed the career of Napoleon from its rise to its fall. He was the contemporary of Goethe in Germany, of Byron and Moore in England, and toward the end of the eighteenth century was regarded as the greatest of Danish poets, but he lived to see his star wane and finally to be eclipsed by that of Oehlenschlager. Born in poverty and obscurity, yet, when only a child of seven he attracted the attention of Queen Caroline, who picked him up in her arms and kissed him. "Still after half a century," he writes, "glows the memory of that kiss. To all eternity I shall never forget it. From that kiss sprang the germ of my entire succeeding fate." After a quarrel with Oehlenschlager, he left Denmark in 1820, and never returned. Restless, uncertain of pur-

pose, carried away by new enthusiasms with every successive temptation, he was yet a fluent writer in both German and English, and a strict disciple of form. His prose is full of poetic description, epigrammatic, graceful and easy in style. His works consist of amusing stories, letters, satires, lyrics of impassioned fervor, songs, ballads, dramas and operas. In his *Poems to Nanna,* the bride of Baldur, he shows a spirit of fine appreciation of human feeling and writes with a beauty that has not been excelled. To him Nanna appears as the symbol of pure and eternal love, while Baldur typifies the human heart, yearning in sorrow and yet in hope for the divine love. Baldur, forever seeking Nanna, bears with him the consciousness that somewhere in the higher and invisible world he shall overtake her and possess her eternally. His most important prose work is *The Labyrinth,* which was afterwards called *The Wanderings of a Poet,* a unique description in his very best style.

One of his most famous lyrics is *There Was a Time When I Was Very Little:*

There was a time, when I, an urchin slender,
Could hardly boast of having any height.
Oft I recall those days with feelings tender;
With smiles, and yet the tear-drops dim my sight.

Within my tender mother's arms I sported,
I played at horse upon my grandsire's knee;
Sorrow and care and anger, ill-reported,
As little known as gold or Greek, to me.

The world was little to my childish thinking,
And innocent of sin and sinful things;
I saw the stars above me flashing, winking—
To fly and catch them, how I longed for wings!

I saw the moon behind the hills declining,
And thought, O were I on yon lofty ground,
I'd learn the truth; for here there's no divining
How large it is, how beautiful, how round!

In wonder, too, I saw God's sun pursuing
His westward course, to ocean's lap of gold;
And yet at morn the East he was renewing
With wide-spread, rosy tints, this artist old.

Then turned my thoughts to God the Father gracious,
Who fashioned me and that great orb on high,
And the night's jewels, decking heaven spacious;
From pole to pole its arch to glorify.

With childish piety my lips repeated
The prayer learned at my pious mother's knee:
Help me remember, Jesus, I entreated,
That I must grow up good and true to Thee!

Then for the household did I make petition,
For kindred, friends, and for the town's folk, last;
The unknown King, the outcast, whose condition
Darkened my childish joy, as he slunk past.

All lost, all vanished, childhood's days so eager!
My peace, my joy with them have fled away;
I've only memory left: possession meager;
Oh, never may that leave me, Lord, I pray.

VI. Oehlenschlager. A new epoch in Danish literature dawned when Adam Gottlob Oehlenschlager (1779–1850), the greatest of

the Danish poets, was born. Four generations of organists in his ancestry must have had some effect upon the development of his artistic genius. As a youth he was an indifferent student, but happy and careless, with a passion for reading and an inclination to write boyish poems and dramatic sketches. As he grew older, this spirit developed into real poetic genius, and he soon found himself the most popular of Danish poets. Hauch says: "Nearly everything I had previously read of poetry seemed to give me only momentary glimpses of the temple of the gods, as in the distance it now and then revealed itself to my vision; but Oehlenschlager, next to Shakespeare, was the one who threw the temple wide open for me, so that the fullness of its divine splendor streamed upon me."

Oehlenschlager was a prolific writer, but after his marriage, though he produced many works of importance, none of them added materially to his fame. In 1829 he visited Sweden and was crowned in the Cathedral of Lund as "The Adam of Scalds, the King of Northern Singers." On his fiftieth birthday the students of his own university paid him a remarkable tribute, and twenty years later all men joined in honoring his seventieth birthday, when even his most severe critics united with his friends in praise. Shortly afterward, on his death-bed, he called to his son to read to him a scene from his tragedy *Socrates*, and expressed the hope that it would be put on the

stage as a memorial to him after his death. He was buried in the churchyard at Frederiksberg, and Hans Christian Andersen says that a short time after his burial when new wreaths were brought to replace the old ones a little bird had built her nest among the withered leaves.

In 1819 he published *The Gods of the North,* in which all the legends of the *Edda* were combined into one unified whole that expressed better than ever before the spirit of each of the Aesir, whose qualities had been so many times celebrated, and he embellished the whole with descriptive passages that lent new glories to Ygdrasill, Bifrost and the magnificent scenery of Midgard, Asgard and Niflheim. While the dramas of Oehlenschlager should be regarded as his masterpieces, his prose romances and minor poems alone would have placed him above any of his Danish predecessors. The following song is taken from Sir Theodore Martin's translation of *Aladdin:*

The moon shines bright aloft
O'er wood and dingle,
The birds in cadence soft
Their warblings mingle;
The breezes from the hill
Come sighing, sighing,
And to their voice the rill
Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold
Droops wan and sickly;
Death at its heart is cold—
'Twill perish quickly.

But yonder, chaplets twine
Forever vernal,
And in God's presence shine
Through springs eternal.

O moonlight pale! thy rays
Soon, softly creeping,
Shall paint my paler face
In death-trance sleeping.
Smile then on Death, that he
May gently take me,
And where no sorrows be,
Ere morn awake me!

Droops on its stem the flower:
Come, sweetly stealing,
Angel of death, and shower
Soft dews of healing!
Oh, come! Beneath thy blight
My soul shall quail not!
Yonder is endless light,
And joys that fail not!

The following is William Morris's version of a song in *Axel and Valborg,* one of his finest dramas:

It was the fair knight Aagen:
To an isle he went his way,
And plighted troth to Else,
Who was so fair a may.
He plighted troth to Else
All with the ruddy gold;
But or ere that day's moon came again,
Low he lay in the black, black mold.

It was the maiden Else:
She was fulfilled of woe
When she heard how the fair knight Aagen
In the black mold lay alow.

Uprose the fair knight Aagen,
Coffin on back took he,
And he's away to her bower
Sore hard as the work might be.

With that same chest on door he smote,
For the lack of flesh and skin;
"O hearken, maiden Else,
And let thy true love in."
Then answered maiden Else,
"Never open I my door,
But and if thou namest Jesus' name
As thou hadst might before!"—

"Oh, whenso thou art joyous,
And the heart is glad in thee,
Then fares it with my coffin
That red roses are with me;
But whenso thou art sorrowful,
And weary is thy mood,
Then all within my coffin
Is it dreadful with dark blood.

"Now is the red cock a-crowing,—
To the earth adown must I;
Down to the earth wend all dead folk,
And I wend in company.
Look thou up to the heavens aloft
To the little stars and bright,
And thou shalt see how sweetly
It fareth with the night."

She looked up to the heavens aloft,
To the little stars bright above;
The dead man sank into his grave,—
Ne'er again she saw her love.
Home then went maiden Else,
Mid sorrow manifold,
And ere that night's moon came again
She lay alow in the mold.

The following extract is from Lascelles's translation of *Hakon Jarl.* Hakon is on the eve of battle with Olaf Trygveson, who has invaded his possessions with the intention of establishing the Christian faith. Hakon had made a treacherous attempt to have King Olaf assassinated, and now there has been brought to him the golden horn bearing a Runic inscription, which reads:

> Go to the great gods;
> Give them thy best.

Hakon thinks that if he is to win the battle this Rune tells him that he must sacrifice that which is most dear to him in all the world. Accordingly, in early morn he leads Erling, his child, by the hand to the sacrificial altar:

ERLING

It is so cold, my father!

HAKON

My dear son,
It is yet early, therefore is it cold;
Thou shiverest, child!

ERLING

That matters not, my father.
I am so glad that thou didst promise me
That I should see the sun arise to-day;
A sunrise have I never seen before.

HAKON

Dost see the golden rays which yonder break
Far in the east?

ERLING (*clapping his hands*)

What lovely roses, father!
Oh, see the lovely roses, how they blush!

But tell me, my dear father, whence do come
Such masses of these lovely pearls, which are
Strewed over all the valley down below?
Oh, how they glitter up towards the roses!

HAKON

Those are no pearls; it is but morning dew.
That which thou callest roses is the sun.
Dost see it rise?

ERLING

Oh, what a ball of fire!
How crimson red! O father dear, can we
Not travel thither to the morning sun?

HAKON

Toward the sun our life must ever strive;
For seest thou that lovely ruddy glow
Which glitters yonder?—that is Odin's eye.
The other, which by night thou seest shine
With a far softer and a paler glow,
Has he now left in pledge in Mimer's well,
That there it may obtain the drink which makes
His eye more fresh and more acute.

ERLING

And where
And what is Mimer's well?

HAKON

The mighty sea
There, deep below, which dashes 'gainst the rocks,—
That is the deep-dug well of ancient Mimer,
That strengthens Odin's eye; and doubly bright
The sun arises, joyful and refreshed
By the cool morning waves.

ERLING

Oh, how on high
It rises up! I can no longer bear
To gaze upon it, for it burns my eyes.

HAKON

The Almighty Father mounts upon his throne,
And soon the whole world will he look upon.
The golden throne doth dazzle earthly eyes;
Who dares presume to gaze upon the king
Of light and day in his full midday glow?

ERLING (*turning round frightened*)

Oh, oh! my father, who are those? such grim
And old white men, who in the shadow stand
Behind the trees there?

HAKON

Speak not so, my son!
Those are the statues of the mighty gods,
Formed in the hard stone by the hands of men.
They do not dazzle us with summer flames;
To them may Askur's sons kneel down in peace,
And gaze with reverence upon their face.
Come, let us go and see them closer, come.

ERLING

Oh, no, my father, I do fear! Dost see
That old, long-bearded, hoary-headed man?
He looks so fierce and grim upon me. Oh,
He makes me quite afraid!

HAKON

O Erling, Erling!
That is god Odin—art afraid of Odin?

ERLING

No, no; of Odin I am not afraid,—
The real Odin yonder in the sky,
He will not harm me: he is good and bright;
He calls forth flowers from the lap of earth,
And like a flower does he gleam himself.
But that white, pallid sorcerer, he stares
As though he sought to take my life-blood.

HAKON

Ha!

ERLING

My father, let me go and fetch my wreath;
I left it hanging yonder on a bush
When thou didst show me when the sun arose:
And let us then go home again, my father,
Away from these grim, ancient statues here;
For thou mayst well believe the grim old man
Has no good-will toward thee, father dear.

HAKON

Go fetch thy wreath, child, then come back at once.
(*Exit Erling.*)
The sacrificial lamb should be adorned.
Ye mighty gods, behold from Valaskjalf
Earl Hakon's faith and truth confirmed by deeds!
Re-enter ERLING *with a wreath of flowers round his head*

ERLING

Here am I, my dear father, with my wreath.

HAKON

Kneel down, my son, to Odin, ere thou goest;
Stretch out thy little hands toward the sky,
And say, "Great Father! hear the little Erling's prayer,
And mercifully take him in thy charge."

ERLING *(kneels down, looking toward the sun, stretches out his hands, and says innocently and childlike)*
Great Father, hear the little Erling's prayer,
And mercifully take him in thy charge!

(HAKON, *who stands behind him, draws his dagger while* ERLING *is saying his prayer, and raises it to strike, but it falls from his hand.* ERLING *turns toward him quietly and confidently, picks up the dagger, and says, as he gets up off his knees:—)*
My father dear, thou'st let thy dagger drop.
How sharp and bright it is! When I am big
Then I shall also have such weapons, and
Will help thee 'gainst thy enemies, my father.

HAKON

What sorcerer is't that places in thy mouth
Such words as these to scare me, and to make
Me tremble?

ERLING

O my father, what's the matter?
What has, then, Erling done? Why art thou wroth?

HAKON

Come, Erling, follow me behind the gods.

ERLING

Behind the grim men?

HAKON

Follow, and obey.
Behind the statue do the roses grow;
No pale white roses,—ruddy roses they,
Blood-red and purple roses. Ha! it is
A joy to see how quickly they shoot forth.
Follow, I say,—obey!

ERLING *(weeping)*—

My father dear,
I am so frightened at the purple roses.

HAKON

Away! already Heimdal's cock does crow,
And now the time is come, the time is come! [*Exeunt.*

The following song is from *Correggio,* as translated by Sir Theodore Martin:

The fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below:
"Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And you shall be my own love alway!

"From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free;
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me.

Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,
And ivory white thy bones I'll wash.
Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my oozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam."

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain.
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels amain
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He has drunken of death's deceitful flood;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,—
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.
The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanched and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree:
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

VII. Blicher and Ingemann. One of the writers most endeared to the hearts of the Danish people is Steen Steensen Blicher (1782–1848), a novelist and a poet with an extraordinary appreciation of nature and a remarkable talent for realism. The descendant of a line of country parsons, he was intended for the same profession but was long in obtaining a parish; when he found it, the income was too small to support his large family, so until near the end of his life he was usually in dire

straits and never in a comfortable financial position. His importance in literature rests principally upon his simple humorous stories of Danish life, his interpretation of the old legends and his delicately sensitive poems. His entire life was spent on the heaths of Jutland, and there he lies buried under a monument upon which are engraved the image of a golden plover, a pair of heath-larks and a garland of heather, symbolic of his own nearness to nature. The following stanzas are from Howitt's *Literature of Northern Europe:*

I lay on my heathery hills alone;
The storm-winds rushed o'er me in turbulence loud;
My head rested lone on the gray moorland stone;
My eyes wandered skyward from cloud unto cloud.

There wandered my eyes, but my thoughts onward passed,
Far beyond cloud-track or tempest's career;
At times I hummed songs, and the desolate waste
Was the first the sad chimes of my spirit to hear.

Gloomy and gray are the moorlands where rest
My fathers, yet there doth the wild heather bloom,
And amid the old cairns the lark buildeth her nest,
And sings in the desert, o'er hill-top and tomb.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann (1789–1862) wrote voluminously in every department of literature, but it is as the "Walter Scott of Denmark" that he is best known among his countrymen through his fine historical romances. Critics assert that as history they are unreliable, but the enthusiasm of the author's portrayal, the excellence of his character-

drawing and the vividness of his descriptions have made them extremely popular. An enthusiastic, nervous and intense child, he devoloped in the atmosphere of romanticism into a man who preserved much of the simplicity and lovableness of his childhood. After the death of Oehlenschlager he was the most popular writer in Denmark, and many a visitor went to Soro to see the cheerful man, whose humorous eyes welcomed them warmly. *Waldemar the Victorious, King Eric and the Outlaws* and *Prince Otto of Denmark* are his strongest novels, but his short stories and his dramas still enjoy a measure of popularity.

VIII. Andersen. All over the world the children know and love the two beautiful tales, *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Constant Tin Soldier,* written by Hans Christian Andersen (1805–1875), the "children's poet," whose best poetry, however, was written in prose. Andersen's father was a shoemaker in the little town of Odense, on the island of Fyen, and, though poor and uneducated, he was a gifted man with a poetic mind. His wife, more ignorant than himself, was a faithful and much-loved mother. After their marriage, it is said, they began house-keeping in a little back room and made their bed out of the timbers that had been used to support the coffin of a dead nobleman, and the black mourning drapery, they thought, lent magnificence to their couch. In such humble surroundings as this their first child, Hans Christian, was born, and under

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such conditions he grew up, the butt of the neighbors' children, with little schooling, but dreaming sometimes of fame and honor. The stage caught his fancy, but his ignorance was such that he could not appreciate the sad failures he made. Convinced at last, however, that he could not succeed here, he began writing poor poems, comedies and tragedies, until he attracted the attention of one of the managers of a theater, who, convinced that the lad must have genius or be insane, introduced him to the notice of King Frederic VI, who decided to pay for his education; after six years of preparation under the royal patron Hans was able to enter the university. There he met people of refinement and education on equal terms, corrected his manners to a certain extent, and partially overcame his morbid sensitiveness, although throughout his life he was a prey to his own self-esteem and his childish inability to understand his real worth. It has been said that Hans Christian Andersen never grew up, that he remained a child to the last, and such is the verdict of all who study his career. His friends and acquaintances were numerous, and all agreed in loving the child-man, whose peculiarities and disagreeable traits they passed over in sympathy because of his earnestness, enthusiasm and innate goodness. Whenever criticism reached him, and he was the subject of many literary attacks, he was deeply wounded and went about looking for the sympathy he felt that he deserved. On one

occasion he observed: "I could say nothing, I could only let the big, heavy waves roll over me; and it was the common opinion that I was to be totally washed away. I felt deeply the wound of the sharp knife; and was on the point of giving myself up, as I was already given up by others."

In 1831 Andersen made a trip to Germany and so profited by it that thenceforward his writings took a new tone and became increasingly popular, though in Copenhagen his talents were not fully recognized. As he came to be known more and more as a writer for children, he resented the idea, for to him his work was serious indeed.

So feeble and wavering a character is hard to understand, even in a genius of such great accomplishments. Boyesen characterizes him as follows:

> If he did not invent a new literary form, he at all events enriched and dignified an old one and revealed in it a world of unsuspected beauty. He was great in little things, and little in great things. He had a heart of gold, a silver tongue, and the spine of a mollusk. Like a flaw in a diamond, a curious plebeian streak cut straight across his nature. With all his virtues he lacked that higher self-esteem which we call nobility.

In time he obtained a competence, and the last fifteen years of his life were spent peacefully among the troops of friends who honored and respected him. It was not until he was sixty-one years of age that he made himself a home, which he said "positively frightened

him," for he "knew he should run away from it as soon as ever the first warm sunbeam struck him, like any other bird of passage." At sixty-two he celebrated his literary jubilee, and at sixty-seven finished his last stories. Three years later he met with an injury, from which he never recovered, and at seventy years of age, after a brief and painless illness, he passed away. During his latter years his fame was so widespread that the children of the United States even collected a sum of money when he was supposed to be needy and sent it to him, a gift with which he purchased books for his library.

Andersen's appearance was unprepossessing indeed. Ungainly, awkward, with long, lean limbs, broad, flat hands, and feet of huge size, he walked with a curiously limp and slouching gait. In spite of this and his small, deep-set eyes, large nose and long neck, he always fancied that he looked distinguished, and his childish conceit showed itself in his peculiar attentions to his dress and the wearing of his numerous decorations.

Andersen has never been excelled as a story-teller for children. The brothers Grimm, to whom he is frequently compared, were entirely different in temperament and appreciation and wholly inferior to him as literary men. They were scientific collectors of legends and tales whose interests rest more in the plot than in the manner of telling. Andersen's stories, while delightful in themselves, are also full of

wonderful literary beauties. Everything is seen from the child's point of view and is written as a child might think. Andersen's strongest literary power is his ability to personify animals and inanimate objects and to give them attributes which a child might be expected to imagine. Even a darning-needle under his magic pen becomes alive, acting as a darning-needle might be expected to act. There is always a moral purpose in Andersen's tales, and not a little of sentiment. In the latter years of his life the moral purpose became too evident and too strong, and in many of his tales sentiment runs dangerously close to sentimentality. Nevertheless, the greater part of his work is marvelously fine and reaches as near perfection as anything in literature. As innocent as a child, as unworldly as an infant, his heart was ever on the surface, and he seems constantly inviting his readers to see what a tender and sensitive heart it was, for his vanity never could be wholly concealed.

His autobiography conceives his own life as a fairy-tale, in which every incident is little less than miraculous, and his attitude toward it is always that of a pampered child. He conceives the people he knew to be either good or bad, according as they praised or criticized him, and those who turned him to ridicule were an exceedingly black-hearted group, whom he hoped that God in his mercy would pardon and make better. Almost ludicrous are some of the anecdotes told of him, but they may well

be forgotten in the shadow of the man's surpassing genius. *The Fairy-Tale of My Life,* for such perhaps is the more accurate translation of what is usually given as *The Story of My Life,* is extremely interesting to the student of psychology, for it is as frank a disclosure of his nature as could well be made, and may be compared with the *Confessions* of Rousseau and the *Autobiography* of Benvenuto Cellini, of both of which we have elsewhere written at length.

The following, a slightly condensed extract describing the market-place at Odense, may be taken as a sample of the interesting passages. He tells us that if the reader had lived in Odense the utterance of the words "St. Knud's Fair" would bring in the brightest colors before him the market-place near the middle of the town, where five streets meet and make a little square:

> There the town crier, in striped homespun, with a yellow bandoleer, beat his drum and proclaimed from a scroll the splendid things to be seen in the town.
>
> "He beats a good drum," said the chamberlain.
>
> "It would delight Spontini and Rossini to hear the fellow," said William. "Really, Odense at New Year would just suit these composers. The drums and fifes are in their glory. They drum the New Year in. Seven or eight little drummers, or fifers, go from door to door, with troops of children and old women, and they beat the drum-taps and the reveille. That fetches the pennies. Then when the New Year is well drummed in the city, they go into the country and drum for meat and porridge. The drumming in of the New Year lasts until Lent."

"And then we have new sports," said the chamberlain. "The fishers come from Stege with a full band, and on their shoulders a boat with all sorts of flags. Then they lay a board between two boats, and on this two of the youngest and spryest wrestle till one falls into the water. But all the fun's gone now. When I was young, there was different sport going. That was a sight! the corporation procession with the banners and the harlequin atop, and at Shrovetide, when the butchers led about an ox decked with ribbons and carnival twigs, with a boy on his back with wings and a little shirt. All that's past now, people are got so fine. St. Knud's Fair is not what it used to be."

"Well, I'm glad it isn't," said William; "but let us go into the market and look at the Jutlanders, who are sitting with their pottery amidst the hay."

Just as the various professions in the Middle Ages had each its quarter, so here the shoemakers had ranged their tables side by side, and behind them stood the skillful workman in his long coat, and with his well-brushed felt hat in his hand. Where the shoemakers' quarter ended, the hatters' began, and there one was in the midst of the great market where tents and booths formed many parallel streets. The milliners, the goldsmiths, the pastry cooks, with booths of canvas and wood, were the chief attractions. Ribbons and handkerchiefs fluttered. Noise and bustle was everywhere. The girls from the same village always went in rows, seven or eight inseparables, with hands fast clasped. It was impossible to break the chain; and if you tried to pass through, the whole band wound itself into a clump. Behind the booth was a great space with wooden shoes, pottery, turners' and saddlers' wares. Rude and rough toys were spread on tables. Around them children were trying little trumpets, or moving about the playthings. Country girls twirled and twisted the work-boxes and themselves many a time before making their bargain. The air was thick and heavy with odors that were spiced with the smell of honey-cake.

On Fair day, St. Knud's Church and all its tombs are open to the public. From whatever side you look at this fine old building it has something imposing, with its high tower and spire. The interior produces the same, perhaps a greater, effect. But its full impression is not felt on entering it, nor until you get to the main aisle. There all is grand, beautiful, light. The whole interior is bright with gilding. Up in the high vaulted roof there shine, since old time, a multitude of golden stars. On both sides, high up above the side aisles, are great Gothic windows from which the light streams down. The side aisles are painted with oil portraits, whole families, women and children, all in clerical dress, with long gowns and deep ruffs. Usually the figures are ranged by ages, the eldest first and then down to the very smallest.

They all stand with folded hands, and look piously down before them, till their colors have gradually faded away in dust.

The following extract tells of the jubilee which we mentioned above:

I heard on the morning of December 6th [1867] that the town was decorated, that all the schools had a holiday, because it was my festival. I felt myself as humble, meek, and poor as though I stood before my God. Every weakness or error or sin, in thought, word, and deed, was revealed to me. All stood out strangely clear in my soul, as though it were doomsday—and it was my festival. God knows how humble I felt when men exalted and honored me so.

Then came the first telegram from the Student Club. I saw that they shared and did not envy my joy. Then came a dispatch from a private club of students in Copenhagen, and from the Artisans' Club of Slagelse. You will remember that I went to school in that town, and was therefore attached to it. Soon followed messages from sympathetic friends in Aarhuus, in Stege; telegram on telegram from all around. One of these was read aloud

by Privy Councilor Koch. It was from the king. The assembly burst out in applause. Every cloud and shadow in my soul vanished!

How happy I was! And yet man must not exalt himself. I was to feel that I was only a poor child of humanity, bound by the frailty of earth. I suffered from a dreadful toothache, which was increased unbearably by the heat and excitement. Yet at evening I read a Wonder Story for the little friends. Then the deputation came from the town corporations, with torches and waving banners through the street, to the guild-hall. And now the prophecy was to be fulfilled that the old woman gave when I left home as a boy. Odense was to be illuminated for me. I stepped to the open window. All was aglow with torchlight, the square was filled with people. Songs swelled up to me. I was overcome, emotionally. Physically racked with pain, I could not enjoy this crowning fruit of my life, the toothache was so intolerable. The ice-cold air that blew against me fanned the pain to an awful intensity, and, instead of enjoying the bliss of these never-to-be-repeated moments, I looked at the printed song to see how many verses had to be sung before I could step away from the torture which the cold air sent through my teeth. It was the acme of suffering. As the glow of the piled-up torches subsided, my pain subsided too. How thankful I was, though! Gentle eyes were fastened upon me all around. All wanted to speak with me, to press my hand. Tired out, I reached the bishop's house and sought rest. But I got no sleep till toward morning, so filled and overflowing was I.

Next to the *Wonder-Tales,* upon which Andersen's fame chiefly rests, the *Improvisatore,* a kind of autobiographical tale, is his best work. It was written as a result of a visit to Italy, and shows the effect of his experiences in that poetic land. The popularity of this work abroad was instrumental in creating a

more favorable public opinion for Andersen in his native land. An example of his enthusiastic appreciation of what he saw may be found in the following description of the *Miserere,* as given in the Sistine Chapel at Rome:

On Wednesday afternoon began the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel. My soul longed for music; in the world of melody I could find sympathy and consolation. The throng was great, even within the chapel—the foremost division was already filled with ladies. Magnificent boxes, hung with velvet and golden draperies for royal personages and foreigners from various courts, were here erected so high that they looked out beyond the richly carved railing which separated the ladies from the interior of the chapel. The papal Swiss Guards stood in their bright festal array. The officers wore light armor, and in their helmets a waving plume. The old cardinals entered in their magnificent scarlet velvet cloaks, with their white ermine capes, and seated themselves side by side in a great half-circle within the barrier, while the priests who had carried their trains seated themselves at their feet. By the little side door of the altar the holy father now entered, in his scarlet mantle and silver tiara. He ascended his throne. Bishops swung the vessels of incense around him, while young priests, in scarlet vestments, knelt, with lighted torches in their hands, before him and the high altar.

The reading of the lessons began. But it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed on the lifeless letters of the Missal—they raised themselves, with the thoughts, to the vast universe which Michael Angelo has breathed forth in colors upon the ceiling and the walls. I contemplated his mighty sibyls and wondrously glorious prophets,—every one of them a subject for a painting. My eyes drank in the magnificent processions, the beautiful groups of angels; they were not, to me, painted pictures;

—all stood living before me. The rich tree of knowledge, from which Eve gave the fruit to Adam; the Almighty God, who floated over the waters,—not borne up by angels, as the older masters had represented him—no, the company of angels rested upon him and his fluttering garments. It is true, I had seen these pictures before, but never as now had they seized upon me. My excited state of mind, the crowd of people, perhaps even the lyric of my thoughts, made me wonderfully alive to poetical impressions; and many a poet's heart has felt as mine did!

The bold foreshortenings, the determinate force with which every figure steps forward, is amazing, and carries one quite away! It is a spiritual Sermon on the Mount, in color and form. Like Raphael, we stand in astonishment before the power of Michael Angelo. Every prophet is a Moses, like that which he formed in marble. What giant forms are those which seize upon our eye and our thoughts as we enter! But when intoxicated with this view, let us turn our eyes to the background of the chapel, whose whole wall is a high altar of art and thought. The great chaotic picture, from the floor to the roof, shows itself there like a jewel, of which all the rest is only the setting. We see there *The Last Judgment.*

Christ stands in judgment upon the clouds, and his Mother and the Apostles stretch forth their hands beseechingly for the poor human race. The dead raise the gravestones under which they have lain; blessed spirits adoring, float upward to God, while the abyss seizes its victims. Here one of the ascending spirits seeks to save his condemned brother, whom the abyss already embraces in its snaky folds. The children of despair strike their clenched fists upon their brows, and sink into the depths! In bold foreshortenings, float and tumble whole legions between heaven and earth. The sympathy of the angels, the expression of lovers who meet, the child that at the sound of the trumpet clings to the mother's breast, are so natural and beautiful that one believes one's self to be among those who are waiting

for judgment. Michael Angelo has expressed in colors what Dante saw and has sung to the generations of the earth.

The descending sun at that moment threw his last beams in through the uppermost window. Christ, and the blessed around Him, were strongly lighted up; while the lower part, where the dead arose, and the demons thrust their boat laden with the damned from the shore, were almost in darkness.

Just as the sun went down the last lesson was ended, the last light which now remained was extinguished, and the whole picture world vanished in the gloom from before me; but in that same moment burst forth music and singing. That which color had bodily revealed arose now in sound; the day of judgment, with its despair and its exultation, resounded above us.

The father of the church, stripped of his papal pomp, stood before the altar, and prayed to the holy cross; and upon the wings of the trumpet resounded the trembling choir. *Populus meus quid feci tibi?* Soft angel-tones rose above the deep song, tones which ascended not from a human breast: it was not a man's nor a woman's; it belonged to the world of spirits; it was like the weeping of angels dissolved in melody.

In 1835 appeared the first collection of his *Wonder-Tales for Children,* to which were added from time to time other series of similar stories. At first no great attention was paid to the book, although among the tales were some of the finest that Andersen ever wrote. Subsequently, a greater interest was developed in them, and their marvelously vivid and fantastically brilliant character became understood. Kindly, sentimental, pathetic, droll and humorous, they charm every child who reads them, and every adult who can still re-

member his own childhood. They have been translated repeatedly, and the best of them are so familiar as scarcely to call for mention here. Those who are seeking the tales in their best form may now find them in the *Riverside Literature Series.* Sometimes, as in *The Goloshes of Fortune,* there lies beneath the amusing adventures a lively satire on Danish society which is rarely appreciated by the foreign reader, who, however, is wholly satisfied with the delightful tale. If there are readers who do not know *The Ugly Duckling, The Snow Queen* and *The Constant Tin Soldier,* they should make themselves acquainted with these tales at once, though, perhaps, for the mature there are others more impressive, such, for instance, as *The Emperor's New Clothes, The Little Mermaid, The Most Extraordinary Thing* and *The Porter's Son,* in all of which Andersen himself may be seen clearly reflected.

What the Moon Saw, brief as it is, is quite typical of Andersen's remarkable appreciation of the childish nature:

Hear what the Moon told me:—

"I have seen a cadet promoted to be an officer, and dressing himself for the first time in his gorgeous uniform; I have seen young girls in bridal attire, and the prince's young bride in her wedding dress: but I never saw such bliss as that of a little four-year-old girl whom I watched this evening. She had got a new blue dress, and a new pink hat. The finery was just put on, and all were calling for light, for the moonbeams that came through the window were not bright enough. They

wanted very different lights from that. There stood the little girl, stiff as a doll, keeping her arms anxiously off her dress, and her fingers stretched wide apart. Oh! what happiness beamed from her eyes, from her whole face. 'To-morrow you may go to walk in the dress,' said the mother; and the little one looked up at her hat and down again at her dress, and smiled blissfully. 'Mother,' she cried, 'what will the little dogs think when they see me in all these fine clothes?' ''

The Emperor's New Clothes has been thus translated by Mrs. Howitt:

Many years ago, there was an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money in dress. He did not trouble himself in the least about his soldiers; nor did he care to go either to the theater or the chase, except for the opportunities then afforded him for displaying his new clothes. He had a different suit for each hour of the day; and as of any other king or emperor, one is accustomed to say, ''He is sitting in council,'' it was always said of him, ''The Emperor is sitting in his wardrobe.''

Time passed away merrily in the large town which was his capital; strangers arrived every day at the court. One day, two rogues, calling themselves weavers, made their appearance. They gave out that they knew how to weave stuffs of the most beautiful colors and elaborate patterns, the clothes manufactured from which should have the wonderful property of remaining invisible to every one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extraordinarily simple in character.

''These must indeed be splendid clothes!'' thought the Emperor. ''Had I such a suit, I might, at once, find out what men in my realms are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish the wise from the foolish! This stuff must be woven for me immediately.'' And he caused large sums of money to be given to both the weavers, in order that they might begin their work directly.

So the two pretended weavers set up two looms, and affected to work very busily, though in reality they did nothing at all. They asked for the most delicate silk and the purest gold thread; put both into their own knapsacks; and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late at night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my cloth," said the Emperor to himself, after some little time had elapsed; he was, however, rather embarrassed, when he remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would be unable to see the manufacture. To be sure, he thought, he had nothing to risk in his own person; but yet, he would prefer sending somebody else, to bring him intelligence about the weavers, and their work, before he troubled himself in the affair. All the people throughout the city had heard of the wonderful property the cloth was to possess; and all were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant, their neighbors might prove to be.

"I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers," said the Emperor at last, after some deliberation, "he will be best able to see how the cloth looks; for he is a man of sense, and no one can be more suitable for his office than he is."

So the faithful old minister went into the hall, where the knaves were working with all their might at their empty looms. "What can be the meaning of this?" thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. "I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the looms!" However, he did not express his thoughts aloud.

The impostors requested him very courteously to be so good as to come nearer their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colors were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not discover anything on the looms, for a very good reason, viz.: there was nothing there. "What!" thought he again, "is it possible that I am a simpleton? I have never thought so myself; and no one

must know it now if I am so. Can it be that I am unfit for my office? No, that must not be said either. I will never confess that I could not see the stuff."

"Well, Sir Minister!" said one of the knaves, still pretending to work, "you do not say whether the stuff pleases you."

"Oh, it is excellent!" replied the old minister, looking at the loom through his spectacles. "This pattern, and the colors—yes, I will tell the Emperor without delay how very beautiful I think them."

"We shall be much obliged to you," said the impostors, and then they named the different colors and described the pattern of the pretended stuff. The old minister listened attentively to their words, in order that he might repeat them to the Emperor; and then the knaves asked for more silk and gold, saying that it was necessary to complete what they had begun. However, they put all that was given them into their knapsacks; and continued to work with as much apparent diligence as before at their empty looms.

The Emperor now sent another officer of his court to see how the men were getting on, and to ascertain whether the cloth would soon be ready. It was just the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he surveyed the looms on all sides, but could see nothing at all but the empty frames.

"Does not the stuff appear as beautiful to you as it did to my lord the minister?" asked the impostors of the Emperor's second ambassador; at the same time talking of the design and colors which were not there.

"I certainly am not stupid!" thought the messenger. "It must be that I am not fit for my good, profitable office! That is very odd; however, no one shall know anything about it." And accordingly he praised the stuff he could not see, and declared that he was delighted with both colors and patterns. "Indeed, please your Imperial Majesty," said he to his sovereign, when he returned, "the cloth which the weavers are preparing is extraordinarily magnificent."

The whole city was talking of the splendid cloth which the Emperor had ordered to be woven at his own expense.

And now the Emperor himself wished to see the costly manufacture whilst it was still on the loom. Accompanied by a select number of officers of the court, among whom were the two honest men who had already admired the cloth, he went to the crafty impostors, who, as soon as they were aware of the Emperor's approach, went on working more diligently than ever; although they still did not pass a single thread through the looms.

"Is not the work absolutely magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, already mentioned. "If your Majesty will only be pleased to look at it! what a splendid design! what glorious colors!" and, at the same time, they pointed to the empty frames; for they imagined that every one else could see this exquisite piece of workmanship.

"How is this?" said the Emperor to himself, "I can see nothing! this is indeed a terrible affair! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be an Emperor? that would be the worst thing that could happen—Oh! the cloth is charming," said he, aloud. "It has my complete approbation." And he smiled most graciously, and looked closely at the empty looms; for on no account would he say that he could not see what two of the officers of his court had praised so much. All his retinue now strained their eyes, hoping to discover something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, "Oh how beautiful!" and advised his Majesty to have some new clothes made from this splendid material, for the approaching procession. "Magnificent! charming! excellent!" resounded on all sides; and every one was uncommonly gay. The Emperor shared in the general satisfaction; and presented the impostors with the riband of an order of knighthood, to be worn in their button-holes, and the title of "Gentlemen Weavers."

The rogues sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had

sixteen lights burning, so that every one might see how anxious they were to finish the Emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the cloth off the looms; cut the air with their scissors; and sewed with needles without any thread in them. "See!" cried they at last, "the Emperor's new clothes are ready!"

And now the Emperor, with all the grandees of his court, came to the weavers; and the rogues raised their arms, as if in the act of holding something up, saying, "Here are your Majesty's trousers! here is the scarf! here is the mantle! The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; one might fancy one has nothing at all on, when dressed in it; that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate cloth."

"Yes, indeed!" said all the courtiers, although not one of them could see anything of this exquisite manufacture.

"If your Imperial Majesty will be graciously pleased to take off your clothes, we will fit on the new suit, in front of the looking-glass."

The Emperor was accordingly undressed, and the rogues pretended to array him in his new suit; the Emperor turning round, from side to side, before the looking-glass.

"How splendid his Majesty looks in his new clothes! and how well they fit!" every one cried out. "What a design! what colors! these are indeed royal robes!"

"The canopy which is to be borne over your Majesty in the procession is waiting," announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready," answered the Emperor. "Do my new clothes fit well?" asked he, turning himself round again before the looking-glass, in order that he might appear to be examining his handsome suit.

The lords of the bed-chamber, who were to carry his Majesty's train, felt about on the ground, as if they were lifting up the ends of the mantle; and pretended to be carrying something; for they would by no means betray anything like simplicity or unfitness for their office.

So now the Emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capital; and all the people standing by, and those at the windows, cried out, "Oh! how beautiful are our Emperor's new clothes! what a magnificent train there is to the mantle; and how gracefully the scarf hangs!" in short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes; because, in doing so, he would have declared himself either a simpleton or unfit for his office. Certainly, none of the Emperor's various suits had ever made so great an impression as this invisible one.

"But the Emperor has nothing at all on!" said a little child. "Listen to the voice of innocence!" exclaimed his father; and what the child had said was whispered from one to another.

"But he has nothing at all on!" at last cried out all the people. The Emperor was vexed, for he knew that the people were right; but he thought the procession must go on now! And the lords of the bed-chamber took greater pains than ever, to appear holding up a train, although, in reality, there was no train to hold.

IX. Conclusion. The romantic school of writers, to which belong the men whose works we have just been considering, passed through the same stages as in other countries and found its death in the rise of the naturalistic school, of which Georg Brandes, one of the greatest literary critics of modern times, has been the chief exponent. Not that he contributed great literary works belonging to the new school, but that, scorning the spirit of isolation and self-aggrandizement that characterized Denmark during the early part of his life, he threw himself into the current of general European thought and wrote voluminously upon the great writers of his own country and of Eu-

rope in a keenly critical spirit that showed the weaknesses of the romanticists and established the tenets of the new movement. A similar change at about the same time came over literature in other countries, so that Denmark kept pace with them, although since Andersen she has produced no one whose reputation is universal or has exerted a great influence outside the confines of her own territory.

That, however, does not indicate that her writers have not been meritorious. After the German War of 1848 there was a lively awakening of patriotism in Denmark, and its immediate fruits were seen among the writers as well as elsewhere, and this event contributed probably as much as anything else to the death of the romantic school, although the pendulum swung too far, and Denmark began on the period of comparative isolation which was neither healthful nor inspiring. Out of the many recent writers in all branches of literature, it would be a simple matter to select a number who are worthy of study and whose writings would give pleasure and instruction to the reader, but in a work of this kind such brief treatment as we should be compelled to give them would be of little value.

ON A SUNDAY MORNING

CHAPTER IV

SWEDEN

THE COUNTRY AND ITS HISTORY. The eastern and larger part of the Scandinavian peninsula has been known as Sweden for many centuries, and is distinguished from its western sister not only by a difference in size, but by a very decided difference in topography and climate. Sweden has far more comparatively level land and greater possibilities in the way of supporting a large population than Norway, yet the whole northern half of it contains few inhabitants and has but a short summer season in which outdoor work can flourish. The mountains that form the backbone of the peninsula shut off the moist, warm winds from the west and give to the whole east side a much severer climate. In fact, during the winter season it is entirely

covered with snow, sometimes to a considerable depth, and the summers, while warm, are very short. Nevertheless, Sweden has been extremely fortunate in her people, and at times has exercised a tremendous power in the affairs of Europe. Its population, which is in excess of five million, is in general highly educated, and very few indeed are found who can neither read nor write.

Little is known of the early history of Sweden, and even after the introduction of Christianity in the ninth century it was more than two hundred years before that religion had found its way over the country and displaced the earlier pagan forms of worship. In 1397 the Swedes united themselves with Norway and Denmark, but they had little sympathy with the German monarchs of the union, and after a series of revolts they finally, in the sixteenth century, secured their freedom from Denmark and Norway and elected Gustavus I (Gustavus Vasa) king. His reign was instrumental in establishing a stable government, but his successors were unable to keep up the same high standard. The struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism continued for many years, and was not fully terminated until the reign of Gustavus II, the great Protestant hero of the Thirty Years' War. Of his career and his death at Lutzen (1632) we have already learned in our study of German literature. Him the Swedes regard as the real founder of their greatness, for he centralized the gov-

ernment and for a century afterward Sweden was regarded as one of the great powers of Europe.

Charles XII, the phenomenal military leader, succeeded to the throne in 1697, and for the twenty years of his reign was almost constantly in wars, during the progress of which he astonished Europe by his enterprise and dash, but finally was beaten decisively and probably only his unexpected death saved Sweden from great misfortunes. Until well into the eighteenth century the government of Sweden was despotic, but after a series of years and numerous conflicts between the democratic inhabitants and the throne a constitutional monarchy was established, and Sweden was thereafter governed to a greater or less extent by its own people. However, she has never regained in Europe the position occupied in the seventeenth century and is now regarded as a second-rate power, whose friendship and interest, however, are always sought by the great governments of Europe.

II. Early Literature. Swedish literature is almost entirely modern, although during the Middle Ages the country perhaps enjoyed, in company with the other Scandinavian nations, the poetry and prose of the *Eddas* and sagas. It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that Swedish writers began to make their way independently, and few of that earlier period are of any consequence to the general reader of to-day.

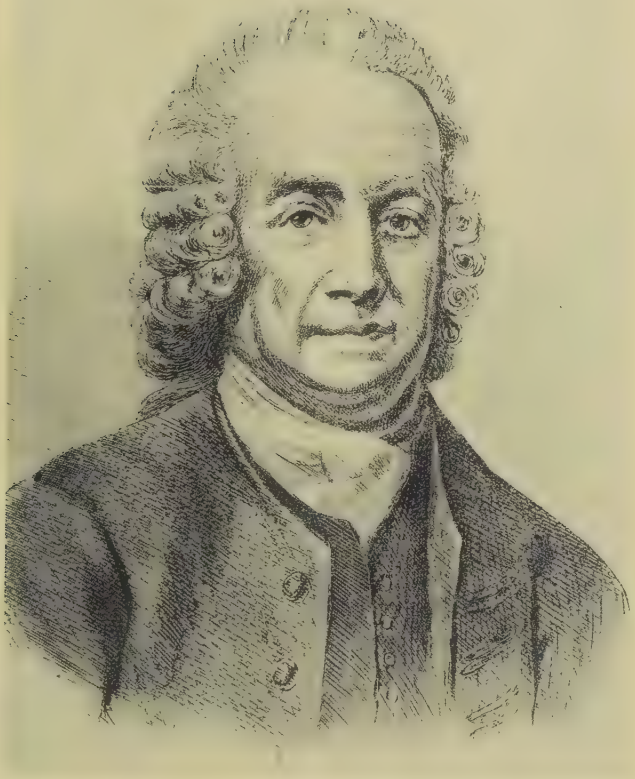
However, in the eighteenth century two Swedes appeared who acquired world-wide fame from their writings, though the works of both were composed in Latin. The first of these was Carl Linnaeus (von Linné) (1707–1778), the famous Swedish botanist, who at the age of twenty-four began to work at his systematic classification of plants based upon their reproductive organs. He traveled extensively throughout Europe, and in 1738 established himself as a physician in Stockholm. Four years later he became professor of botany at Upsala and thenceforward continued his contributions to natural history, more especially to botany. Although much of his labor consisted in summarizing the conclusions which his predecessors in that science had made, yet he introduced system and order into natural science and contributed great numbers of terse and exact descriptions which have been of great value to succeeding scientists. The uniform use of specific names, the definitions of genera and species and very many principles of classification which are now recognized as the A-B-C's of science are to be attributed to Linnaeus.

III. Swedenborg. The second name alluded to in the section above is that of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772), in many respects the most remarkable man of his age and one of the unique characters in the world's history. Born at Stockholm, the son of a distinguished clergyman, he was educated at Upsala and traveled

for four years through the principal European countries; on his return he was appointed by Charles XII to an assessorship of mines. His life may be divided into three periods, each of approximately twenty-eight years. During the first he studied assiduously and prepared himself for his career.

His second period commenced with the appointment as assessor mentioned above and was astonishingly prolific in diversified ways, for he not only discharged with fidelity and distinction the manifold duties of his office but pursued his studies in every department of science and engaged in independent investigations in an ardent endeavor to penetrate the deepest secrets of nature.

In the third period Swedenborg became the mystic; he abandoned and apparently forgot all the pursuits in which he had been previously engaged, and devoted himself with unabated energy and industry to the investigation of the facts and laws of the spiritual world. The event which changed his character and suggested the new line of activity for his genius occurred in 1744. During this last period Swedenborg claimed, evidently with all possible sincerity, that he was in constant and free intercourse with the spiritual world, and that not in a state of trance or under the suspension of his normal faculties, but while he was still engaged in public life and thinking and acting as a normal man. In fact, while writing his most mystical works, he was often engaged



SWEDENBORG
1688–1772

in public discussions in which his mind was as clear and active as those of his compeers, if we are to accept his testimony. Nowhere in the history of the world has there been a similar instance. The number of those who have claimed they have had partial or occasional glimpses into the unseen world is legion, but their reports treat of these experiences as though they were visits to a foreign country, while Swedenborg claimed to live in the spiritual world continuously. He was not a modern spiritualist, nor did he receive communication as did the ancient prophets, but he felt that he continued to live in his spiritual world as though he were dead to the people of this world, and yet at the same time, as we have said, he kept up his mundane activities.

For more than fifty years he was a contemporary of Kant, yet there is no similarity between his philosophy and that of the famous German, and it is a curious thing that two such leaders in philosophy and mysticism should have lived in that wonderful eighteenth century and have carried out so independently their investigations and have come to such widely different conclusions. It is impossible in the limited space we have to give any comprehensive idea of Swedenborg's philosophy, but the reader who cares to know more fully this wonderful man can do nothing better than to read Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Swedenborg, the Mystic,* an appreciative study in the great American's best vein.

A small sect adopted the principles of Swedenborg and still follow him in numerous small organizations scattered over Europe and the United States, but most of the members have not dropped their other church affiliations, regarding Swedenborgianism as an addition to the beliefs they already held.

The following extract, on *Marriage in Heaven,* though inadequate to give any idea of Swedenborg's doctrines, will yet convey some notion of the mystical nature of his ideas and of the style in which he wrote:

Since heaven is from the human race, the angels of heaven are of both sexes; and since it was provided from the creation that woman should exist for the sake of man and man for the sake of woman, thus each for the other; and since the love of each for the other is innate, it follows that there is marriage in heaven as well as on earth; but marriage in heaven differs greatly from marriage on earth. The nature of marriage in heaven, and how it differs from or agrees with marriage on earth, shall be explained in what follows.

Marriage in the heavens is the union of two minds in one, and the nature of this union shall first be explained. The mind consists of two parts, one of which is called the understanding and the other the will; and when these two parts act in unison they are called one mind. In heaven the husband acts as that part of the mind which is called the understanding, and the wife as that which is called the will. When this union, which exists in the inner mind, descends into the outer mind which pertains to the body, it is perceived and felt as love; and this is marriage love. From this it is evident that marriage love has its origin in the union of two minds into one, and this is called in heaven living together; and it is said of such that they are not two but

one; and therefore two married partners in heaven are not called two but one angel.

That there is such a union of the inmost minds of husband and wife results from creation itself; for man is born to be intellectual and thus to think from the understanding; but woman is born to be an embodiment of affection, and thus to think from the will; and this is also evident from the inclination or natural disposition of each as well as from their outward form. It is evident from their disposition, because man acts from reason, but woman from affection; and from the form, because man has a rougher and less beautiful face, a deeper voice and a stronger body, while the woman has a softer and a more beautiful face, a gentler voice and a more delicate body. There is a similar distinction between the understanding and will, or between thought and affection; and also between truth and good, and between faith and love; for truth and faith belong to the understanding and good and love to the will. This is why in the spiritual sense of the Word, a youth and a man signify the understanding of truth; and a virgin and a woman affection for good; also the Church, by reason of its affection for good and truth, is called a woman and a virgin; and all those who live in the love of good are called virgins (*Rev.* XIV, 4).

Every one, whether man or woman, has both understanding and will, but with man the understanding is predominant and with woman the will, and the character is determined by that which predominates. In heavenly marriages, however, there is no predominance, for the will of the wife is also that of the husband and the understanding of the husband is also that of the wife; for each loves to will and think as the other does and thus they will and think mutually and reciprocally; and this is why they are united into one. This union is an actual union; for the will of the wife enters into the understanding of the husband and the understanding of the husband into the will of the wife, especially when they look each other in the face; for, as has often been stated,

there is in heaven a communication of thought and affection, and especially between husband and wife, because they love each other. These things indicate the nature of that union of minds which constitutes marriage and produces marriage love in the heavens, namely, the desire of each to share every possession with the other.

It has been told me by angels that so far as two married partners live in such union, they live in marriage love and at the same time in intelligence, wisdom, and happiness. The reason of this is that Divine Good and Truth, which are the source of all intelligence, wisdom and happiness, flow principally into marriage love. Consequently, marriage love, being the marriage of good and truth, is the very plane upon which the Divine influence is shed; for the union of understanding and will is as the union of truth and good; for the understanding receives the Divine Truth and is formed thereby; and the will receives Divine Good and is formed thereby. For what a man wills he regards as good; and what he understands he regards as true. It therefore amounts to the same thing whether you say the union of understanding and will or the union of truth and good. It is this union of truth and good which makes an angel and causes all his intelligence, wisdom and happiness; for the character of an angel depends upon the degree to which the good in him is united with truth and the truth to good; or, what comes to the same thing, upon the degree to which his love is united with faith, and his faith with love.

The Divine power which goes forth from the Lord flows principally into marriage love, because marriage love is derived from the union of good and truth; for, as just observed, it amounts to the same thing whether you say the union of understanding and will or of good and truth. The union of good and truth has its origin in the Lord's Divine Love for all who are in heaven and on earth. From the Divine Love proceeds the Divine Good, and the Divine Good is received by angels and men in Divine truths; for truth is the only receptacle of

good, and nothing can be received from the Lord and heaven by any one who is not in possession of truths. So far, therefore, as truth with man is united with good, so far he is united with the Lord and heaven. This is the very origin of marriage love, and therefore marriage love is the very plane into which the Divine Sphere flows. It is for this reason that the union of good and truth in heaven is called the heavenly marriage: that heaven in the Word is compared to and called a marriage; and that the Lord is called the bridegroom and husband, and heaven and the Church are called the bride and also the wife.

Good and truth when united in an angel or a man are not two but one, since good then belongs to truth and truth belongs to good. This union is like that which exists when a man thinks what he wills and wills what he thinks; then the thought and will together make one mind; for the desires of the will assume a definite shape or form in the thought; and the will infuses delight into it. This also is the reason why two married partners in heaven are not called two angels but one. This also is what is meant by the Lord's words: "Have ye not read, that He who made them from the beginning, made them male and female and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. All cannot receive this word, save they to whom it is given" (*Matt.* XIX, 4–6; *Mark* X, 6–9; *Gen.* II, 24). Here is described the heavenly marriage in which the angels live, and at the same time the marriage of good and truth; and by man's not putting asunder what God hath joined together, is meant that good ought not to be separated from truth.

All this should make clear the origin of true marriage love; namely, that it is first formed in the minds of those who are united in marriage and thence descends into the body, where it is perceived and felt as love. For whatever is felt and perceived in the body derives its

origin from man's spiritual part, because it is from his understanding and will and these constitute the spiritual man. Whatever descends from the spiritual man into the body, is presented there in another form, but still remains of a similar and concordant nature. This is like the relation between soul and body, or between cause and effect, as may be evident from what was stated and proved in the two chapters on correspondences.

I once heard an angel describing true marriage love and its heavenly delights in the following manner: He said that it is the Divine Sphere of the Lord in heaven, which is the Divine Good and Truth, united in two persons so completely that they are no longer two but one. He said that two married partners in heaven are marriage love personified, because every one is his own good and his own truth, both as to mind and body; for the body is an image of the mind, because it is formed in its likeness. From this he concluded that two persons united in true marriage love are an image of the Divine Being, and therefore an image of heaven; for the universal heaven consists of the Divine Good and Truth proceeding from the Lord.

IV. The Gothic Movement. During the eighteenth century, Sweden, like the most of Europe, was ruled by French taste, but even to a greater extent, and the writers of that long period, distinguished as some of them were, failed to accomplish much in the direction of a genuinely Swedish literature that should express the sentiments and ideals of the country in its own language. Finally, however, Gallic influence began to give way, and during the transition period there was a steady tendency toward nationalism; early in the nineteenth century it had so developed that the Swedes were ready to join the movement which placed

the entire Gothic race, with all its traditions, predilections and tastes in one great school, in which the language, though broken into several dialects, was the same in spirit. The triumph of this new school was heralded by Erik Gustaf Geijer (1783–1847), who was at once historian, musician and poet. In his *Chronicles of Sweden* he begins in the darkness of antiquity and traces the history of the race through its mythological epoch, its noble traditions of heroes, vikings and poets, and clothes all his characters in living flesh and blood with a truly romantic spirit. His poems, too, are among the choicest of Sweden's literary treasures, though they have not equaled the popularity of his great contemporary.

V. Tegner. Esaias Tegner (1782–1846) was born at Kyrkerud, was graduated from the University of Lund, and became sub-librarian of the university and a lecturer on aesthetics. In 1811 he published the ode *Svea* (*Sweden*), which immediately won universal praise and was crowned by the Academy. In 1820 appeared *Nattvardsbarnen* (*The Children of the Lord's Supper*), a remarkable religious idyl, which was succeeded by a romantic poem, *Axel*, in 1822. His greatest poem, the epic *Frithiof Saga*, was finished in 1825, but before it was complete its fame had secured for him the bishopric of Wexio. There was a strain of insanity in Tegner's family, and in 1840 it manifested itself in the poet, who was taken to an asylum for a period, though he afterwards recovered

sufficiently to resume his work. However, he soon became paralytic and lingered in that condition until his death. Practically all his important work was confined to about fourteen years, ending in 1825, and his best poems were produced within about six years.

Tegner wrote a melodious, graceful and dignified verse, which, though fresh and vigorous, was calmly impersonal, although at times it showed religious enthusiasm and national patriotism. He is universally regarded as Sweden's greatest poet, if not its greatest literary genius. The poet Longfellow has given us exquisite translations of *The Children of the Lord's Supper* and of *Frithiof Saga.*

VI. "The Children of the Lord's Supper." It was the day of Pentecost, and the children of the village had come to the church to receive their final instructions from their old teacher, who is described as follows:

Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)

TEGNER
1782–1846

Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.

The following lines tell of his meeting with the children:

Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,

Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when spring-tide approaches,
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Here are the concluding lines of his sermon and the final verses of the poem:

"Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly

With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.
"On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard!
Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished.
Warm is the heart;—I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.
Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions
Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise.

See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth he came, and, transfigured, thence reascended,
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,

Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
"Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
"O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!"
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.

O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a

Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

VII. "Frithiof Saga." Although Tegner's *Saga of Frithiof* is rather a collection of lyrical poems woven together, yet the whole is so much of a unit that it forms an epic cycle of great interest. There is little of the overwhelming passion and savage bloodthirstiness of the usual saga; rather is his hero a tender and sensitive man driven unwillingly into the passionate outbursts of which he is guilty. Critics contend that Tegner's hero has been made more effeminate than the ancient warrior possibly could have been, but that fact does not detract from the beauty of the poet's verses nor the general effect of the epic. The

extracts following, unless otherwise credited, are from the metrical translation of H. Spalding, who claims to have followed the original closely and to have imitated the different meters of the several cantos with great fidelity.

Thorsten's son, Frithiof, loves Ingeborg, the daughter of King Bele, and is overjoyed to find that she returns his affection. Bele and Thorsten, his right-hand man, are about to die, and ere they go they call Helge and Halfdan, sons of Bele, and Frithiof, Thorsten's son, to give them advice:

Thorsten arose thereafter, and he spoke so:
"The King must not all lonely to Odin go.
We've shared life's toils together, my King and friend,
Together to Valhalla we'll gladly wend.

"Old age and care, son Frithiof, have spoken to me,
Whispering with many a warning I now give thee.
Though godlike Odin's ravens die in the North,
The old man's lips still utter warnings of worth.

"First, give the gods all honor, whate'er betide,
For storm and sunshine hover where they abide.
They see the heart's dark chamber, and judgment make,
And many years scarce expiate the hour's mistake.

"Obey the King; he governs *alone* my son.
Dark night hath many beacons, the day but one.
A true man ever, Frithiof, abides the best;
The sword with edge and hilt, son, stands every test.

"Great strength is God's own gift; but, Frithiof, mind,
That strength, to be true power, must knowledge find.
The bear, by one man conquered, hath twelve men's force;
The shield doth guard the sword-cut, and stop its course.

"The proud by few are feared, hated of course;
And haughtiness, O Frithiof, is ruin's source.
Full many a bird soars boldly, but then is struck;
For storms destroy the harvest, and ill winds luck.

"Praise thou the sun, O Frithiof, when it is sunk,
Good counsel, when 'tis followed, and ale when drunk.
A youth must on his merit for much depend;
But strife doth prove the falchion, and need the friend.

"Night trust not, nor, in spring-time, the driven snow,
Nor sleeping snake, nor sighing of maiden low;
Like swiftly-rolling chariot her fancy ranges,
And 'neath her snowy bosom her heart e'er changes.

"Thyself must die, relinquish thy dearest ties;
But I know one thing, Frithiof, which never dies—
It is the dead man's judgment. Keep this in sight;
Therefore choose what is noble, do what is right."

So warned his son that ancient, in that high hall,
As many a scald has sung since in Havamal;
From race to race the warnings pithy go forth,
And in the deep, dull distance whispers the North.

Frithiof succeeds his father and receives among other things as his inheritance Thorsten's sword, armlet and galley. The sword is thus described:

The sword handed down from father to son was first of the triad,
Angurvadel was its name, of lightning the brother.
Far in the unknown East was it forged (for thus saith the story);
In the fires of the dwarfs was it tempered; first worn by Bjorn Blatand.
But Bjorn lost his life and his sword at once in a battle,
Southwards in Groningasund, where he fought with valorous Vifell.

Vifell a son had called Viking. A king with his beauteous daughter
Dwelt at Ulleraker in quiet, but aged and failing.
See, there comes from the depths of the forest a hideous giant,
Taller by far than the sons of men, but rough like a wild boar,
Demanding the maid and the kingdom to buy his forbearance.
But none dared the combat unequal, nor was there a falchion
Could cut through his skull of iron, whence his name Jernhos.
Viking alone, just fifteen years old, accepted the challenge,
Trusting his strength and relying on Angurvadel. With one sword-cut
Asunder he clove the loud-roaring brute and delivered the fair one,
Viking delivered the sword to Thorsten his son, and from Thorsten
Came it to Frithiof an heirloom; when he drew it, its shimmer
Flew through the room like lightning or northern aurora.
Hilt was of hard-hammered gold; but the blade was engraven
With letters mysterious, unknown in the North, but well comprehended
Toward the sun, of our fathers the home till the gods brought us hither.
Faint and dull looked the runes alway when peace was prevailing:
But when Hildur began his sport, then constantly burnt they
Red as the comb of the cock when he fighteth; a lost man was he who
In combat encountered that blade with the runes all aflaming.

The sword was famed far and wide, and of swords was
first in the North.

The armlet was a heavy, pure gold band, beautifully engraved with mythological designs and thickly set with jewels. At one time the priceless ornament was stolen by a sea-rover, who died and carried the armlet to his tomb. Thorsten desecrated the tomb and recovered his jewel, but for the only time in his life felt fear as he seized the armlet.

Ellida, the galley, was a magic ship, which had been given to Thorsten:

A royal gift to behold, for the swelling planks of its
framework
Were not fastened with nails, as is wont, but *grown* in
together.
Its shape was that of a dragon when swimming, but
forward
Its head rose proudly on high, the throat with yellow
gold flaming;
Its belly was spotted with red and yellow, but back by
the rudder
Coiled out its mighty tail in circles, all scaly with silver;
Black wings with edges of red; when all were expanded
Ellida raced with the whistling storm, but outstript the
eagle.
When, filled to the edge with warriors, it sailed o'er the
waters,
You'd deem it a floating fortress, or warlike abode of a
monarch.
The ship was famed far and wide, and of ships was first
in the North.

Frithiof had one foster-brother, Bjorn,

Glad as a child, but firm as a man, and wise as an elder.
He had grown up with Frithiof, their blood was mingled
together,

Foster-brothers in Norland fashion, and bound by agreement
Together to hold in weal or woe, and by dark oaths of vengeance.

When Frithiof asks for the hand of Ingeborg, Helge, her brother, scorns him as of unequal birth, and Frithiof, to manifest his power, cleaves Helge's shield in twain, and ill blood is thenceforth between them. King Ring asks Helge for the hand of Ingeborg, but he likewise is scorned, threatens reprisal and proceeds to attack Helge and Halfdan. Hilding is sent as a messenger to summon Frithiof, who refuses to leave the game of chess which he is playing with Bjorn. Ingeborg has been concealed in Balder's temple, where Frithiof meets her and urges her to fly with him, but she feels her duty lies with her brother, and the two part. Frithiof offers his help against King Ring, but Helge refuses on the ground that Frithiof has profaned Balder's sanctuary by seeing Ingeborg there. Moreover, he sends Frithiof to collect tribute from the distant Angantyr, whither Ingeborg refuses to go with him, and he promises to return. Her lament for Frithiof is as follows:

'Tis Autumn now,
Stormily heaveth the sea his brow,
Ah! but how gladly I'd lie
'Neath the bare sky!

As in a trance,
Watched I his sail o'er the western wave dance.
Ah! happy sail, thou wilt follow
Frithiof to-morrow.

Blue rolling wave,
Swell not so high o'er the track of the brave.
Shine, ye stars, brightly, and say
Where lies the way.

When it is spring,
He will come home like a bird on the wing;
Vainly he'll search for his maid
In the green glade;

Deep in the mold,
All for her love she lies stiffened and cold,
Or sacrificed perhaps to another
By her dark brother.

Hawk, which he left,
Dearly I'll love thee, of master bereft,
Teach thee to come at my word,
Swift darting bird.

Here on his hand,
Worked on the canvas thou proudly shalt stand,
Silver thy wings, and behold!
Claws made of gold.

Once on a time,
Freya took hawk's wing, and wandered each clime:
North and south the fair rover
Sought for her lover.

If I could borrow
Thy wings, they'd carry me not from my sorrow.
Death is the angel who brings
Godlike wings.

Hawk, come to me,
Sit on my shoulder, and gaze at the sea.
Ah! how we gaze from the spot,
Frithiof comes not.

When I am gone,
He'll come to my grave in silence to mourn;
Greet then, O greet from Ingborg departed
My love brokenhearted!

On his voyage Frithiof is overtaken by a terrible tempest which has been raised by the witchcraft of Helge, and although the galley, Ellida, destroys the two spirits, the expedition reaches the Orkney Islands and Frithiof and Bjorn carry the exhausted sailors ashore from the sinking galley. The voyagers are met by Atle and the hosts of Angantyr, but Frithiof, having conquered their leader, is welcomed for his father's sake, but the tribute is refused him. However, Angantyr makes his visitor a generous gift of gold and tells him to do with it as he pleases.

Frithiof returns to find his home burned and Ingeborg carried away by Ring, who has defeated Helge in battle. Hilding explains Ingeborg's action, who in her message says that she trusts all to the All-Father:

"All-Father, judge us," said Frithiof stern,
"But to judge a little myself I yearn.
Is it not Balder's midsummer feast?
In the temple is now the crownèd priest,
The murderous King, who sold my bride,
I also to judge a little decide."

Frithiof challenges Helge to battle, and, having learned that the armlet, which he has intrusted to Ingeborg, is on the arm of the statue of Balder in his temple, breaks into the sanctuary and seizes his treasure, but in pulling

it off the statue of the god is overturned and the temple destroyed by fire. Such sacrilege cannot remain unpunished, and Frithiof, with Ellida restored to use, goes into exile. Helge pursues him and loses his ships, which were scuttled by Bjorn, but Frithiof declines to slay the King, though he threatens to return for vengeance. For three years Frithiof sails and fights his victorious way around Europe and even to Greece, following always his code:

When the merchant ye meet, ye may spare his good ship,
but the weaker his wealth must unfold.
Thou art king on thy wave, he is slave of his gain, and
thy steel is as good as his gold.

For the booty on deck with lots may ye cast, how they
fall out ye may not complain;
But the sea-king himself will ne'er cast a lot, but only
the honor retain.

When the enemy comes and there's conflict and strife,
and hot fall the blows on the shields;
If thou waver'st a step, from among us depart; 'tis our
law for the niding who yields.

When victorious, be mild; he who begs for his life, bears
no sword, cannot be thy foe.
Prayer is Valhalla's child, hear the pale one's voice; he
is niding who says to him no.

Vikings' glory, a wound, adorning its man when on
bosom or forehead it lies.
Let it bleed, bind it not before twenty-four hours, and
maybe 'fore spring you will rise.

At the end of this long exile Frithiof decides to return home, and Bjorn tries to persuade

him to fight King Ring and seize Ingeborg. Frithiof refuses to do this, but declares that he will make one visit to Ingeborg in disguise and bid her a last farewell. So an old man appears at Ring's festival, but is unable to conceal the fact when insulted that he is a strong young warrior, and when taxed with the fact, admits it and claims to be a friend of Frithiof; but at last the feast proceeds in peace. The following incident occurs soon after:

On a visit King Ring with his Queen will pass
O'er the ice-covered sea, like polished glass.

"Go not on the ice," the stranger saith;
"It will break, and deep is the chilly bath."

"Kings drown not so easily," Ring did say,
"But he who's afraid may go round the bay."

The stranger he looked so dark at the joke,
And quick on his feet the skates did yoke.

The sledge-horse sweeps with might away,
His breath is in flame, he is so gay.

"Stretch out," cried the King, "my courser good,
Show whether thou art of Sleipnir's blood."

They sweep like a storm-cloud thro' the air,
The old man regards not his partner's prayer.

But the steel-shod warrior, he stands not still,
But passes them by whenever he will.

Full many a rune on the ice he cut,
Fair Ingeborg over her name doth shoot.

So haste they away o'er the slippery path,
But underneath lurks false Ran in wrath.

A hole in her silver roof she clove,
And quickly the sledgers into it drove.

Fair Ingeborg's cheeks became all pale,
But the guest he came like a whirling gale.

Deep in the ice his skates he placed,
And seized the courser's mane in haste.

Then up on the ice one single haul
Soon landed both sledge, and horse, and all.

"The feat must I praise," did the King exclaim,
"Only Frithiof the strong could have done the same."

Then back to the castle they took their ways;
And the stranger remained till Spring's fair days.

While Frithiof and the old King are hunting, the latter grows weary and begs to sleep, resting his head on Frithiof's knee. Now comes the terrible temptation of Frithiof's life, but he remains true to his character, throws his sword far away, so that he may no longer be tempted to slay Ring, and tenderly guards the monarch until he awakes. Then Ring discloses the fact that for a long time he has known Frithiof, and that he has planned this test of Frithiof's friendship. Moreover, he announces that his death approaches and begs Frithiof to stay and take the throne and Ingeborg after the King's death. Frithiof meets the Queen and bids her farewell in Ring's pres-

ence, but the aged monarch opens his veins and dies, leaving his kingdom, Ingeborg and his young son to Frithiof's care. The scald sings Ring's death song:

In the tomb sitting
High born old chieftain,
Sword by his side and
Shield upon arm.
Mettlesome charger
Neighing within it,
Scrapeth with pale hoof
Ground-enclosed grave.

Now rideth mighty
Ring over Bifrost,
Shakes from the burden,
Bending the bridge;
Up spring Valhalla's
Wide vaulted portals,
Hands of the Asas
Hanging in his.

Thor is not heavenwards,
Warfare he wages;
Valfather motions
Forward the cup.
Corn plaiteth Frey round
Crown of the monarch,
Frigg bindeth azure
Blossoms thereon.

Bragé, that ancient,
Strikes now the gold strings,
Sweeter now murmurs
Song than before.
List'ning reposes
Vanadis radiant,
Bosom 'gainst table,
Burns whilst she hears.

"High sing the war-sword
Dreadful on helmets;
Billows of red blood
Constantly shed.
Strength, of the mighty
Gods the fair birthright,
Fierce as a Berserk
Bites the round shield.

"Dear to us therefore
Was the good King, who
Placed his strong shield o'er
Cottager's field;
Wisdom and force's
Fairest conception
Mounts as an off'ring
Up to the sky.

"Words full of wisdom
Valfather loves when
Seated by Saga,
Soquaback's maid.
So rang the King's words
Like Mimer's billows,
Clear and resplendent,
Deep too as they.

"Peacefully settles
Forseti quarrels,
Ruler by Urda's
Dark-heaving wave.
So sat at judgment
Idolized monarch,
Fierce hands united,
Blood-vengeance quelled.

"King was no niggard;
Round him he scattered,
'Daylight of dwarfs,' and

'Fierce dragon's bed.'
Glad went the gift from
Generous spirit,
Quick from the kind lips
Comfort to woe.

"Welcome, then, wise old
Heir to Valhalla!
Long in the bleak North
Praised be thy name.
Bragé now greets thee,
Courteous with wine draught,
Sent by the Nornas
Down from the North."

At the election, Ring's subjects vote Frithiof to be King, but he declines the honor, and, raising Ring's little son on a shield, swears to protect him until manhood. The Thanes assent and make Frithiof an earl, but when they suggest that he wed Ingeborg, Frithiof declines:

But Frithiof darkly frowned: "To-day
A king elect;
No wedding 'tis; my bride I may
Myself select.

"To Balder's temple must I hie,
And busy be
With vengeful Nornas there, who cry
Out constantly.

"A moment will I lonely see
The maids with shields;
They build beneath Time's ancient tree
On verdant fields.

"The fair-haired Balder's outraged fane
My breast doth chide;
He took, and he must give again
My heart's fair bride."

The new-made King he greeted there,
Kissed on the brow,
And slowly o'er the heather fair
Did silent go.

Frithiof visits his father's tomb and is advised by the Fates that he must rebuild Balder's shrine; and when the temple has been completed in greater magnificence than before Frithiof hears of Helge's death, is reconciled to Halfdan, and receives Ingeborg as his bride.

VIII. Fredrika Bremer. Among the writers of Sweden there have been a number of women who have achieved distinction both in poetry and fiction, but among them all no one has equaled in general popularity Fredrika Bremer (1801–1865). She was born near Abo in Finland, and three years later her father, who was a successful and wealthy ironfounder, moved to a country estate about twenty miles from Stockholm. The old manor-house was remodeled, and the family should have lived happily in their new home, but the father was melancholy and reserved, irritable and severe in correcting childish faults. Fredrika herself was the unfortunate recipient of criticism from all sides, and her development seriously impaired by the lack of appreciation on the part of both her parents. At the age of eight she began writing little verses in French, and com-

menced a journal which she continued for some time. A tour through Europe, including a winter in Paris, gave the young girl an opportunity to see much of the world, but made the narrowness of her own life seem even more apparent, and she felt that she would have no opportunity to realize her ambitions. Almost in despair, she took up charity work and devoted herself to errands of mercy among the poor, and becoming much interested as a nurse and requiring more funds to carry on her enterprises, she wrote a book which she called *Sketches of Everyday Life,* and received for it a hundred dollars, although it was published anonymously; not even her printer knew who had written it. The success of this venture encouraged her to continue, and when *The H. Family* appeared every one recognized that a new light had dawned in Swedish literature.

When the identity of the author became known, the Swedish Academy voted her its lesser gold medal, and her name became known outside of Sweden. In fact, her succeeding works gained almost universal popularity and were translated into the modern European languages, and read with increasing pleasure. Her style and position in literature is not unlike that of Jane Austen of England, and there is some similarity in subject matter.

Having now the opportunity of travel, Fredrika Bremer made several extensive journeys, and in 1849 came to America and resided for two years. In 1865 she removed to Arsta,

the estate mentioned above, which, however, had passed out of the hands of the family some years before. Nevertheless, she remained there for the few months that remained of her life.

Her best work was done in portraying the simple family life of the middle classes, which she did with a quaint realism and a gentle appreciation of the characteristics of her people. Her works were admirably translated into English by Mary Howitt and soon became as familiar to readers in England and America as those of their own favorite novelists, and thousands of people everywhere have been made the better by observing her genial judgment of life, her deep trust in Providence and the evidences she gave of good will, affection and cheerfulness. Gentle, smiling and serene, she looked out upon life with a charming humor which brought her practical philosophy home to the heart of every one. Her plots are simple, but the interest in them, while never absorbing, is sufficient to carry the reader on, though he will find his greatest enjoyment in her descriptions and lifelike conversations. *The President's Daughters, The Neighbors, The Home* and *Nina* were all of the first and more natural group of her writings. Later she wrote more with a purpose and discussed such public questions as philanthropy, religion, and more than anything else, the equal rights of women. Before she died she had the satisfaction of seeing in Sweden the realization of

many of the principles for which she had contended.

The Home, the story of a Swedish judge, his wife and family of six children, five girls and one boy, is perhaps one of her best novels and typical of others. There is sufficient variety in the character of the children and their love affairs to give interest to the book, and the pathetic life of Henrik, the boy, through a brilliant youth, which was terminated in early manhood by consumption, gives a large element of pathos. On the other hand, the bitter experiences of an adopted daughter, whose temperament leads her into suffering, abandonment and death, contrasts vividly with the more quiet events in the lives of the others. Perhaps the most attractive character among the daughters is Petrea, who possesses more individuality than any other one and whose experiences are always entertaining. At the beginning of the book the mother writes to a friend and describes her several children. The following is Mrs. Howitt's version of the description of Petrea:

> But whatever will fate do with the nose of my Petrea? This nose is at present the most remarkable thing about her little person; and if it were not so large, she really would be a pretty child. We hope, however, that it will moderate itself in her growth.
>
> Petrea is a little lively girl, with a turn for almost everything, whether good or bad; curious and restless is she, and beyond measure full of failings; she has a dangerous desire to make herself observed, and to excite an interest. Her activity shows itself in destructiveness;

yet she is good-hearted and most generous. In every kind of foolery she is a most willing ally with Henrik and Eva, whenever they will grant her so much favor; and if these three be heard whispering together, one may be quite sure that some roguery or other is on foot. There exists already, however, so much unquiet in her, that I fear her whole life will be such; but I will early teach her to turn herself to that which can change unrest into rest.

Later, when they make an excursion into the country for a day, Petrea is the excited one in the group, often stumbling and falling, but always springing up quickly and continuing her joyous course:

The Candidate also, full of joyous animal spirits, began to sing aloud, in a fine tenor voice, the song, "Seats of the Vikings! Groves old and hoary," in which the children soon joined their descant, whilst they marched in time to the song. Elise, who gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the beautiful day and the universal delight, had neither inclination nor wish to interrupt this by any disagreeable explanation; she thought to herself that she would defer it a while.

"Nay, only look, only look, sisters! Henrik, come here!" exclaimed little Petrea, beckoning with the hand, leaping, and almost out of herself for delight, whilst she looked through the trellis-work of a tall handsome gate into pleasure-grounds which were laid out in the old-fashioned manner, and ornamented with clipped trees. Many little heads soon looked with great curiosity through the trellis-gate; they seemed to see Paradise within it; and then up came the Candidate, not like a threatening cherub with a flaming sword, but a good angel, who opened the door of this paradise to the enraptured children. This surprise had been prepared for them by Elise and the Candidate, who had obtained permission from the Dowager Countess S—— to take

the children on their way to the nut-wood through her park.

Here the children found endless subject for admiration and inquiry, nor could either the Candidate or their mother answer all their questions. Before long the hearts of the children were moved at sight of a little leaden Cupid, who stood weeping near a dry fountain.

"Why does he cry?" asked they.

"Probably because the water is all gone," answered the Candidate, smiling.

Presently again they were enchanted by sight of a Chinese temple, which to their fancy contained all the magnificence in the world—instead of, as was the case, a quantity of fowls; then they were filled with astonishment at trees in the form of pyramids—they never had seen anything so wonderful, so beautiful! But the most wonderful thing was yet to come.

They reached a gloomy part of the grounds. Melancholy sounds, incoherent, yet pleasurable, became audible, accompanied by an uninterrupted splashing of water. The children walked slower and closer together, in a state of excited expectation, and a kind of shuddering curiosity. The melancholy tones and the falling water became more and more distinct, as they found themselves inclosed in a thick fir-wood; presently, however, an opening to the right showed itself, and then thickly wreathed with a wild growth of plants and heavily-leaved trees, the vault of a grotto revealed itself, within which, and in the distance, stood a large white figure, with aged head, long beard, crooked back, and goat's legs. To his lips he held a pandean pipe, from which the extraordinary sounds appeared to proceed. Little waterfalls leapt here and there from the rocks around, and then collected themselves at the foot of the statue in a large basin, in which the figure seemed, with a dreamy countenance, to contemplate himself and the leaf-garlanded entrance of the grotto.

The Candidate informed them that this was the Wood-god Pan; but what further information he gave respect-

ing the faith of the ancients in this deity of nature was listened to by nobody but the Queen-bee, who, however, shook her wise head over the want of wisdom in the Grecians who could believe on such a god; and by Elise, who loved to discover in the belief of antiquity a God of nature, which makes itself felt also in our days, but in a truer and, as we think, a diviner sense.

The exhibition in the grotto had produced its effect upon all the spectators, great as well as small; but the brain of the little Petrea seemed quite intoxicated, not to say crazed by it. The Wood-god, with his music, his half-animal, half-human figure, although only of gypsum, and, as the Candidate declared, the offspring only of a dim fancy, as well as that it was without life or actuality, still remained to her imagination a living existence, as real as wonderful. She could see nothing, think of nothing, but the Wood-god; and the foreboding of a new and wonderful world filled her soul with a delicious terror.

Afterwards the picnickers discover that Petrea has disappeared, and very soon their uneasiness changes into actual anxiety:

We will now ourselves go in quest of Petrea. So enchanted was she with the Wood-god and his music, that no sooner had she, with the others, begun to climb the hill, than she turned back to the grotto, and there, transported by its wonderful world, she was suddenly possessed by a desire to acquaint her father and Brigitta with her having seen the Wood-god. Resolve and action are much more one with children than with women. To be the first who should carry to the father the important tidings, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!" was a temptation too strong for Petrea's ambition and craving for sympathy.

She had heard them say that they should rest on the hill; and as her organ of locality was as feeble as her imagination was powerful, she never doubted for a moment of being able to run home and back before they were aware even of her absence. As for the rest, to confess the truth, she thought nothing at all about it; but with

a loudly-beating heart, and the words, "Oh, father! we have seen the Wood-god!" on her lips, she made a spring, and rushed forward on the wings of fancy as fast as her little legs would carry her in a direction exactly the opposite of that which led homeward, and which at the same time removed her from the grotto; never thinking, the poor Petrea! that in this world there are many ways. Before long, however, she found it necessary to stand still, in order to rest herself: it was all so beautiful around her; delicious odors breathed from the wild flowers; the birds sang; the heaven was cloudless; and here, where no Cupids nor Chinese temples dazzled her thoughts, the very remembrance of the god Pan vanished from her soul, and instead of it a thought, or more properly speaking a sentiment, took possession of it—a holy and beautiful sentiment, which the mother had early instilled into the hearts of her children. Petrea saw herself solitary, yet at the same time she felt that she was not so; in the deliciousness of the air, in the beauty of nature, she perceived the presence of a good spirit, which she had been taught to call *Father;* and filled, as her heart seemed to be, by a sense of his goodness and affection, which appeared never to have been so sensibly impressed upon her mind as then, her heart felt as if it must dissolve itself in love and happiness. She sank down on the grass, and seemed to be on the way to heaven. But, ah! the way thither is not so easy; and these heavenly foretastes remain only a short time in the souls of children, as well as of grown people.

That which brought Petrea from her heavenly journey back to the earth again was a squirrel, which sprang directly across her path, and sent her forth immediately in chase of it. To catch such game, and to carry it home, would be indeed in the highest degree a memorable action. "What would Henrik and my sisters say? What would all the city say? Perhaps it will get into the newspapers! —perhaps the King may get to hear of it!"—thought Petrea, whilst, out of herself with ambition and earnestness, she pursued the little squirrel over stock and stone.

Her frock was torn; her hands and feet were bruised; but that was a mere nothing! She felt it not, more particularly—oh, height of felicity!—as she fell down, and at that same moment grasped in her trembling hands her little prey. Petrea cried for delight, and shouted to her mother and sisters, who—could not hear her.

"Oh, thou little most lovable creature!" said Petrea, endeavoring at the same time to kiss her little captive, in return for which that most lovable little creature bit her on the chin. Surprised, and sorely smarting from the pain, Petrea began to cry; yet for all that would not let go the squirrel, although the blood flowed from the wound. Petrea ran forward, wondering that she never came to the great trellis-gate, through which she knew she must pass in order to reach home. Whilst she thus wondered with herself, and ran, and struggled with her little untractable prisoner, she saw a gentleman coming towards her. It never once occurred to her that this could be any other than her father, and almost transported for joy, she exclaimed, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!"

Greatly astonished to hear himself thus parentally addressed, the young man looked up from the book in which he read, gazed at Petrea, smiled, and replied, "Nay, my child, he is gone in that direction," pointing with his finger towards that quarter whence Petrea had come. Imagining at once that he meant the Candidate, Petrea replied with anxiety and a quick foreboding that she was on a wrong track, "Oh, no, it is not he!" and then turned suddenly back again.

She abandoned now all thoughts of running home, and was only desirous of finding those whom she had so thoughtlessly left. She ran back, therefore, with all her speed, the way she had come, till she reached where two roads branched off, and there unfortunately taking the wrong one, came into a wild region, where she soon perceived how entirely confused she had become. She no longer knew which way to go, and in despair threw herself into the grass and wept. All her ambition was gone;

she let the squirrel run away, and gave herself up to her own comfortless feelings. She thought now of the uneasiness and anxiety of her mother, and wept all the more at the thought of her own folly. But, however, consoling thoughts, before long, chased away these desponding ones. She dried her eyes with her dress—she had lost her pocket-handkerchief—and looking around her she saw a quantity of fine raspberries growing in a cleft of the hill. "Raspberries!" exclaimed she, "my mother's favorite berries!" And now we may see our little Petrea scrambling up the cliff with all her might, in order to gather the lovely fruit. She thought that with a bouquet of raspberries in her hand, she could throw herself at the feet of her mother, and pray for forgiveness. So thought she, and tore up the raspberry bushes, and new courage and new hope revived the while in her breast. If, thought she, she clambered only a little way higher, could she not discover where her home was? should she not see her mother, father, sisters, nay, the whole world? Certainly. What a bright idea it was!

With one hand full of raspberries, the other assisted her to climb; but, ah! first one foot slipped on the dry smooth grass, and then the other. The left hand could no longer sustain the whole weight of her body; the right hand would not let go the raspberries. A moment of anguish, a violent effort, and then Petrea rolled down the cliff into a thicket of bushes and nettles, where for the present we will leave her, in order to look after the others.

The anxiety of the mother is not to be described, as after a whole hour spent with Jacobi and Henrik (the little Queen-bee watched over the other children near Pan's grotto), in seeking and calling for Petrea, all was in vain. There were many ponds in the park, and they could not conceal from themselves that it was possible she might have fallen into one. It was a most horrible idea for Elise, and sent an anguish like death into her heart, as she thought of returning in the evening to her husband with one child missing, and that one of his

favorites—missing through her own negligence. Death itself seemed to her preferable.

Breathless, and pale as a corpse, she wandered about, and more than once was near sinking to the earth. In vain the Candidate besought her to spare herself; to keep herself quiet, and leave all to him. In vain! She heard him not; and restless and unhappy, she sought the child herself. Jacobi was afraid to leave her long alone, and kept wandering near her; whilst Henrik ran into other parts of the park, seeking about and calling.

It was full two hours of fruitless search after the lost one, when the Candidate had again joined the despairing mother, that at the very same moment their glances both fell suddenly on the same object—it was Petrea! She lay in a thicket at the foot of the hill; drops of blood were visible on her face and dress, and a horrible necklace—a yellow spangled snake!—glittered in the sun around her neck. She lay motionless, and appeared as if sleeping. The mother uttered a faint cry of terror, and would have thrown herself upon her, had not the Candidate withheld her.

"For heaven's sake," said he, fervently, and pale as death, "be still; nothing perhaps is amiss; but it is the poisonous snake of our woods—the aspic! An incautious movement, and both you and Petrea may be lost! No, you must not; your life is too precious—but I —promise me to be still, and——"

Elise was scarcely conscious of what she did. "Away! away!" she said, and strove to put Jacobi aside with her weak hands; she herself would have gone, but her knees supported her no longer—she staggered, and fell to the ground.

In that same moment the Candidate was beside Petrea, and seizing the snake by the neck with as much boldness as dexterity, he slung it to a distance. By this motion awakened, Petrea shuddered, opened her sleep-drunken eyes, and looking around her, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, father! I have seen the Wood-god!"

"God bless thee and thy Wood-god!" cried the delighted Candidate, rejoicing over this indisputable token of life and health; and then clasping her to his breast he bore her to her mother. But the mother neither heard nor saw anything; she lay in a deep swoon, and was first recalled to consciousness by Henrik's kisses and tears. For a while she looked about her with anguishful and bewildered looks.

"Is she dead?" whispered she.

"No, no! she lives—she is unhurt!" returned Jacobi, who had thrown himself on his knees beside her; whilst the little Petrea, kneeling likewise, and holding forth the bunch of raspberries, sobbed aloud, and besought her, "Forgive! oh, mamma, forgive me!"

Light returned to the eyes of the mother; she started up, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped the recovered child to her breast.

"God be praised and blessed!" cried she, raising her folded hands to heaven; and then silently giving her hand to Jacobi, she looked at him with tears, which expressed what was beyond the power of words.

"Thank God! thank God!" said Jacobi, with deep emotion, pressing Elise's hand to his lips and to his breast. He felt himself happy beyond words.

They now hastened to remove from the dangerous neighborhood of the snake, after Jacobi and Henrik had given up, at the desire of the mother, the probably ineffectual design of seeking out the poisonous but blameless animal, and killing it on the spot.

All this time the little Queen-bee had sat alone by the grotto, endeavoring to comfort her sisters, whilst she herself wept bitter tears over Petrea, whom she never expected to see again: on that very account her joy was all the greater and louder, when she saw her carried in the arms of the Candidate; and no sooner did she learn from her mother how he had rescued her from the fangs of death, than she threw her arms round his neck in inexpressible gratitude. All this Petrea heard and saw with the astonishment and curiosity of one who meets

with something unheard of; and then, thus seeing the distress which her inconsiderateness had occasioned, she herself melted into such despairing tears, that her mother was obliged to console and cheer her. Of her fall into the thicket Petrea knew no more than that her head had felt confused, that she could not get up again, had slept, and then dreamed of the Wood-god.

One more picture of Petrea growing up, and we must close these extracts:

We are all of us somewhat related to chaos; Petrea was very closely so. Momentary bursts of light and long periods of confusion alternated in her. There was a great dissimilarity between Louise and Petrea. While Louise required six drawers and more to contain her possessions, there needed scarcely half a one for the whole wardrobe of Petrea; and this said wardrobe too was always in such an ill-conditioned case, that it was, according to Louise, quite lamentable, and she not unfrequently lent a helping hand to its repair. Petrea tore her things, and gave away without bounds or discrimination, and was well known in the sisterly circle for the bad state of her affairs. Petrea had no turn for accumulation; on the contrary, she had truly, although Louise would not allow it, a certain turn for art.

She was always occupied by creations of one kind or another, either musical, or architectural, or poetical. But all her creations contained something of that which is usually called trash. At twelve years old she wrote her first romance: "Annette and Belis loved each other tenderly; they experienced adversity in their love; were at last, however, united, and lived henceforth in a charming cottage, surrounded with hedges of roses, and had eight children in one year," which we may call a very honorable beginning. A year afterwards she began a tragedy, which was to be called "Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe," and which opened with these verses spoken by one Delagardie:

Now from Germania's coast returned,
I see again the much-loved strand;
From war I come, without a wound,
Once more into my native land.
Say, Bannér, say, what woe has caused these tears,
Am I not true to thee, or is it idle hope alone that will befool my years?

Whether no sheet of paper was broad enough to contain the lengthened lines, or any other cause interfered to prevent the completion of the piece, we know not; but certain it is that it was soon laid aside. Neither did a piece of a jocular nature, which was intended to emulate the fascinating muse of Madame Lenngren, advance much further—the beginning was thus:

Within the lordly castle Elfvakolastie,
Which lay, in sooth, somewhere in Sverge,
There lived of yore the lovely Melanie,
The only daughter of Count Stjerneberge.

At the present time Petrea was engaged on a poem, the title of which, written in large letters, ran thus—"The Creation of the World!"

The Creation of the World began thus:

CHAOS

Once in the depths etern of darkness lying,
This mighty world
Waited expectantly the moments flying
When light should be unfurled.
The world was nothing then, which now is given
To crowds of busy men;
And all our beautiful star-spangled heaven
Was desolate darkness then;
Yet He was there, who before time existed,
Who will endure for ever.

The creation of the world ceased with this faint glimmering of light, and was probably destined under Petrea's hand never to be brought forth from chaos. Petrea had

an especially great inclination for great undertakings, and the misfortune to fail in them. This want of success always wounded her deeply, but in the next moment the impulse of an irresistibly vigorous temperament raised her above misfortune in some new attempt. The blood rushed up to her young head, and filled it with a mass of half-formed thoughts, fancies, and ideas; her mind and her character were full of disquiet. At times joyous and wild beyond bounds, she became on the other hand wretched and dispirited without reason. Poor Petrea! She was wanting in every kind of self-regulation and ballast, even outwardly; she walked ill—she stood ill—she curtseyed ill—sat ill—and dressed ill; and occasioned, in consequence, much pain to her mother, who felt so acutely whatever was unpleasing; and this also was very painful to Petrea, who had a warm heart, and who worshiped her mother.

Petrea also cherished the warmest affection and admiration for Sara, but her manner even of evidencing her affection was commonly so entirely without tact, as rather to displease than please the object of it. The consciousness of this fact embittered much of Petrea's life; but it conducted her by degrees to a love in which tact and address are of no consequence, and which is never unreturned.

Sometimes Petrea was seized with a strong consciousness of the chaoticness of her state; but then, again, at other times she would have a presentiment that all this would clear itself away, and then that something which was quite out of the common way would come forth; and then she was accustomed to say, half in jest and half in earnest, to her sisters, "You'll see what I shall turn out sometime!" But in what this extraordinary turning out should consist nobody knew, and least of all poor Petrea herself. She glanced full of desire towards many suns, and was first attracted by one and then by another.

Louise had for Petrea's prophesyings great contempt, but the little Gabriele believed in them all. She delighted herself, moreover, so heartily in all that her sister began,

that Petrea sacrificed to her her most beautiful gold-paper temple; her original picture of shepherdesses and altars; and her island of bliss in the middle of peaceful waters, and in the bay of which lay a little fleet of nut-shells, with rigging of silk, and laden with sugar-work, and from the motion of which, and the planting of its wonderful flowers, and glorious fruit-bearing trees, Petrea's heart had first had a foretaste of bliss.

Petrea's appearance imaged her soul;—for this too was very variable; this too had its "raptures;" and here too at times also a glimmering light would break through the chaos. If the complexion were muddled, and the nose red and swollen, she had a most ordinary appearance; but in cooler moments, and when the rose-hue confined itself merely to the cheeks, she was extremely good-looking; and sometimes too, and that even in her ugly moments, there would be a gleam in her eye, and an expression in her countenance, which had occasioned Henrik to declare that "Petrea was after all handsome!"

To a chaotic mind, the desire for controversy is inborn; it is the conflict of the elements with each other. There was no subject upon which Petrea had not her conjectures, and nothing upon which she was not endeavoring to get a clear idea; on this account she discussed all things, and disputed with every one with whom she came in contact; reasoned, or more properly made confusion, on politics, literature, human free-will, the fine arts, or anything else; all which was very unpleasant to the tranquil spirit of her mother, and which, in connection with want of tact, especially in her zeal to be useful, made poor Petrea the laughing-stock of every one; a bitter punishment this, on earth, although before the final judgment-seat of very little, or of no consequence at all.

IX. Conclusion. In the nineteenth century, then, a genuine Swedish literature was well developed, and everything appeared extremely favorable to continued improvement.

In fact, the writings of the Swedes and Scandinavians in general have much that is in common with the English, and development seems along the same lines. Since the time of Fredrika Bremer there have been several writers who have contended with her for first place as a writer of fiction, and some of the more modern poets are strong rivals of Tegner. Perhaps among the later writers, the realistic Strindberg has met with the greatest popularity in and out of Sweden. He was born in Stockholm, and his first notable work was as a dramatist, though he has achieved greater distinction as a novelist and in his satirical writings, but his bitter pessimism and his tendency to bring into prominence the disagreeable and unfortunate things of life have made the number of his readers comparatively small. Nevertheless, his work shows him to be more of a genuine genius than any other Swedish writer of his day, excepting, perhaps, Selma Lagerlöf.

NÆRO FJORD

CHAPTER V

NORWAY

NORWAY AND HER PEOPLE. The western part of the Scandinavian peninsula has been called Norway for many centuries. It consists of a belt of land extending along the North Atlantic Ocean and reaching some three hundred miles above the Arctic Circle. The southern part has a considerable width and contains most of the cultivable and habitable lands. Farther to the north, the mountain chain, and consequently the boundary line between Norway and Sweden, comes nearer to the coast. Owing to its latitude, on winter days, even in the southern part at Christiania, the capital, the sun is above the horizon fewer than six hours, and more than a third of the length is in the region of darkness and the midnight sun. Almost the entire coast line of Norway is indented by deep bays or fiords, in which, owing to the mild breezes from the

ocean, the ice rarely freezes and navigation continues the year round. The greater part of the population is clustered along the shore in the vicinity of these fiords and in the inland valleys, especially in the central and southern parts. In the north there are few inhabitants. In fact, taken as a whole, Norway is the most sparsely populated country in Europe. It supports approximately two and a half million; there have been extensive emigrations in late years, particularly to the United States, where the people have gathered numerously in the northwestern states. Most of the inhabitants are members of the Norwegian Established Church, which is of the Evangelical Lutheran creed. Education is compulsory, and the schools are generally good. The Royal Frederick University in Christiania is the largest of the higher institutions of learning, and is the only university.

The early history of Norway is similar to that of Sweden. Christianity was introduced at about the same time, and it may be said that internally Norway's progress has been practically on the same lines as that of her neighbor. During the Viking days the Norwegians were relatively as prominent as the other Scandinavians, but the nation as a whole has never taken a very active part in European affairs. Of course, the last statement should be considered in connection with the fact that for a great deal of the time since history became definite Norway and Sweden have been

more or less united, for it is only in comparatively recent times that a complete separation has been made.

The Norwegian language is of the same stock as the other Scandinavian tongues, but has developed differently and has kept more free from mixture with German and other foreign languages than either Sweden or Denmark, except insofar as the Danish language has actually been the official and literary language of Norway, also.

II. Early Literature. Norway is not credited by scholars with having an independent literature until about the year 1814, when she was separated from Denmark, but in early times there was the same wealth of myth and legend that is found in other Scandinavian countries, and as early as 800 the scald Bragi is known to have composed poetry in the old Norse language. His principal poem, *Ragnar's Drapa,* was in part kept alive and included in the collection of the Icelander, Snorri, who incorporated it in his *Edda.* From that time on there was development of Norwegian literature, and it will be remembered that not a few of the Danish writers were in reality Norwegians.

In 1772 there was formed in Copenhagen what was called the Norwegian Society, and this became an important factor in developing a distinctly national literature, both in material and in expression. Between that time and 1814 there were a number of writers of

local prominence and great promise, but none of their work is worth speaking of nor did any make its way outside of the Scandinavian countries.

In the early part of the eighteenth century rapid progress was made, a number of authors became popular, and they spread among the people a warm feeling for their work, which naturally assisted in the increase of local enthusiasm. However, that portion of Norwegian literature which belongs to the present period and which alone is important for us to consider was created by less than a half dozen men, only two of whom can be said to have acquired world-wide reputation and popularity. These men all lived in the latter half of the nineteenth century and were to a remarkable degree contemporaries.

III. Ibsen. The oldest of the writers mentioned in the section above was Henrik Ibsen (1828–1906), a dramatist who exerted a powerful influence upon the literature of Europe and to a lesser degree upon that of the United States. His father was a merchant who met with reverses, and a portion of Henrik's childhood was spent in dire poverty, but later he was able to attend the scientific school at Skien and finally to enter the University of Christiania to study medicine; but here he was diverted from that purpose by his passion for literature. In 1851 he was appointed stage manager at Bergen, and six years later became director of the Norwegian theater at Christi-

IBSEN
1828–1906

ania. His management, however, was unsuccessful, and in five years he had bankrupted the institution. After a period of comparatively unfruitful labor, he voluntarily exiled himself from Norway for ten years, and during that time wrote a number of successful plays. In 1891 he went to Christiania to live, and from that time forward continued to be one of the most conspicuous figures in modern letters. On his seventieth birthday he received gifts and greetings from all over the world and had the satisfaction of seeing the storm of criticism quieted and his work appreciated at its full value.

Outside of Scandinavia Ibsen is best known through his dramas of modern life, in which he attacks social conditions as they exist and discusses with a frankness that by some has been called immoral the sins of society. As a dramatist he was one of the most skillful of modern writers; practically all of his later work is eminently fitted for the stage, and has been produced in translations in every important modern language.

The Pillars of Society, the first of his group of modern social dramas, attacks the hypocrisy of the leaders in the society of a small Norwegian town. Consul Bernick, the local magnate, ultimately discloses his real character, and we see how he has brought about his own personal rise to power at the expense of the community in which he had been a respected supporter, and we are left to infer that truth

and freedom should be the real pillars of society.

IV. "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts." The second play in the series has for its theme the failure of marriage and illustrates the customary sacrifice of the individuality of a woman to the man to whom she is married. Nora, the heroine, is one of the most striking of Ibsen's female characters, and the play itself is one of his most successful. In mind and morals, Nora is merely an undeveloped child, who sacrifices honor to love and forges her father's name to save her husband, but before the end of the play she is wholly disillusioned, understands the real nature of the doll's house in which she has lived, and prepares to leave her home and children. The final scene is in a room in her husband's flat in Christiania. Nora has changed her fancy dress for a plainer garment and has just heard from Helmer an explanation of her difficulties, which, however, appears to be wholly unsatisfactory. He notices that she has changed her gown and put on an every-day dress:

Nora. Yes, Torvald, I have changed my things now.
Helmer. But what for?—so late as this.
Nora. I shall not sleep to-night.
Helmer. But, my dear Nora—
Nora. (*looking at her watch*). It is not so very late. Sit down here, Torvald. You and I have much to say to one another. (*She sits down at one side of the table.*)
Helmer. Nora—what is this?—this cold, set face?
Nora. Sit down. It will take some time; I have a lot to talk over with you.

Helmer. (*sits down at the opposite side of the table*). You alarm me, Nora!—and I don't understand you.

Nora. No, that is just it. You don't understand me, and I have never understood you either—before to-night. No, you mustn't interrupt me. You must simply listen to what I say. Torvald, this is a settling of accounts.

Helmer. What do you mean by that?

Nora. (*after a short silence.*) Isn't there one thing that strikes you as strange in our sitting here like this?

Helmer. What is that?

Nora. We have been married now eight years. Does it not occur to you that this is the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, have had a serious conversation?

Helmer. What do you mean by serious?

Nora. In all these eight years—longer than that—from the very beginning of our acquaintance, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.

Helmer. Was it likely that I would be continually and for ever telling you about worries that you could not help me to bear?

Nora. I am not speaking about business matters. I say that we have never sat down in earnest together to try and get at the bottom of anything.

Helmer. But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you?

Nora. That is just it; you have never understood me. I have been greatly wronged, Torvald—first by papa and then by you.

Helmer. What! By us two—by us two, who have loved you better than any one else in the world?

Nora. (*shaking her head*). You have never loved me. You have only thought it pleasant to be in love with me.

Helmer. Nora, what do I hear you saying?

Nora. It is perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with papa, he told me his opinion about everything, and so I had the same opinions; and if I differed from him I concealed the fact, because he would not

have liked it. He called me his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

Helmer. What sort of an expression is that to use about our marriage?

Nora. (*undisturbed*). I mean that I was simply transferred from papa's hands into yours. You arranged everything according to your own taste, and so I got the same tastes as you—or else I pretended to, I am really not quite sure which—I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me as if I had been living here like a poor woman—just from hand to mouth. I have existed merely to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and papa have committed a great sin against me. It is your fault that I have made nothing of my life.

Helmer. How unreasonable and how ungrateful you are, Nora! Have you not been happy here?

Nora. No, I have never been happy. I thought I was, but it has never really been so.

Helmer. Not—not happy!

Nora. No, only merry. And you have always been so kind to me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I was papa's doll-child; and here the children have been my dolls. I thought it great fun when you played with me, just as they thought it great fun when I played with them. That is what our marriage has been, Torvald.

Helmer. There is some truth in what you say—exaggerated and strained as your view of it is. But for the future it shall be different. Playtime shall be over, and lesson-time shall begin.

Nora. Whose lessons? Mine, or the children's?

Helmer. Both yours and the children's, darling Nora.

Nora. Alas, Torvald, you are not the man to educate me into being a proper wife for you.

Helmer. And you can say that!

Nora. And I—how am I fitted to bring up the children?

Helmer. Nora!

Nora. Didn't you say so yourself a little while ago—that you dare not trust me to bring them up?

Helmer. In a moment of anger! Why do you pay any heed to that?

Nora. Indeed, you were perfectly right. I am not fit for the task. There is another task I must undertake first. I must try and educate myself—you are not the man to help me in that. I must do that for myself. And that is why I am going to leave you now.

Helmer (*springing up*). What do you say?

Nora. I must stand quite alone, if I am to understand myself and everything about me. It is for that reason that I cannot remain with you any longer.

Helmer. Nora, Nora!

Nora. I am going away from here now, at once. I am sure Christine will take me in for the night—

Helmer. You are out of your mind! I won't allow it! I forbid you!

Nora. It is no use forbidding me anything any longer. I will take with me what belongs to myself. I will take nothing from you, either now or later.

Helmer. What sort of madness is this!

Nora. To-morrow I shall go home—I mean, to my old home. It will be easiest for me to find something to do there.

Helmer. You blind, foolish woman!

Nora. I must try and get some sense, Torvald.

Helmer. To desert your home, your husband and your children! And you don't consider what people will say!

Nora. I cannot consider that at all. I only know that it is necessary for me.

Helmer. It's shocking. This is how you would neglect your most sacred duties.

Nora. What do you consider my most sacred duties?

Helmer. Do I need to tell you that? Are they not your duties to your husband and your children?

Nora. I have other duties just as sacred.

Helmer. That you have not. What duties could those be?

Nora. Duties to myself.

Helmer. Before all else, you are a wife and a mother.

Nora. I don't believe that any longer. I believe that before all else I am a reasonable human being, just as you are—or, at all events, that I must try and become one. I know quite well, Torvald, that most people would think you right, and that views of that kind are to be found in books; but I can no longer content myself with what most people say, or with what is found in books. I must think over things for myself and get to understand them.

Helmer. Can you not understand your place in your own home? Have you not a reliable guide in such matters as that?—have you no religion?

Nora. I am afraid, Torvald, I do not exactly know what religion is.

Helmer. What are you saying?

Nora. I know nothing but what the clergyman said, when I went to be confirmed. He told us that religion was this, and that, and the other. When I am away from all this, and am alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see if what the clergyman said is true, or at all events if it is true for me.

Helmer. This is unheard of in a girl of your age! But if religion cannot lead you aright, let me try and awaken your conscience. I suppose you have moral sense? Or—answer me—am I to think you have none?

Nora. I assure you, Torvald, that is not an easy question to answer. I really don't know. The thing perplexes me altogether. I only know that you and I look at it in quite a different light. I am learning, too, that the law is quite another thing from what I supposed; but I find it impossible to convince myself that the law is right. According to it a woman has no right to spare her old dying father, or to save her husband's life. I can't believe that.

Helmer. You talk like a child. You don't understand the conditions of the world in which you live.

Nora. No, I don't. But now I am going to try. I am going to see if I can make out who is right, the world or I.

Helmer. You are ill, Nora; you are delirious; I almost think you are out of your mind.

Nora. I have never felt my mind so clear and certain as to-night.

Helmer. And is it with a clear and certain mind that you forsake your husband and your children?

Nora. Yes, it is.

Helmer. Then there is only one possible explanation.

Nora. What is that?

Helmer. You do not love me any more.

Nora. No, that is just it.

Helmer. Nora!—and you can say that?

Nora. It gives me great pain, Torvald, for you have always been so kind to me, but I cannot help it. I do not love you any more.

Helmer (*regaining his composure*). Is that a clear and certain conviction too?

Nora. Yes, absolutely clear and certain. That is the reason why I will not stay here any longer.

Helmer. And can you tell me what I have done to forfeit your love?

Nora. Yes, indeed I can. It was to-night, when the wonderful thing did not happen; then I saw you were not the man I had thought you.

Helmer. Explain yourself better—I don't understand you.

Nora. I have waited so patiently for eight years; for, goodness knows, I knew very well that wonderful things don't happen every day. Then this horrible misfortune came upon me; and then I felt quite certain that the wonderful thing was going to happen at last. When Krogstad's letter was lying out there, never for a moment did I imagine that you would consent to accept this man's conditions. I was so absolutely cer-

tain that you would say to him: "Publish the thing to the whole world." And when that was done—

Helmer. Yes, what then?—when I had exposed my wife to shame and disgrace?

Nora. When that was done, I was so absolutely certain, you would come forward and take everything upon yourself, and say: "I am the guilty one."

Helmer. Nora—!

Nora. You mean that I would never have accepted such a sacrifice on your part? No, of course not. But what would my assurances have been worth against yours? That was the wonderful thing which I hoped for and feared; and it was to prevent that, that I wanted to kill myself.

Helmer. I would gladly work night and day for you, Nora—bear sorrow and want for your sake. But no man would sacrifice his honor for the one he loves.

Nora. It is a thing hundreds of thousands of women have done.

Helmer. Oh, you think and talk like a heedless child.

Nora. Maybe. But you neither think nor talk like the man I could bind myself to. As soon as your fear was over—and it was not fear for what threatened me, but for what might happen to you—when the whole thing was past, as far as you were concerned it was exactly as if nothing at all had happened. Exactly as before, I was your little skylark, your doll, which you would in future treat with doubly gentle care, because it was so brittle and fragile. (*Getting up.*) Torvald—it was then it dawned upon me that for eight years I had been living here with a strange man, and had borne him three children—. Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could tear myself into little bits!

Helmer (*sadly*). I see, I see. An abyss has opened between us—there is no denying it. But, Nora, would it not be possible to fill it up?

Nora. As I am now, I am no wife for you.

Helmer. I have it in me to become a different man.

Nora. Perhaps—if your doll is taken away from you.

Helmer. But to part!—to part from you! No, no, Nora, I can't understand that idea.

Nora (*going out to the right*). That makes it all the more certain that it must be done. (*She comes back with her cloak and hat and a small bag which she puts on a chair by the table.*)

Helmer. Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

Nora (*putting on her cloak*). I cannot spend the night in a strange man's room.

Helmer. But can't we live here like brother and sister—?

Nora (*putting on her hat*). You know very well that would not last long. (*Puts the shawl round her.*) Good-bye, Torvald. I won't see the little ones. I know they are in better hands than mine. As I am now, I can be of no use to them.

Helmer. But some day, Nora—some day?

Nora. How can I tell? I have no idea what is going to become of me.

Helmer. But you are my wife, whatever becomes of you.

Nora. Listen, Torvald. I have heard that when a wife deserts her husband's house, as I am doing now, he is legally freed from all obligations towards her. In any case I set you free from all your obligations. You are not to feel yourself bound in the slightest way, any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. See, here is your ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer. That too?

Nora. That too.

Helmer. Here it is.

Nora. That's right. Now it is all over. I have put the keys here. The maids know all about everything in the house—better than I do. To-morrow, after I have left her, Christine will come here and pack up my own things that I brought with me from home. I will have them sent after me.

Helmer. All over! All over!—Nora, shall you never think of me again?

Nora. I know I shall often think of you and the children and this house.

Helmer. May I write to you, Nora?

Nora. No—never. You must not do that.

Helmer. But at least let me send you—

Nora. Nothing—nothing—

Helmer. Let me help you if you are in want.

Nora. No. I can receive nothing from a stranger.

Helmer. Nora—can I never be anything more than a stranger to you?

Nora (*taking her bag*). Ah, Torvald, the most wonderful thing of all would have to happen.

Helmer. Tell me what that would be!

Nora. Both you and I would have to be so changed that—. Oh, Torvald, I dŏn't believe any longer in wonderful things happening.

Helmer. But I will believe in it. Tell me! So changed that—?

Nora. That our life together would be a real wedlock. Good-bye. (*She goes out through the hall.*)

Helmer (*sinks down on a chair at the door and buries his face in his hands*). Nora! Nora! (*Looks round, and rises.*) Empty. She is gone. (*A hope flashes across his mind.*) The most wonderful thing of all—? (*The sound of a door shutting is heard from below.*)

Ghosts is in some respects a complement to the *Doll's House,* but it is aggressively daring in defiance of all conventions, and it met with a storm of savage criticism which the author scarcely expected. While as a play it grips the attention and interest of the reader, it is repulsive and horrifying to a degree not equaled by other dramas of the day. Softening of the brain inherited from a licentious father is depicted with terrible skill in the principal character, and the lesson taught is

one that needs to be impressed upon humanity, but it is questionable whether the stage is a proper medium through which to present such a subject. The play was refused a hearing in Norway, Sweden and Denmark for many years, but finally it was allowed to be presented in Norway.

V. "THE WILD DUCK." In technique *The Wild Duck* is Ibsen's masterpiece, and there are few modern dramas that are superior in characterization, naturalness and aptness of dialogue. The action of the play progresses rapidly, and the spectator sees little by little the tragedy which has preceded the opening of the play and learns incidentally, as it were, of relationships and sins long past. A curious bit of symbolism, perhaps not wholly in accord with the rest of the play, is the introduction of the wild duck, whose function in the play, if more than to throw a light upon the character of Hedvig and the elder Ekdal, is difficult to understand. Chronologically, *The Wild Duck* followed *A Doll's House, Ghosts* and *An Enemy of the People,* the three plays which grew out of Ibsen's satirical philosophy, and it shows a reaction against his earlier teachings and some irony that was evidently intended for his own followers.

Gregers Werle is an unthinking reformer calling for absolute sincerity and truthfulness, and he insists that his weak friend Hjalmar follow the "demand of the ideal" so completely that in the end the peace of a simple family

is wrecked, and a gentle girl is driven to suicide. At an entertainment in the house of Werle, a merchant and manufacturer, there are present, among others, Mrs. Sorby, the woman he is about to marry, his son Gregers, and Hjalmar Ekdal, a photographer. Gregers and Hjalmar are boyhood friends and schoolmates who have not met for years. The latter is married to Gina, a former servant in Werle's house, and, as it develops in the act, the elder Werle has promoted the marriage of Hjalmar to save his own reputation, as he had ruined the maid. Gregers learns all this, and is evidently suspicious that his father is really the guilty one in certain partnership transactions by which the elder Ekdal was disgraced and ruined.

The scene of the second act is in the studio of Hjalmar Ekdal, where the little family is together, and it appears that the practical Gina, assisted by the beautiful fourteen-year-old Hedvig, are really supporting the family by their economy and thrift, for Hjalmar is a visionary, impractical man, always dreaming of inventions, but never really making any progress in them. Hedvig, it appears, is in danger of becoming blind, and the elder Werle is suffering from the same complaint. The grandfather Ekdal earns a little by copying, which is furnished by Werle, and everywhere the family turn the assistance they receive seems to come directly or indirectly from Werle. The old Ekdal is broken down phys-

ically and quite a drunkard. In his youth he was an officer in the army and a vigorous sportsman; now he has fixed up the attic so that he can keep fowls, rabbits and a variety of game there, with which he spends a great deal of his time. Occasionally he takes an old revolver, and, pretending that he is hunting, shoots a rabbit for the daily meal. Hjalmar, a chip of the old block, joins in the "sport." Among the animals in the attic is a wild duck with a broken wing, which the elder Ekdal shot and his servant gave to Hedvig, who has tamed the duck and loves it devotedly.

Gregers Werle, disgusted with what he has learned of his father's history, leaves his home permanently and takes up his residence in a room at the Ekdals'. He is an idealist; he sees in Hjalmar only the brilliant boy of whom he was so fond, and feels that the present condition of the latter is owing to his lack of honesty with himself, and accordingly obstinately urges him to rouse himself to follow the truth, even to its bitterest conclusion. Hjalmar has been entirely in ignorance of the relations between the elder Werle and Gina, but when told by Gregers, weakly takes his advice and tries to reëstablish his family relations on a perfectly truthful basis. How he carries out these ideas is shown in the fourth act, where he comes home irritated, threatening everything and everybody. He frightens Hedvig, who goes out to walk, while the following interview takes place between him and his wife:

Hjalmar. From to-morrow—or let us say from the day after to-morrow—I should prefer to keep the household books myself.

Gina. You want to keep the household books too!

Hjalmar. Yes, or at any rate to keep account of what our income is.

Gina. Bless the man—that's simple enough!

Hjalmar. I am not sure; you seem to me to make what I give you go an astonishingly long way. (*Stands still and looks at her.*) How do you manage it?

Gina. Because Hedvig and I need so little.

Hjalmar. Is it true that father is so liberally paid for the copying he does for old Mr. Werle?

Gina. I don't know about it's being so liberal. I don't know what is usually paid for that kind of work.

Hjalmar. Well, roughly speaking, what does he make? Tell me.

Gina. It varies; roughly speaking, I should say it is about what he costs us and a little pocket-money over.

Hjalmar. What he costs us! And you have never told me that before?

Gina. No, I couldn't. You seemed so pleased to think that he had everything from you.

Hjalmar. And in reality he had it from old Werle!

Gina. Oh, well, Mr. Werle has got plenty to spare.

Hjalmar. Light the lamp for me, please.

Gina (*lighting it*). Besides, we don't really know if it is Mr. Werle himself; it might be Graaberg—

Hjalmar. Why do you want to shift it on to Graaberg?

Gina. I know nothing about it; I only thought—

Hjalmar. Hm!

Gina. It wasn't me that got the copying for grandfather, remember that. It was Bertha, when she came to the house.

Hjalmar. Your voice seems to me to be unsteady.

Gina (*putting the shade on the lamp*). Does it?

Hjalmar. And your hands are shaking, aren't they?

Gina. (*firmly*). Tell me straight, Hjalmar, what nonsense has he been telling you about me?

Hjalmar. Is it true—can it possibly be true—that there was anything between you and old Mr. Werle when you were in service there?

Gina. It's not true. Not then. Mr. Werle was always after me, true enough. And his wife thought there was something in it; and then there was the devil's own fuss. Not a moment's peace did she give me, that woman—and so I threw up my place.

Hjalmar. But afterwards?

Gina. Well, then I went home. And my mother—she wasn't what you thought her, Hjalmar; she talked a heap of nonsense to me about this, that and the other. Mr. Werle was a widower by that time, you know.

Hjalmar. Well, and then?

Gina. It's best you should know it. He never let me alone, till he had had his way.

Hjalmar (*clasping his hands*). And this is the mother of my child! How could you conceal such a thing from me?

Gina. It was wrong of me, I know. I ought to have told you about it long ago.

Hjalmar. You ought to have told me at the first,—then I should have known what sort of a woman you were.

Gina. But would you have married me, all the same?

Hjalmar. How can you suppose such a thing!

Gina. No; and that's why I didn't dare to tell you anything then. I had got to love you so dearly, as you know. And I couldn't make myself utterly wretched—

Hjalmar (*walking about*). And this is my Hedvig's mother! And to know that I owe everything I see here —(*kicks at a chair*)—my whole home—to a favored predecessor! Ah, that seducer, Werle!

Gina. Do you regret the fourteen—the fifteen years we have lived together?

Hjalmar (*standing in front of her*). Tell me this. Haven't you regretted every day—every hour—this web of lies you have enmeshed me in? Answer me!

Haven't you really suffered agonies of regret and remorse?

Gina. My dear Hjalmar, I have had plenty to do thinking about the housekeeping and all the work there was to do every day—

Hjalmar. Then you never wasted a thought on what your past had been!

Gina. No—God knows I had almost forgotten all about that old trouble.

Hjalmar. Oh, this callous, insensate content! There is something so shocking about it, to me. Just think of it!—not a moment's regret.

Gina. But you tell me this, Hjalmar—what would have become of you if you hadn't found a wife like me?

Hjalmar. A wife like you!

Gina. Yes; I have always been a better business man than you, so to speak. Of course, it is true I am a year or two older than you.

Hjalmar. What would have become of me?

Gina. Yes, you had got into all sorts of bad ways when you first met me; you can't deny that.

Hjalmar. You talk about bad ways? You can't understand how a man feels when he is overcome with grief and despair—especially a man of my ardent temperament.

Gina. No, very likely not. And I oughtn't to say much about it anyway, because you made a real good husband as soon as you had a home of your own. And here we had got such a comfortable, cozy home, and Hedvig and I were just beginning to be able to spend a little bit on ourselves for food and clothes—

Hjalmar. In a swamp of deceit, yes.

Gina. If only that hateful fellow hadn't poked his nose in here!

Hjalmar. I used to think, too, that I had a happy home. It was a delusion. Where am I to look now for the necessary incentive to bring my invention into existence? Perhaps it will die with me; and then it will be your past, Gina, that has killed it.

Gina (*on the brink of tears*). Don't talk about such things, Hjalmar. I, that have all along only wanted what was best for you!

Hjalmar. I ask you—what has become of the dream of the bread-winner now? When I lay in there on the sofa, thinking over my invention, I used to have a presentiment that it would use up all my powers. I used to feel that when the great day came when I should hold my patent in my hands, that day would be the day of my—departure. And it was my dream, too, that you would be left as the well-to-do widow of the departed inventor.

Gina (*wiping away her tears*). You mustn't talk such nonsense, Hjalmar. I pray God I never may live to see the day when I am left a widow!

Hjalmar. Well, it is of no consequence now. It is all over now, anyway—all over now!

(GREGERS WERLE *opens the outer door cautiously and looks in.*)

Gregers. May I come in?

Hjalmar. Yes, come in.

Gregers (*advances with a beaming, happy face, and stretches out his hand to them*). Well, you dear people—! (*Looks alternately at one and the other, and whispers to* HJALMAR.) Haven't you done it yet?

Hjalmar (*aloud*). It is done.

Gregers. It is?

Hjalmar. I have passed through the bitterest moment of my life.

Gregers. But the most elevating too, I expect.

Hjalmar. Well, we have got it off our hands for the present, anyway.

Gina. God forgive you, Mr. Werle.

Gregers (*greatly surprised*). But, I don't understand.

Hjalmar. What don't you understand?

Gregers. After such a momentous enlightenment—an enlightenment that is to be the starting-point of a completely new existence—a real companionship, founded on truth and purged of all falsehood—

Hjalmar. Yes, I know; I know.

Gregers. I certainly expected, when I came in, to be met by the light of transfiguration in the faces of you both. And yet I see nothing but gloomy, dull, miserable—

Gina (*taking off the lampshade*). Quite so.

Gregers. I daresay you won't understand me, Mrs. Ekdal. Well, well—you will in time. But you, Hjalmar? You must feel consecrated afresh by this great enlightenment?

Hjalmar. Yes, of course I do. That is to say—in a sort of way.

Gregers. Because there is surely nothing in the world that can compare with the happiness of forgiveness and of lifting up a guilty sinner in the arms of love.

Hjalmar. Do you think it is so easy for a man to drink the bitter cup that I have just drained?

Gregers. No, not for an ordinary man, I daresay. But for a man like you—!

Hjalmar. Good heaven, I know that well enough. But you mustn't rush me, Gregers. It takes time, you know.

Gregers. You have a lot of the wild duck in you, Hjalmar.

Dr. Relling, a friend of the family, criticizes Hjalmar for his actions and tells the parents that they must conceal everything from Hedvig, who is now growing up and must not be troubled with such notions. The marriage of Mrs. Sorby and old Werle is announced, and the former calls on the Ekdals. She explains that she and Werle have had a perfectly frank discussion of their pasts and that neither has concealed anything from the other, that Werle is rapidly growing blind, and that she expects to devote her life to his care. Hjalmar declares that under no consideration will he accept any

more favors from Werle, and Gregers approves his determination. Hedvig returns from her walk breathless and looking happy:

Gina. Are you back again?

Hedvig. Yes, I didn't want to stay out any longer; and it was lucky I didn't, for I have just met some one at the door.

Hjalmar. Mrs. Sorby, I suppose.

Hedvig. Yes.

Hjalmar (*walking up and down*). I hope you have seen her for the last time. (*A pause.* HEDVIG, *obviously disheartened, looks first at one and then at the other of them, as if to try and read their thoughts.*)

Hedvig (*going up to her father coaxingly*). Father!

Hjalmar. Well, what is it, Hedvig?

Hedvig. Mrs. Sorby had something with her for me.

Hjalmar (*standing still*). For you?

Hedvig. Yes, it is something for to-morrow.

Gina. Bertha has always sent some little thing for her birthday.

Hjalmar. What is it?

Hedvig. You mustn't know anything about it yet. Mother is to give it to me in bed the first thing to-morrow morning.

Hjalmar. All this mystery!—and I am to be kept in the dark, I suppose.

Hedvig (*quickly*). No, you may see it if you like. It is a big letter. (*Takes a letter out of the pocket of her coat.*)

Hjalmar. A letter, too?

Hedvig. She only gave me the letter. The rest of it is coming afterwards, I suppose. Just fancy—a letter! I have never had a letter before. And there is "Miss" on the envelope. (*Reads.*) "Miss Hedvig Ekdal." Think of it—that's me!

Hjalmar. Let me see the letter.

Hedvig (*giving it to him*). There you are.

Hjalmar. It is old Mr. Werle's writing.

Gina. Are you sure, Hjalmar?

Hjalmar. See for yourself.

Gina. Do you suppose I know anything about such things?

Hjalmar. Hedvig, may I open the letter—and read it?

Gina. Not to-night, Hjalmar. It is for to-morrow, you know.

Hedvig (*softly*). Oh, can't you let him read it! It is sure to be something nice, and then father will be happy and things will get pleasant again.

Hjalmar. Then I have leave to open it?

Hedvig. Yes, please, father. It will be such fun to see what it is.

Hjalmar. Very well. (*He opens the letter, takes out a paper that is in it, and reads it through with evident astonishment.*) What on earth is this?

Gina. What does it say?

Hedvig. Yes, father—do tell us.

Hjalmar. Be quiet. (*Reads it through again; he has turned pale, but collects himself.*) It is a deed of gift, Hedvig.

Hedvig. Really? What am I getting?

Hjalmar. Read it for yourself. (HEDVIG *goes to the lamp and reads.* HJALMAR *clasps his hands and says half aloud:*) The eyes! The eyes!—and then this letter.

Hedvig (*who stops reading*). Yes, but it seems to me it is grandfather who is getting it.

Hjalmar (*taking the letter from her*). Gina—can you understand this?

Gina. I know nothing whatever about it. Tell me what it is.

Hjalmar. Old Mr. Werle writes to Hedvig that her old grandfather need not bother himself with copying work any longer, but that for the future he will be entitled to five pounds a month paid from the office—

Gregers. Aha!

Hedvig. Five pounds, mother!—I read that.

Gina. How nice for grandfather!

Hjalmar. Five pounds a month, as long as he needs it; that means, naturally, till his death.

Gina. Well, then, he is provided for, poor old man.

Hjalmar. But that is not all. You didn't read the rest, Hedvig. Afterwards the gift is to be transferred to you.

Hedvig. To me! All that?

Hjalmar. You are assured the same amount for the whole of your life, it says. Do you hear that, Gina?

Gina. Yes, yes, I hear.

Hedvig. Just think of it—I am to get all that money. (*Shakes him.*) Father, father, aren't you glad.

Hjalmar (*moving away from her*). Glad! (*Walks up and down.*) What a future—what a picture it calls up to my eyes! It is Hedvig for whom he provides so liberally—Hedvig!

Gina. Yes, it's Hedvig's birthday—

Hedvig. You shall have it all the same, father! Of course I shall give all the money to you and mother.

Hjalmar. To your mother, yes!—that's just the point.

Gregers. Hjalmar, this is a trap he is laying for you.

Hjalmar. Do you think this is another trap?

Gregers. When he was here this morning, he said: "Hjalmar Ekdal is not the man you imagine he is."

Hjalmar. Not the man—!

Gregers. "You will see," he said.

Hjalmar. You will see whether I allow myself to be put off with a bribe—

Hedvig. Mother, what does it all mean?

Gina. Go away and take your things off. (HEDVIG *goes out by the kitchen door, half in tears.*)

Gregers. Yes, Hjalmar—now we shall see who is right, he or I.

Hjalmar (*tears the paper slowly across, and lays the two pieces on the table.*) That is my answer.

Gregers. That is what I expected.

Hjalmar (*goes over to Gina, who is standing by the stove, and speaks to her in a low voice*). No more lies, now. If everything was over between you and him when

you—when you began to love me, as you call it, why was it that he put us in a position to marry?

Gina. I suppose he thought he would get a footing in the house.

Hjalmar. Only that? Wasn't he afraid of a certain possibility?

Gina. I don't understand what you mean.

Hjalmar. I want to know, whether—whether your child has the right to live under my roof.

Gina (*drawing herself up, with eyes flashing*). Can you ask that!

Hjalmar. You shall answer this question. Does Hedvig belong to me—or to—? Well?

Gina (*looking at him with cold bravado*). I don't know.

Hjalmar (*in a trembling voice*). You don't know?

Gina. How should I know? A woman like me—

Hjalmar (*quietly, as he turns away from her*). Then I have no longer any part in this house.

Gregers. Think well what you are doing, Hjalmar!

Hjalmar (*putting on his overcoat*). There is nothing here for a man like me to think about.

Gregers. Indeed there is a tremendous lot here for you to think about. You three must be together, if you are going to reach the goal of self-sacrificing forgiveness.

Hjalmar. I have no desire for that. Never! Never! My hat! (*Takes his hat.*) My home has fallen into ruins round me. (*Bursts into tears.*) Gregers, I have no child now!

Hedvig (*who has opened the kitchen door*). What are you saying! (*Goes to him.*) Father! Father!

Gina. Now, what's to happen!

Hjalmar. Don't come near me, Hedvig! Go away—go away! I can't bear to see you. Ah—the eyes! Good-bye. (*Goes toward the door.*)

Hedvig (*clings to him, screaming*). No, no! Don't turn away from me.

Gina (*crying out*). Look at the child, Hjalmar! Look at the child!

Hjalmar. I won't! I can't! I must get out of here—away from all this! (*He tears himself away from* HEDVIG *and goes out by the outer door.*)

Hedvig (*with despair in her eyes*). He is going away from us, mother! He is going away! He will never come back!

Gina. Don't cry, Hedvig. Father will come back.

Hedvig (*throws herself on the sofa, sobbing*). No, no,—he will never come back any more.

Gregers. Will you believe that I meant all for the best, Mrs. Ekdal?

Gina. I almost believe you did; but, God forgive you, all the same.

Hedvig (*lying on the sofa*). I think this will kill me! What have I done to him? Mother, you *must* get him home again!

Gina. Yes, yes; only be quiet, and I will go out and look for him. (*Puts on her coat.*) Perhaps he has gone down to Relling. But, if I go, you mustn't lie there crying. Will you promise me that?

Hedvig (*sobbing convulsively*). Yes, I won't cry—if only father comes back.

Gregers (*to* GINA, *as she goes out*). Would it not be better, anyway, to let him first fight his bitter fight to the end?

Gina. He can do that afterwards. First and foremost we must get the child quiet. (*Goes out.*)

Hedvig (*sitting upright and wiping away her tears*). Now you must tell me what is the matter. Why won't father have anything to do with me any more?

Gregers. You mustn't ask that until you are a big girl.

Hedvig (*gulping down her tears*). But I can't go on being so wretchedly miserable till I am a big girl and grown up. I believe I know what it is—perhaps I am not really father's child.

Gregers (*uneasily*). How on earth could that be?

Hedvig. Mother might have found me. And now perhaps father has found that out; I have read of such things.

Gregers. Well, even if it were so—

Hedvig. Yes, it seems to me he might love me just as much in spite of that—even more. We had the wild duck sent us as a present, too, but all the same I love it very dearly.

Gregers (*to divert her thoughts*). The wild duck—that's true! Let's talk about the wild duck a little, Hedvig.

Hedvig. The poor wild duck!—he can't bear to look at it any more, either. Just fancy, he wanted to wring its neck.

Gregers. Oh, he won't do that.

Hedvig. No, but he said so. And I think it was so unkind of him to say so, because I say a prayer every night for the wild duck, and pray that it may be preserved from death and anything that will harm it.

Gregers (*looking at her*). Do you say your prayers at night?

Hedvig. Of course.

Gregers. Who taught you?

Hedvig. I taught myself. It was once when father was very ill and had leeches on his neck, and said he was at the point of death.

Gregers. Really?

Hedvig. So I said a prayer for him when I had got into bed—and since then I have gone on doing it.

Gregers. And now you pray for the wild duck too?

Hedvig. I thought it would be best to put the wild duck in the prayer too, because it was so sickly at first.

Gregers. Do you say prayers in the morning, too?

Hedvig. No, of course I don't.

Gregers. Why don't you say them in the morning as well?

Hedvig. Because in the morning it is light, and there is nothing more to be afraid of.

Gregers. And your father wanted to wring the neck of the wild duck that you love so dearly?

Hedvig. No, he said it would be a great pleasure to him to do it, but that he would spare it for my sake; and I think that was very nice of father.

Gregers (*coming nearer to her*). But now, suppose you sacrificed the wild duck, of your own free will, for his sake?

Hedvig (*getting up*). The wild duck?

Gregers. Suppose now you gave up for him, as a free-will offering, the dearest possession you have in the world?

Hedvig. Do you think it would help?

Gregers. Try it, Hedvig.

Hedvig (*gently, with glistening eyes*). Yes, I will try it.

Gregers. Have you really the strength of mind to do it, do you think?

Hedvig. I will ask grandfather to shoot the wild duck for me.

Gregers. Yes, do. But not a word about anything of the kind to your mother.

Hedvig. Why not?

Gregers. She doesn't understand us.

Hedvig. The wild duck! I will try it the first thing to-morrow morning. (GINA *comes in by the outer door.* HEDVIG *goes to her.*) Did you find him, mother?

Gina. No, but I heard he had gone in and taken Relling with him.

Gregers. Are you certain?

Gina. Yes, the porter's wife said so. Molvik has gone with them too she said.

Gregers. And this, when his mind is so sorely in need of fighting in solitude—!

Gina (*taking off her things*). Oh, you never know what men are going to do. Heaven knows where Relling has taken him off to! I ran over to Mrs. Eriksen's, but they weren't there.

Hedvig (*struggling with her tears*). Oh, suppose he never comes back any more!

Gregers. He'll come back. I have a message to give him in the morning, and you will see how he will come home. You may go to sleep quite hopefully about that, Hedvig. Good-night. (*Goes out.*)

Hedvig (*throws herself into* GINA'S *arms, sobbing*). Mother! Mother!

Gina (*patting her on the back and sighing*). Yes, yes, —Relling was right. This is what happens when mad folk come presenting these demands that no one can make head or tail of.

The next morning Hjalmar is brought back home sadly shaken with the night's debauch and fully determined to leave his home for good, but Gina prepares him coffee and bread and butter, and reluctantly the weak man yields to the attractions of home. While uttering the most bitter remarks, he quietly and with apparent gusto eats his morning meal, but when Hedvig enters he is so unkind and repellent that the girl goes out broken-hearted, determined to sacrifice her wild duck and so secure again her father's affection; but it appears that she has learned and understood more than they have given her credit for. While Hjalmar is eating his breakfast, and after Relling has in a caustic conversation told Gregers of the effects of his unjustifiable interference and his impossible idealism, a messenger arrives with a letter and deed of gift from the elder Werle, in which he has settled a liberal annuity on old Ekdal, and after his death, upon Hedvig. This is enough to stir a tempest of anger in Hjalmar, who is so bitter against Hedvig that she goes into the attic with the pistol, which she found in the bureau. The play concludes:

Hjalmar. I got so much happiness out of it, Gregers. Not so much for the sake of the invention itself, as

because Hedvig believed in it—believed in it with a child's whole-hearted enthusiasm. Perhaps I should say that I have been fool enough to go and fancy she believed in it.

Gregers. Can you really suppose that Hedvig has not been genuine about it?

Hjalmar. I can suppose anything now. It is Hedvig that stands in my way. She has taken all the sunshine out of my life.

Gregers. Hedvig? Can you say that of Hedvig? How can she have done anything of the sort?

Hjalmar (*without answering him*). How unspeakably I have loved that child! How unspeakably happy I have felt every time I came home into my poor room, and she ran to meet me with her sweet little half-closed eyes!—Credulous fool! I loved her so unspeakably, that I deluded myself with the dream that she loved me just as much.

Gregers. Do you say that was a delusion?

Hjalmar. How can I tell? I can get nothing whatever out of Gina, and she is so utterly lacking in any sense of the ideal side of all these complications. But to you I feel forced to open my mind, Gregers. There is that terrible doubt—perhaps Hedvig has never really honestly loved me.

Gregers. It is possible you may have proof of that. (*Listens.*) What is that? I thought I heard the wild duck cry.

Hjalmar. It is the wild duck quacking. Father is in the attic.

Gregers. Is he? (*A look of happiness lights up his face.*) I tell you, you may have proof yet that your poor misunderstood Hedvig loves you.

Hjalmar. What proof can she give me? I daren't believe in any assurances from that quarter.

Gregers. There is not an atom of deceitfulness in Hedvig.

Hjalmar. Ah, Gregers, that is just what I am not so certain about. Who knows what Gina and that Mrs.

Sorby may have sat here whispering and gossiping about? And Hedvig is generally all ears, I can tell you. Perhaps the deed of gift did not come so unexpectedly, after all. Indeed, I thought I noticed something.

Gregers. What sort of spirit is this that has taken hold of you?

Hjalmar. I have had my eyes opened. Just you wait. You will see the deed of gift is only a beginning. Mrs. Sorby has all along been very thick with Hedvig, and now she has it in her power to do whatever she pleases for the child. They can take her from me whenever they like.

Gregers. Hedvig will never leave you.

Hjalmar. Don't be so sure of that. If they come beckoning to her with their hands full of gifts—. And I have loved her so unspeakably! I, who would have thought it my greatest joy to take her carefully by the hand and lead her through life—just as one leads a child, who is frightened of the dark, through a great empty room! Now I feel such a gnawing certainty that the poor photographer, up in his garret here, has never really and truly been anything to her. She has only been cunningly careful to keep on a good footing with me till the time came.

Gregers. You don't believe that, Hjalmar?

Hjalmar. That is just the cruellest part of it—that I don't know what to believe—and that I never shall know. But can you really doubt that it is as I say? Ha! ha! You rely far too much on your "demands of the ideal," my good Gregers! If the others were to come, with their hands full, and call to the child: "Come away from him: you will learn what life is with us—"

Gregers (*hastily*). Well, what then, do you suppose?

Hjalmar. If I asked her then: "Hedvig, are you willing to give up this life they offer you, for my sake?" (*Laughs derisively.*) Thank you!—you would just hear what answer I should get.

(*A pistol shot is heard from within the attic.*)

Gregers (*with a happy shout*). Hjalmar!

Hjalmar. Listen to that. He must needs go shooting too.

Gina (*coming in*). Hjalmar, I think grandfather is blundering about in the attic by himself.

Hjalmar. I will look in—

Gregers (*quickly and with emotion*). Wait a moment! Do you know what that was?

Hjalmar. Of course I know.

Gregers. No, but you don't. I know. That was the proof you wanted!

Hjalmar. What proof?

Gregers. That was a child's act of sacrifice. She has got your father to shoot the wild duck.

Hjalmar. Shoot the wild duck!

Gina. Fancy that, now!

Hjalmar. What for?

Gregers. She wanted to sacrifice, for your sake, what she prized most in the world; because she believed it would make you love her again.

Hjalmar (*tenderly with emotion*). Poor child!

Gina. What things she thinks of!

Gregers. She only wanted your love again, Hjalmar; she did not feel as if she could live without it.

Gina (*struggling with her tears*). There you are, Hjalmar!

Hjalmar. Gina, where is she?

Gina (*sniffing*). Poor thing, she is sitting out in the kitchen, I expect.

Hjalmar (*crosses the room and opens the kitchen door*). Hedvig—come! Come here to me! (*Looks round.*) No, she is not there.

Gina. Then she must be in her own little room.

Hjalmar (*who has gone out to look*). No, she is not here either. (*Comes in.*) She must have gone out.

Gina. Yes, you wouldn't have her anywhere in the house.

Hjalmar. If only she would come home soon, so that

I could let her know—. Everything will go well now, Gregers; now I believe we can begin life over again.

Gregers (*quietly*). I knew it was through the child that reparation would be made.

(*Old* EKDAL *comes to the door of his room; he is in full uniform, and is occupied in trying to buckle on his sword.*)

Hjalmar (*in astonishment*). Father! are you there!

Gina. Was it in your own room that you fired?

Ekdal (*indignantly as he approaches*). So you go shooting alone, do you, Hjalmar?

Hjalmar (*anxious and perplexed*). Wasn't it you, then, that was shooting in the attic?

Ekdal. I shooting? Hm!

Gregers (*calls to Hjalmar*). She has shot the wild duck herself, don't you see?

Hjalmar. What can it mean! (*Hurries to the attic door, tears it aside, looks in, and gives a loud scream.*) Hedvig!

Gina (*running to the door*). Heavens! what is it?

Hjalmar (*going in*). She is lying on the floor!

Gregers. Hedvig on the floor! (*Goes in to Hjalmar.*)

Gina (*at the same time*). Hedvig! (*From within the garret.*) Oh, no! no! no!

Ekdal. Ho! ho! does she go out shooting too!

(HJALMAR, GINA *and* GREGERS *carry* HEDVIG *into the studio; the pistol is clasped tight in the fingers of her right hand, which is hanging down.*)

Hjalmar (*distractedly*). The pistol has gone off—and she has been shot. Call for help! Help!

Gina (*runs into the passage and calls out*). Relling! Relling! Doctor Relling! come up as quickly as ever you can! (HJALMAR *and* GREGERS *lay* HEDVIG *on the sofa.*)

Ekdal (*quietly*). The forests avenge themselves.

Hjalmar (*on his knees beside* HEDVIG). She is coming to now. She is coming to—yes, yes, yes.

Gina (*who has come in again.*) Where has she been shot? I can't see anything. (*Relling comes in hurried-*

ly with MOLVIK *at his heels; the latter is without waistcoat or necktie, and with his coat flying open.*)

Relling. What is the matter?

Gina. They say Hedvig has shot herself.

Hjalmar. Come here and help!

Relling. Shot herself! (*Pushes the table aside and begins to examine her.*)

Hjalmar (*looking anxiously up at him*). It can't be dangerous, Relling? What? She hardly bleeds at all. It can't be dangerous?

Relling. How did it happen?

Hjalmar. I can't imagine—!

Gina. She wanted to shoot the wild duck.

Relling. The wild duck?

Hjalmar. The pistol must have gone off.

Relling. Hm! Quite so.

Ekdal. The forests avenge themselves. But I am not afraid, anyway. (*Goes into the attic and shuts the door after him.*)

Hjalmar. Well, Relling—why don't you say something?

Relling. The ball has entered the breast.

Hjalmar. Yes—but she's coming to!

Gina (*bursting into tears.*) My child, my child!

Gregers (*in a choked voice*). In the ocean's depths—

Hjalmar (*springing up*). Yes, yes, she must live! Oh, for God's sake, Relling—just for a moment—just long enough for me to let her know how unspeakably I have loved her all the time!

Relling. The heart has been hit. Internal haemorrhage. She died on the spot.

Hjalmar. And I hunted her away from me! And she crept like a frightened animal into the attic and died for love of me. (*Sobbing.*) I can never make it right now! I can never tell her—! (*Clenches his fists and cries up to heaven.*) Thou who art there above us—if indeed Thou *art* there! Why hast Thou done this to me!

Gina. Hush, hush! you mustn't take on in that terrible way. We had no right to keep her, I suppose.

Molvik. The child is not dead, but sleepeth.

Relling. Rubbish!

Hjalmar (*goes more calmly over to the sofa and, folding his arms, looks down at* HEDVIG). There she lies, so stiff and still.

Relling (*trying to take the pistol from her fingers*). She holds so tight, so tight.

Gina. No, no, Relling, don't hurt her fingers; let the thing alone.

Hjalmar. She shall take it with her.

Gina. Yes, let her. But the child mustn't lie out here for a show. She shall go into her own little room, she shall. Carry her with me, Hjalmar. (*She and* HJALMAR *take her up.*)

Hjalmar (*as they carry her out*). Oh, Gina, Gina—can you ever get over this?

Gina. We must help one another. Now, I think, we each have a share in her.

Molvik (*stretches out his arms and babbles*). Blessed be the Lord! Earth to earth, dust to dust—

Relling (*whispering*). Shut up, you fool—you're drunk.

(HJALMAR *and* GINA *carry the body out through the kitchen.* RELLING *stands looking after them.* MOLVIK *sneaks out into the passage.*)

Relling (*going over to Gregers*). No one will ever persuade me this was an accident.

Gregers (*who has stood terror-stricken, his face twitching convulsively*). No one can say how the dreadful thing happened.

Relling. The flame has scorched her dress. She must have held the pistol to her breast and fired.

Gregers. Hedvig has not died in vain. You saw how his grief called out all the best that was in him.

Relling. Most people show their best side in the presence of death. But how long do you suppose this turn for the better will last in his case?

Gregers. Surely it will last and increase as long as he lives!

Relling. In eight or nine months little Hedvig will be no more to him than a beautiful theme to declaim upon.

Gregers. Do you dare to say that of Hjalmar Ekdal?

Relling. We will talk of it again as soon as the grass has grown over her grave. Then you will hear him pumping up his fine phrases about "the child torn prematurely from her father's loving heart"; you will see him wallowing in emotional fits of self-admiration and self-compassion. Just you wait and see!

Gregers. If you are right, and I am wrong, life is no longer worth living.

Relling. Oh, life would be all right if we could only be rid of these infernal fools who come to poor people's doors presenting their "demands of the ideal."

Gregers (*looking in front of him*). If that is so, I am glad my destiny is what it is.

Relling. Excuse me, but—what *is* your destiny?

Gregers (*turning to go*). To be the thirteenth at table.

Relling. So I should imagine!

VI. Other Social Dramas. The storm of criticism raised by Ibsen's social dramas grew so bitter and widely-extended that Bjornson alone of the prominent Scandinavians had a word to say in his defense. The author himself evidently anticipated no such opposition as he met, and *An Enemy of the People* was written with the intention of satirizing his opponents, but, while he wrote in a scornful manner, he introduced a humor which made his play more genial than those that had preceded it and rendered it immediately popular on the stage. In every town where it appeared people recognized the characters and conditions as those with which they themselves had been acquainted. The hero, Dr. Stockmann, tells how

the medicinal waters of the town where the scene is laid had been corrupted, and though the knowledge of the affair was common to all the citizens, they are indignant, stone the doctor, and drive him out of town for disclosing the facts.

Rosmersholm is the story of Rosmer, a clergyman, whose wife has committed suicide, and her companion, Rebecca West, is in love with the clergyman, who offers her marriage, but her awakened conscience does not permit her to accept him, and the two terminate their troubled existence by drowning.

In *The Lady from the Sea* the daughter of a lighthouse keeper has married Dr. Wangel, the physician in a little coast town. It appears that some time previous she has been betrothed to a sea-faring Finn, who returns to claim his bride. When the doctor tells her that she must decide between them and bear all responsibilities for her action she joyously decides to remain with him.

In *Hedda Gabler* there is no great problem involved, but Hedda, the heroine, the wife of Dr. Tesmann, calls back her old friend Lovborg, who had once insulted her. When he threatens to commit suicide, she offers him a pistol and afterwards he is found dead with the weapon by his side. Fearing a scandal, Hedda shoots herself.

Masterbuilder Solness, Little Eyjolf and *John Gabriel Borkman* are all dramas of this class, each in its own way a success.

Peer Gynt is perhaps the most popular of Ibsen's works, and the one in whose hero the author tries to portray the typical Norseman. Peer Gynt is a dreamy, cynically indifferent, selfish and mendacious individual, who would scarcely be expected to embody Norse characteristics, but at the end he realizes that he has never been himself, that he is in fact no one, and can only be a man by the making over of his entire character. The play has been very popular everywhere.

VII. "THE WARRIORS AT HELGELAND." In 1876, nineteen years after Ibsen wrote *The Warriors at Helgeland,* he said that the source of his inspiration for the play was the Volsung saga, but that he was satisfied he had idealized the impersonal figures in the sagas, and it had been his intention to present not the mythical personages, but rather a picture of Scandinavian life in olden times. The play was much better than any that had preceded it, and it foreshadowed some of the later works of his more finished genius. When the *Warriors* was offered to the theaters of Copenhagen, both rejected it as unsuitable to the tastes of the public, but later in Germany it attained a considerable popularity. It is a clever exhibition of the character of the old Norsemen and full of the dramatic interest of primitive passions. It supplements in so satisfactory a manner the sagas from which we have quoted somewhat extensively that it is worth some little attention here.

Ornulf of the Fiords, an Icelandic chieftain, has seven sons, of whom Thorolf, the youngest, is his favorite. Dagny, his daughter, has been carried away by Sigurd the Strong, a Viking, and made his wife, while Hjordis, Ornulf's foster-child and the real daughter of Jokul, whom Ornulf has slain, has been carried away by Gunnar, a rich yeoman of Helgeland, who now has a four-year-old son, Egil. The action in the play takes place in the neighborhood of Gunnar's house in Helgeland, in Northern Norway, and in the time of Eric Blood-Axe. Some years have passed since the women were abducted, and at the opening of the play Ornulf has come to seek revenge or amends for the double theft. Sigurd, dressed in a white tunic with silver belt, a blue cloak, loose hose, fur boots and a steel casque, with a sword hanging at his side, meets Ornulf, dressed in a lamb-skin tunic, with breast-plate, greaves and fur boots. Over his shoulders he wears a cloak of brown frieze with the hood drawn partially over his casque, and he carries a round shield, sword and spear. In the interview which follows and in which Gunnar soon joins, a break is avoided by Sigurd's diplomacy and Gunnar's nobility. Kaare, a yeoman, has slain a thrall of Gunnar's, and, pursued by Hjordis and her men, takes refuge with Ornulf, who agrees to protect him. Hjordis is very bitter against her foster-father, and an open rupture is narrowly avoided. It appears that Gunnar had sent Egil away to the south when he heard of Ornulf's

approach, and now Kaare, learning of this fact, gathers a band of outlaws and pursues the child and his retinue, hoping to kill Egil and thus revenge himself against Hjordis. Ornulf hears of this and starts in pursuit with the somewhat vague remark that he now sees how to take his revenge on Gunnar. All are invited to a feast at Gunnar's house, but Sigurd is apprehensive. Our extracts from Ibsen's plays are all taken from the translation of R. Farquharson Sharp, with the exception of Ornulf's lament, which is the translation of Mr. Ernest Rhys:

Sigurd (*after a moment's thought*). Dagny, my wife—now we are in private, I have something to tell you which may no longer be concealed.

Dagny (*in astonishment*). What do you mean?

Sigurd. This visit to Gunnar's house may prove perilous!

Dagny. Perilous? Do you think Gunnar—?

Sigurd. Gunnar is an honorable man. No, no—but it would have been better had I sailed away from here without being his guest.

Dagny. You frighten me! Sigurd, what is it?

Sigurd. Answer me one thing first. The gold bracelet that once I gave you—where is it?

Dagny (*showing it to him*). Here on my arm; you bade me wear it.

Sigurd. Throw it into the depths of the sea, so deep that it can never be found!—because it may mean the doom of many men.

Dagny. The bracelet!

Sigurd (*in a low voice*). The night when you were carried off from your father's house—you remember?—

Dagny. Do I remember?

Sigurd. It is of that I wish to speak.

Dagny (*anxiously*). What is it? Tell me!

Sigurd. You know, there had been a feast; you went early to your chamber, but Hjordis still sat at table with the men, who were drinking. The cup went freely round, and all sorts of brave oaths were sworn. I swore to carry off a fair maid with me from Iceland; Gunnar swore the same, and offered Hjordis the drinking-cup. Taking it, she stood up and swore that no warrior should have her to wife save he who should go to her chamber, slay the white bear that stood chained at her door, and carry her off in his arms.

Dagny. Yes, yes, I know that.

Sigurd. But all thought it was an impossible task; for the bear was the fiercest of wild beasts. None save Hjordis could come near it, and it had the strength of twenty men.

Dagny. But Gunnar slew it, and became famous far and wide for the deed.

Sigurd (*in low tones*). He became famous—but—I did the deed!

Dagny (*with a cry*). You!

Sigurd. When the men left the banquet-hall, Gunnar bade me withdraw to his bedchamber with him to talk with him in private. Then said he: "Hjordis is dearer to me than all other women; I cannot live without her." I answered him: "Go to her chamber, then; you know the terms she has set." But he said: "A man who is in love prizes his life dearly. The issue would be doubtful, if I attacked the bear, and I am fearful of losing my life now—for I should lose Hjordis with it." For long we talked together; and the end of it was that Gunnar got ready his ship, but I drew my sword, put on Gunnar's armor and went to Hjordis' chamber.

Dagny (*with proud happiness*). Then it was you—you who slew the bear!

Sigurd. It was I. In her chamber it was dark and black as a raven's wing. Hjordis thought it was Gunnar that was at her side—her head was heavy with

wine. She drew a bracelet off her arm, and gave it to me—it is that you wear now.

Dagny (*hesitatingly*). And you were all the night through in Hjordis' chamber?

Sigurd. My sword lay drawn between us. (*Short silence.*) Before the day dawned, I bore Hjordis to Gunnar's ship; she never perceived our trick, and he sailed away with her. Then I went to your chamber and found you there among your women. What followed afterwards, you know. I sailed away from Iceland with a fair maid, as I had sworn, and faithfully since then have you followed me wherever I have steered my course.

Dagny (*excitedly*). My brave husband! You did the mighty deed—oh, I might have known it! None but you were strong enough! You might have won Hjordis, that proud and splendid woman, and yet you chose me! Ten times dearer would you be now, were you not already the dearest thing in the world to me!

Sigurd. Dagny, my dear wife, now you know—all that there is need you should know. I had to warn you, because of the bracelet—. Never let Hjordis set eyes upon it. If you will do as I desire, you will cast it away—into the depths of the sea!

Dagny. No, Sigurd, it is too dear to me for that; it is a gift from you! But be at ease, I shall hide it from every eye, and never shall I betray what you have told me.

(THOROLF *comes up from the ships with* SIGURD'S *men.*)

Thorolf. All is ready; let us go to the feast!

Dagny. Come, Sigurd—my brave and noble warrior!

Sigurd. Softly, Dagny—softly! It depends on you now, whether our journey shall end in peace or slaughter! (*Quickly, to the others.*) Now away, all, to the feast in Gunnar's halls! (*Goes out with Dagny to the right; the others follow him.*)

The scene changes to the banqueting hall in Gunnar's house:

Dagny. No, Hjordis, I do not understand you. You have shown me your home; I can see nothing lacking there, and everything that you have is fine and handsome. How can you complain as you do?

Hjordis. Ah, set an eagle in a cage and it will bite at the bars, whether they be iron or gold.

Dagny. At any rate in one thing you are richer than I; you have Egil, your little son.

Hjordis. Better far to have no child than one born in dishonor.

Dagny. In dishonor?

Hjordis. Have you forgotten your father's words? Egil is a bastard—that is what he said.

Dagny. A word spoken in anger; why pay heed to that?

Hjordis. Oh, Ornulf was right. Egil is a poor creature; he has not the look of a free-born lad.

Dagny. Hjordis, how can you—!

Hjordis (*without paying attention to her*). Doubtless infamy of that sort may be absorbed into the blood, like the venom from a snake-bite. The free-born sons of heroes are of different stuff. I have heard of a queen who took her little son and sewed his tunic fast to his flesh, and he never so much as stirred an eyelid. (*With a malignant expression.*) Dagny, I should like to try that with Egil!

Dagny (*in disgust*). Hjordis! Hjordis!

Hjordis (*with a laugh*). Ha, ha, ha! Did you think I was in earnest? (*Changing her tone.*) But, believe me or not as you will, there sometimes comes over me an overwhelming desire to do things like that. I daresay it is born in me; for I am descended from a race of giants, they say.—Come, sit down, Dagny. You have journeyed far and wide in these five long years. Tell me, have you often been a guest in kings' houses?

Dagny. Yes—especially at the court of Athelstan in England.

Hjordis. And were received with the highest honor everywhere—and everywhere sat in the highest seats at table?

Dagny. Of course. As Sigurd's wife—

Hjordis. Yes, quite so. Sigurd is a man of great renown, though Gunnar outranks him.

Dagny. Gunnar?

Hjordis. Gunnar did a deed which Sigurd dared not attempt—but let that pass. Tell me, when Sigurd has been on a Viking's quest and you have been with him—when you heard the blades whistling in keen sword-play, when the decks of the ship reeked red with blood—were you never filled with a wild desire to join with the men in the fight?—did you never put on armor and take a sword in your hand?

Dagny. Never! What are you thinking of? I, a woman?

Hjordis. A woman, a woman—I tell you, no one knows of what a woman is capable!—At all events there is one thing you can tell me, Dagny, because in truth you must know it well. When a man embraces a woman, loves her—is it true that then her blood is on fire, her breast throbs—that she swoons with a strange joy?

Dagny (*blushing*). Hjordis, how can you—!

Hjordis. Well, but tell me!

Dagny. I think there can be little doubt you have known it yourself.

Hjordis. Yes, once—once only. It was that night Gunnar sat beside me in my chamber; he crushed me in his embrace till his coat of mail burst apart, and then, then—!

Dagny (*with a cry*). What! Sigurd—?

Hjordis. Sigurd? Who spoke of Sigurd? I said Gunnar—the night he carried me off—

Dagny (*recovering herself*). Yes, yes, I remember—of course I know—

Hjordis. That was the only time. Never again—never! I thought I had been bewitched, because for Gunnar to embrace a woman in such a fashion—(*stops, and looks at* DAGNY.) Are you ill? Your color comes and goes.

Dagny. It is nothing, it is nothing!

Hjordis (*without heeding her*). No, I ought to have gone out to taste the joy of battle! It would have been better for me—better, maybe, for us all. It would have been a full and glorious life! Are you not amazed, Dagny, to find me still alive here? Would you not be afraid to be alone with me here in my chamber, when all is dark? Would you not imagine that I had died long since, and that it was the ghost of me that was here with you?

Dagny (*uneasily*). Come—let us go—and join the others!

Hjordis (*taking her by the arm*). No, stay! Can you understand, Dagny, how any one can be alive after sitting here for five nights?

Dagny. Five nights?

Hjordis. Here in the north it is night all the winter long. (*Quickly, and in an altered tone.*) But you must not think it is not splendid enough here sometimes. You shall see sights here such as you have never seen in the halls of England's king. We shall be as sisters together while you are my guest. We will go down to the sea when the storms begin to rage; you shall see the billows breaking on the shore like wild white-maned horses—and the whales far out at sea! They rush on one another like foemen clad in steel! What joy to sit like a witch on a whale's back and ride before the ships, rousing the storm and luring men into the depths with spells of witchcraft!

Dagny. For shame, Hjordis, how can you speak so!

Hjordis. Do you know any witches' spells, Dagny?

Dagny (*with horror*). I!

Hjordis. I had thought you did; how did you entice Sigurd?

Dagny. What you say is shameful—let me go!

Hjordis (*holding her back*). I was but jesting! Nay, but listen! Think of it, Dagny—to sit at night here by the door, and listen to the kelpies wailing by the boats; to sit and wait, listening for the dead men to pass on their last journey homewards, for their path

must lie past these northern shores—heroes who have fallen in battle, noble women who have not spent their life tamely as you and I have. In the storm and tempest they hurtle through the air on black horses, to the sound of bells! (*Throws her arms round her and clasps her wildly to her.*) Ah, think of it, Dagny! To ride one's last ride on so goodly a steed!

Dagny (*shaking herself free of her*). Hjordis, Hjordis! Let me go! I will not listen to you!

Hjordis (*laughing*). You are a poor thing, and easy to scare!

In the drinking which follows Hjordis taunts Thorolf and the latter responds insultingly, declaring that his father has gone to kill Egil. Gunnar, who is passionately fond of his son, is so incensed that he kills Thorolf without more ado, and announces his crime:

Gunnar (*excitedly*). That had you! My vengeance is but a little thing compared with Ornulf's crime. He has lost Thorolf, but he has still six sons left to him, and I not one—not one!

A Serving-man (*rushing up from the back of the hall*). Ornulf of the Fjords is here!

Gunnar. Ornulf!

Hjordis and some of the Men. To arms! To arms!

Dagny. My father!

Sigurd (*as if seized with misgiving*). Ornulf—! Ah, Gunnar, Gunnar!

Gunnar (*drawing his sword*). Up, all of you! Vengeance for Egil's death!

(ORNULF *strides in with* EGIL *in his arms.*)

Gunnar (*with a shriek*). Egil!

Ornulf. Here is your little Egil come back to you!

All (*in amazement*). Egil! Egil alive!

Gunnar (*letting his sword fall out of his hand*). Woe is me—what have I done?

Dagny. Oh, Thorolf, my brother!

Sigurd. I was sure of it!

Ornulf (*setting* EGIL *down*). There, Gunnar, there is your splendid boy for you!

Egil. Father! Old Ornulf was not going to do me any harm, as you said he would when I went away!

Ornulf (*to* HJORDIS). Now I have atoned for your father's death; now I think we may be reconciled.

Hjordis (*restraining herself*). That may be!

Gunnar (*as if waking from a dream*). Is it a horrible dream that is bewildering me! You—you have brought Egil home!

Ornulf. As you see; but this let me tell you, that he has been very near death.

Gunnar. I know it.

Ornulf. And yet you show no more happiness than this over his return?

Gunnar. Had he but come sooner, I would have shown more happiness. But tell me everything—all that has happened!

Ornulf. It is soon told. Kaare, the peasant, had an evil design against you; together with some other wretches he went southwards after Egil.

Gunnar. Kaare! (*In a low voice.*) Ah, now I understand what Thorolf said!

Ornulf. His plot came to my ears, and such a crime was not to be permitted. I would have refused all atonement for Jokul's death, and willingly, Gunnar, would have slain you in a duel if fate had so decreed—but I could not but defend your child. So with my sons I went after Kaare.

Sigurd (*to himself*). A terrible deed has been done here!

Ornulf. When I came up with them, Egil's attendants had been captured, your son was at the mercy of his enemies, and they would not long have spared him. Fierce became the fighting then! Keener blows has my sword seldom dealt! Kaare and two of his men escaped inland; the rest are sleeping soundly and will be hard to wake.

Gunnar (*in the greatest anxiety*). But you—you, Ornulf?

Ornulf (*grimly*). Six sons of mine followed me into the strife.

Gunnar (*breathlessly*). And there came back—?

Ornulf. Not one.

Gunnar (*in terror*). Not one! (*Softly.*) And Thorolf, Thorolf!

(*Profound sensation among the crowd.* HJORDIS *appears to be fighting a hard fight with herself.* DAGNY *is weeping quietly.* SIGURD, *deeply moved, stands beside her.*)

Ornulf (*after a short pause*). It is hard to stand like a green and vigorous tree, and then to be stripped of all one's branches by a single storm. Nevertheless, one man must die and another live. Give me a cup; I will drink to the memory of my sons. (*One of* SIGURD'S *men brings him a drinking-horn.*) Hail to you on your last ride, my noble sons! The copper gates shall not be shut upon your heels, because ye are come to the halls of Walhalla with a goodly following! (*Drinks, and gives back the horn.*) And now, home to Iceland; Ornulf's fighting days are over. The old tree has but one green branch left, and that he must protect. Where is Thorolf?

Egil (*to his father*). Yes, show me Thorolf! Ornulf told me he would carve me a wooden ship with lots and lots of warriors.

Ornulf. I should thank the good gods that Thorolf was not with me; because if he too—no, strong as I am, that would have been too hard for me to bear. But why does he not come? He has always been the first to greet his father, for it seemed to both of us as if we could not live a day without the other.

Gunnar. Ornulf, Ornulf!

Ornulf (*with growing uneasiness*). You all stand silent, as I now see—. What has happened? Where is Thorolf?

Dagny. Sigurd, Sigurd—this will be the cruelest blow to him!

Gunnar (*fighting with himself*). Old man!—no—no—and yet it cannot be concealed—

Ornulf (*vehemently*). My son! Where is he?

Gunnar. Thorolf is slain!

Ornulf. Slain! Thorolf? Thorolf? You are lying!

Gunnar. I would give the last drop of my blood to see him alive again!

Hjordis (*to* ORNULF). Thorolf had but himself to blame for what came to pass. He told us a dark saying, that you had fallen upon Egil and killed him. It was half in enmity that you and we parted last, and you have already dealt death among my race—and, besides, Thorolf behaved like a pert boy, at the feast; he took every jest amiss, and spoke many an ill word. It was only then that Gunnar was moved to anger—only then that he raised his hand against your son. I should say indeed that he had good cause for what he did.

Ornulf (*calmly*). It is easily seen you are a woman; you use many words. What is the use? If Thorolf is slain, then the book of his life is closed.

Egil. If Thorolf is slain, I shall not get my warriors.

Ornulf. No, Egil—we have both lost our warriors, you and I. (*To* HJORDIS.) Your father sang:

> "Jokul's seed their father's slaying
> Shall avenge in fullest measure."

You have taken good care that his words should come true. (*After a moment's silence, he turns to the men.*) Where did he receive his death-blow?

A Man. Over the brow.

Ornulf (*happily*). Ah!—that is an honorable place; he did not turn his back on his foe. But did he fall to the side, or in toward Gunnar's feet?

A Man. Half to the side and half toward Gunnar.

Ornulf. That bodes only half a vengeance. Ah, well—we shall see!

Gunnar (*drawing near*). Ornulf, well do I know that all my possessions could not make up for your loss; but demand what you will of me—

Ornulf (*coldly, interrupting him*). Give me Thorolf's body, and let me go! Where is he lying? (GUNNAR *points silently to the back.* ORNULF *takes a few steps, then turns and says in tones of thunder to* SIGURD, DAGNY *and others who are following him compassionately:*) Back! Do you think Ornulf needs to be followed by a train of mourners, like a whining woman! Back, I say!—I can tend Thorolf alone. (*With quiet dignity.*) Childless I go; but none shall say he saw me bowed in grief! (*Goes out slowly.*)

Hjordis is by no means quelled by what has happened, and insults Dagny by boasting of the superiority of her husband. Driven to desperation, Dagny retorts by explaining how the bear was really slain. In the next act Hjordis tempts Gunnar to slay Sigurd, but later she discovers in an interview with the latter that he has loved only her and that he yielded her to Gunnar as a sacrificial act of friendship. Then she tempts Sigurd to kill Gunnar and live with her. He almost yields, but recovers and challenges Gunnar to a duel to the death, and it appears as though it is his intention to allow Gunnar to kill him. The fourth act opens with Ornulf mourning the death of his sons:

Ornulf (*as if waking from a dream*). The grave-mound? Is it—then we must—

Sigurd. Speak to him now, Dagny.

Dagny (*going to her father's side*). Father, it is cold out here, and a storm is brewing.

Ornulf. What matter if it is? The grave-mound is solidly built; they will lie warm.

Dagny. Yes, but you—

Ornulf. I? I am not cold.

Dagny. You have eaten nothing to-day. Come into the shelter—there is food ready there.

Ornulf. Let it bide—I am not hungry.

Dagny. But do not sit here like this—believe me, it can do you no good; it is not what you are wont to do.

Ornulf. You are right; there is something gripping me at the chest; I cannot draw my breath. (*He buries his face again in his hands. After a pause,* DAGNY *sits down beside him.*)

Dagny. To-morrow, will you hoist sail and away to Iceland?

Ornulf (*without looking up*). What should I do there? No, I shall stay with my sons.

Dagny (*with a cry of pain*). Father!

Ornulf (*lifting his head*). Go in, and let me be. When one or two nights of storm have beaten upon me, there will be an end.

Sigurd. How can you have such thoughts!

Ornulf. Do you wonder that I long for rest? My day's work is done; I have buried my sons. (*Impatiently.*) Leave me alone!—Go, go!

Sigurd (*in a low voice, to* DAGNY, *who has got up*). Let him sit a while longer.

Dagny. No, I must try one more appeal—I know him. (*To* ORNULF.) Your day's work is done, you say—but it is not done yet. You have buried your sons; but are you not a bard? Then you must chant a funeral song in their honor.

Ornulf. A funeral song? No, no. Yesterday I might have done that; to-day I am too old.

Dagny. You must do it. Your sons were all men worthy of honor; they must have their funeral song, and none of their kin can make it but you.

Ornulf (*looking questioningly at* SIGURD). A funeral song? What do you say, Sigurd?

Sigurd. I think Dagny is right; you should do as she says.

Dagny. It will seem to your neighbors in Iceland ill done if, when they drink to the memory of Ornulf's sons at the funeral feast, there is no funeral song to chant. There is no need to think of following your sons yet.

Ornulf. Well, I will try; and do you, Dagny, listen to it, so that afterwards you may carve it in runes!

(*His men group themselves round him with their torches. He is silent for a little, in thought; and then begins:*)

The heart with woe wounded
Cannot laugh with the Song-God;
Heart-broken, the bard then
Makes a song of his hardship.

To me, too, the Song-God
Gave the gift of the glee-men;
Let me make with my heartstrings
My loss loud and mournful.

The Norns, stern and wrathful,
Have laid waste my life-way;
Have scattered my gladness;
Have wasted my housegear.

Seven sons were to Ornulf,
By the gods freely given:
Now he fares forthright lonely:
Not a son left hath Ornulf.

Seven sons, seven swordsmen,
Like a bulwark about me;
Like a built wall to harbor
The white-haired old Viking.

Now the wall it is wasted,
Laid low; and my sons lie
Dead, all; while an old man,
In a lone house sits Ornulf.

Thorolf, youngest, and bravest
Of brave ones; oh, Thorolf!
I could yet be contented,
Had my youngest been left me.

Fair like spring thou wert, Thorolf,
Fair and kind to thy father;
With a light in thy forehead,
The promise of heroes.

But a mortal wound, baleful
And heavy, has crush'd me,
As if my old bosom
Were crush'd between shields.

A jealous Norn leaves me
No rich gift, god-given;
She has sprinkled my pathway
With pain and with trouble.

Weak, worn, my old weapon:
Had I only the gods' arm,
One thing would be left me—
On the Norn to take vengeance!

One thing left to Ornulf:
To fight for her downfall
Who hath seized all he held dear,
And hath taken, last, Thorolf.

Hath she seized all? Nay, one thing
The Norn hath not taken:
For Ornulf at birth had
The gods' gift, the song-mead.

My sons she took from me:
But power hath my tongue still
To sing with the Song-God—
Ay, my grief turn to singing.

On my lips did the Norn lay
The fair gift, the song-gift:
Loud my song shall resound, then,
Even here, by my sons' grave.

Hail ye! my bright riders!
Hail ye! while ye ride there,
My sons! Let the gods' gift
Heal the woe, the world-anguish!

(*He draws a deep breath, pushes the hair back from his forehead, and says calmly:*)

Ah!—now Ornulf is himself again. (*To his men.*) Come to supper, my lads; we have had a heavy day's work. (*Goes with them into the boat-shed.*)

Kaare has returned with another group of outlaws and makes an attack on Gunnar's house, which Ornulf, recovering his self-possession, goes out to quell. Sigurd, however, remains behind:

Sigurd. This is the first time, foster-brother, that I have not taken up arms when you were in danger. (*Listens.*) I hear cries and sword-blows—they are at the house already. (*Turns to go, but stops suddenly and starts back in amazement.*) Hjordis! Is she come here?

(HJORDIS *enters hastily, dressed in a short scarlet kirtle and golden armor; helmet, coat of mail, arm-pieces and greaves; her hair is flying loose; on her back a quiver is slung, and she carries a small shield at her belt; in her hand is the bow with the bowstring of her own hair. She keeps looking behind her, as if in fear of something that followed her; goes close to* SIGURD, *catches him by the arm, and whispers to him:*)

Hjordis. Sigurd, Sigurd, can you see it?

Sigurd. What? Where?

Hjordis. The wolf—just behind me! It does not move—it glares at me with two red eyes!—It is my familiar, Sigurd! It has appeared to me three times; that means that I shall surely die to-night!

Sigurd. Hjordis! Hjordis!

Hjordis. Now he has disappeared into the ground! I have had my warning.

Sigurd. You are ill; come into shelter!

Hjordis. No, I will wait here; I have little more time!

Sigurd. What has come over you?

Hjordis. What has come over me? I cannot tell; but what you said to-day was true, that Gunnar and Dagny stand between us. We must get away from them and from life; then we shall be together.

Sigurd. We? Ah, you mean—!

Hjordis (*with exaltation*). I have known no real home since the day you took another woman to wife. It was a wicked deed you did then! There is only one gift a man may not give to his dearest friend—and this is, the woman he loves; for if he does that, he breaks the thread of fate that the Norn has spun, and two lives are ruined. There is a voice within me that tells me surely that my destiny was that my strong soul should encourage and support you when things went ill with you; and that yours was to let me find, in one man's love, all that was bravest and best in manhood. For this I know, Sigurd, that if our lives had been united you would have become the most renowned man, and I the happiest woman, in the world!

Sigurd. Such regrets are useless now. Do you suppose I can see any happiness in the life that lies before me? To be by Dagny's side every day, and to pretend a love that my heart shrinks from. However, it must be so; it cannot be altered.

Hjordis (*with growing excitement*). It shall be! We will both leave this life! Do you see this bowstring? I shall hit surely with this, for I have sung the goodliest spells of magic over it! (*Stretches the bow and fits an arrow to it.*) Listen! Listen, how the wind howls! It is the last ride of the dead men; my spells have called them hither. We shall follow in their train!

Sigurd (*recoiling*). Hjordis, Hjordis—I am afraid of you!

Hjordis (*without heeding him*). No power can alter our fate now! After all, it is better so, than if we had been married in this life; better than sitting in your house weaving linen and wool, and bearing children to you—ugh!

Sigurd. Stop, stop! Your magic arts have overwrought your mind; your soul has sickened under them. (*In alarm.*) Ah, look—look! Gunnar's house—it is burning!

Hjordis. Let it burn! Let it burn! The mansions of the clouds are better than Gunnar's wooden halls!

Sigurd. But Egil, your son—they are killing him!

Hjordis. Let him die—and then my shame will die with him!

Sigurd. And Gunnar—they are taking your husband's life!

Hjordis. What matter to me! I shall follow a better husband home to-night! Yes, Sigurd, it must be so. This country holds no happiness for me. The White God is coming northwards; I will not stay to meet him. The old gods are not as mighty as they were; they are asleep, or sit like shadows of themselves; we will wrest their power from them. Out of this life, Sigurd; I will set you on the throne of heaven, and sit beside you there! (*The storm rages wildly.*) Listen, listen! There come our companions! Do you see the black horses flying by—one for you and one for me! (*Raises her bow and shoots him.*) Now to your last journey!

Sigurd. A goodly shot, Hjordis! (*Falls.*)

Hjordis (*in triumph, while she rushes towards him*). Sigurd, my brother—now we belong to one another!

Sigurd. Now less than ever. Here our ways part—for I am a Christian.

Hjordis (*dismayed*). You! Oh, no, no!

Sigurd. The White God is my god. King Athelstan taught me to know Him—it is to Him I am going now.

Hjordis (*in despair*). And I—! (*Lets her bow fall.*) Alas, alas!

Sigurd. My life has been oppressed with sorrow since

the hour I tore you out of my heart and gave you to Gunnar. Thanks, Hjordis—now my heart is light and free! (*Dies.*)

Hjordis (*quietly*). Dead! And I have made shipwreck of my life! (*The storm increases. She cries in a wild outburst:*) There they come! My witchcraft has brought them! No, no—I will not go with them! I will not ride without Sigurd! It is no use—they see me; they laugh and beckon to me; they are spurring their horses! (*Rushes to the edge of the cliff.*) They are upon me—and no shelter, nowhere to hide! Yes, perhaps in the depths of the sea! (*Throws herself down.*)

(ORNULF, DAGNY, GUNNAR *carrying* EGIL, *come in one by one from the right, followed by* SIGURD'S *men.*)

Ornulf (*turning to the grave-mound*). Now I can sleep in peace; for you are not unavenged, my sons!

Dagny. Father, father—I am wellnigh dead with fear! The ways are red with blood; and the storm!—listen, listen!

Gunnar (*with* EGIL *in his arms*). Let me come in peace and shelter my child!

Ornulf. Gunnar!

Gunnar. Yes, Ornulf, my house is burnt and my men all slain. I am in your power—do what you will with me!

Ornulf. That rests with Sigurd. But come into shelter; it is not safe out here!

Dagny. Yes—in, in! (*Goes towards the boat-shed, sees* SIGURD'S *dead body, and shrieks.*) Sigurd, my husband!—they have killed him! (*Throws herself down beside him.*)

Ornulf. Sigurd!

Gunnar (*setting* EGIL *down*). Sigurd killed!

Dagny (*looking wildly at them as they stand by the corpse*). No, no, it is not true!—he must be alive still. (*Sees the bow.*) Ah, what is that! (*Gets up.*)

Ornulf. Daughter, it is as you said at first—Sigurd is slain.

Gunnar (*as if seized by a sudden thought*). And Hjordis!—Has Hjordis been here?

Dagny (*in a low voice, meaningly*). I do not know; but this I know, that her bow has been here.

Gunnar. Ah, I feared it!

Dagny. Hush, hush! (*To herself.*) How bitterly she must have hated him!

Gunnar (*in a low voice*). Killed him—the night before the duel; at last she loved me, then.

(*All start suddenly as they hear, hurtling through the air, the last ride of the dead warriors.*)

Egil (*in terror*). Father! Look, look!

Gunnar. What is it?

Egil. Up there—all those black horses—!

Gunnar. It is only the clouds—

Ornulf. No, it is the last ride of the dead.

Egil (*with a shriek*). Mother is with them!

Dagny. Merciful gods!

Gunnar. Child, what are you saying?

Egil. There—in front—on the black horse! Father! father! (*Clings to his father in terror.*)

Gunnar (*quietly and sadly*). Now we know she is dead.

Ornulf. Yes, Gunnar—and it was she rather than you that was the object of my vengeance. Our meeting has cost us both dear; there is my hand—let there be peace and forgiveness between us.

Gunnar. Thanks, Ornulf! And now, to the ships. I am for Iceland with you!

Ornulf. Yes, to Iceland—and long shall this journey be remembered:

> Long remembered shall these heroes
> Bė, in all our northern land;
> And our children's tongues shall honor
> Those that sleep upon this strand.

VIII. Bjornson. The characteristic differences between Ibsen and Bjornson have been well described by Brandes:

Ibsen is a judge, stern as the old judges of Israel. Bjornson is a prophet, the hopeful herald of a better day. Ibsen is, in the depth of his mind, a great revolutionist. In *The Comedy of Love, A Doll's House,* and *Ghosts,* he scourges marriage; in *Brand,* the State Church; in *The Pillars of Society,* the dominant bourgeoisie. Whatever he attacks is shivered into splinters by his profound and superior criticism. Only the shattered ruins remain, and we are unable to espy the new social institutions beyond them. Bjornson is a conciliatory spirit who wages war without bitterness. April sunshine glints and gleams through all his works, while those of Ibsen, with their somber seriousness, lie in deep shadow. Ibsen loves the idea—the logical and psychological consistency which drives Brand out of the church and Nora out of the marital relation. To Ibsen's love of the idea corresponds Bjornson's love of man.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson (1832–1910), dramatist, novelist and poet, was born in Osterdal, the son of a country pastor. The father was a giant in strength, and when he entered upon the little parsonage of Kvikne he found himself among a rough and brutal people who had made life miserable for his predecessors; but after he had thrown one of the parishioners down stairs and exhibited his power physically the men of the parish learned to respect him, and he established numerous reforms in the six years that he stayed among them. It was a wild, bleak, mountainous region, with eight months of winter and four months of cold weather. When Bjornstjerne was six years old, however, his father was transferred to Romsdal, a wildly-picturesque region. Bjornson describes it as follows:

BJÖRNSON
1832–1910

It lies broad-bosomed between two confluent fjords, with a green mountain above, cataracts and homesteads on the opposite shore, waving meadows and activity in the bottom of the valley; and all the way out toward the ocean, mountains with headland upon headland running out into the fjord and a large farm upon each.

Among such surroundings, then, Bjornstjerne passed his boyhood and acquired a passionate love for nature in her wilder moods. In fact, his early school days gave little promise of his future learning, and he was never happier than when vacations permitted him to return to his home and wander about for days in the midst of the rugged scenery, amongst the peasants whom he learned to know thoroughly and whose forms of speech and modes of thought became so familiar to him that his pen never after failed in portraying them.

In 1852 he passed the examinations admitting him to the University of Christiania and soon after entered on his literary career, beginning with a series of short pastoral novels, which contained some of the most exquisite pen pictures in modern fiction. He was for a time director of the theater in Bergen, and during other years he traveled on a government stipend throughout Europe, but chiefly in Italy, after which he resided most of the time in Norway, though he made frequent visits to Paris, Rome and Munich, and during one winter lectured in the United States. Bjornson was the great national writer of Norway, and Brandes has said that so completely does he

embody the national spirit that "the mention of his name in a gathering of his countrymen is like running up the national flag." The chief novelist of Norway, he divides with Ibsen the honor of being the chief dramatist and poet. Moreover, for more than twenty years he was a leader of the Republican party in Norway and actively engaged in all of the social and religious movements of the day, proving himself not a dreamer, but a practical politician, able to cope with all questions and aid in their solution by his powerful oratory, in which his massive frame and piercing blue eyes contributed not a little to the force of his speech.

Bjornson wrote with a style all his own of the things which he knew best, particularly during early life, and his first tales were a revelation of Norwegian character.

IX. "ARNE." The first masterpiece of Bjornson was *Synnove Solbakken,* which was followed the next year by *Arne,* a superior work. These peasant novels, as they are called, are in reality poetic pictures of life among the dwellers in forest or on fiord, and the plots are of the slightest kind. There were a number of these tales, each excelling in its own particular theme, but among them there is none any more characteristic than *Arne.* We shall make some extracts from the translation of Walter Low. The prologue to the tale is a gem in itself:

There was a deep ravine between two of the mountains: through it a full-flowing stream rushed heavily

down over bowlder and crag. High was the bank on each hand, and rocky, so that one side stood barren and naked; but close to it, and so near the stream that in spring and autumn it shook its spray upon them, were green patches of forest-growth, looking up and around, and finding room to throw out their arms neither here nor there.

"What if we were to clothe the ravine-side?" said the Juniper one day to the stranger Oak, that stood nearer to her than all the others. The Oak looked down, to see who it was that spoke; then looked up again—and held his peace. The stream worked so mightily that its waters were foamy-white; the North wind dashed into the ravine, and roared amid the rocky rifts; the bare mountain hung sadly over it, shivering in the cold.

"What if we were to clothe the ravine-side?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side of her. "If any one's to do it, it may well be we," said the Fir; he grasped his shaggy beard, and looked across at the Birch.

"What do you think?" he said.

The Birch looked warily up at the rocky wall: so heavy it lay above her, that she scarce felt able to draw breath.

"In God's name let us clothe it," said the Birch, and there was none other to help than these three, so they took it upon themselves to clothe the ravine-side.

The Juniper led the way.

When they had gone a little bit of the distance, they met the Heather. The Juniper was about to go by. "No, let's take the Heather, too," said the Fir. So the Heather went with them.

Before long the Juniper began to slip. "Catch hold of me," said the Heather. Juniper did so, and where there was only a tiny crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where the Heather once put a finger in, there the Juniper worked in her whole hand. On they clambered upward, the Fir slowly following them, and the Birch laboring after. "But it's God's own work," said the Birch.

Now the Ravine began to ponder what sort of live creatures it could be that were clawing and creeping up

her. When she had thought over it for a couple of hundred years or so, she sent down a little streamlet to have a look. It was in the spring-flood days, and the brook slipped on and on till it came to the Heather.

"Heather, dear Heather, can't you let me by?—I am so little!" said the Streamlet.

The Heather was very busy; she just raised her head and went on with her work again. Under her darted the Streamlet, and out and on again.

"Juniper, dear Juniper, can't you let me by?—I am so little!"

The Juniper gave her a scrutinizing glance; but as the Heather had let her by, she couldn't be doing much harm if she did the same, she thought. On darted the Streamlet, on and down again, till she came to where the Fir stood, gasping for breath, on the steep hill-side.

"Fir-tree, dear Fir-tree, can't you let me by?—I'm so little!" said the Streamlet, and she kissed his foot, and behaved so humbly, yet daintily, that he felt quite abashed, and made way.

But the Birch drew aside of her own accord, before ever the Streamlet asked.

"Hi, hi, hi!" laughed the Streamlet, growing bigger and bigger.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Streamlet, still growing. "Ho, ho, ho!" as she grew greater still, and hurled Heather and Juniper and Fir and Birch flat on their faces and their backs, up and down the craggy bowlders. The Ravine sat pondering many a hundred year whether it had not made her smile that day.

It was clear enough: the Ravine did not wish to be clothed. The Heather was so much put out that she turned quite green again, and then went on. "Pluck up your heart!" said the Heather. Juniper had got half up to look at the Heather, and went on getting up for so long that at last she was quite upright. She ran her hand through her hair, set out again on her way, and bit so fast hold of the crags that she thought the Ravine could not help being aware of it. "If you won't hold me, I'll

hold you, at any rate!" was what she meant. The Fir bent his toes a bit, to see if they were still sound; raised himself on one foot, and found it all right; raised himself on the other, which was unhurt, too; and then stood up on both. He looked round him to see—firstly, where he had been; secondly, where he had fallen; and thirdly, whither he was to go. Then he began to jog along again, and behaved as if he had never tumbled down in his life. The Birch had made herself very dirty in her fall, but she got up and brushed off the earth. And now on they went again, growing more and more, right up over the side, in sunshine and in rain.

"What's all this about now?" said the Ravine, when the summer sun rose above them, the dew-drops glittered on them, the birds sang, the wood-mouse piped, the hare frisked hither and thither, and the ermine hid himself with a shrill cry.

Then came the day when the Heather got one eye over the edge of the ravine. "Oh! how lovely, how lovely, how lovely!" she cried, and on she dashed.

"Dear me!" said Juniper, "what can it be that Heather sees?" and she pushed on till she too could peep over. "Oh, how beautiful!" burst from her, and she, too, sped on. "What's up with Juniper to-day, I wonder?" said the Fir, making long, quick strides beneath the summer sun. Presently he stretched up on his toes and peeped over. "Oh, how glorious!" he cried, all his leaves and prickles standing on end with amazement; he struggled up over the ledge, got a firm footing, and was off after the other two.

"What can it be they all see there that I can't?" quoth the Birch lifting her skirts well up, and tripping after them. She got her whole head above the ledge all at once.

"Oh, look, look!—if there's not a great wood of Firs and Heather, and Juniper and Birches upon the common there waiting for us!" cried the Birch, shaking her leaves in the sunlight till the dew-drops trickled sparkling off.

"Yes," said Juniper, "that's what comes of persevering!"

Arne was the illegitimate child of Margit and Nils Skraedder, the village fiddler and famous local dancer. At a dance Nils distinguished himself by his skill and then, in drunken mood, insulted Birgit Boen, who loved him deeply. Immediately after Baard took Birgit's hand, and in the dance that followed threw himself so fiercely upon Nils that the latter fell to the floor and was crippled for life by an injury to his spine. Then Margit took him to her home on his cot and tended him faithfully. In time they were married and Arne grew up with them, the father tempting him to misdeeds and the mother constantly urging him to "cling fast to God and learn nothing wicked." Nils partially recovered, so that he was able to play for the village entertainments:

But at the dances Nils soon grew accustomed to ordering Arne, after he himself had had too much, to sing to the company. The boy sang one song after another, amid loud applause and laughter; the applause delighted the boy almost more than it did Nils, so that at last there was no end to the songs he learned to sing. Anxious mothers, hearing him, went to his own mother and told her, for the songs he sang were not fit for a boy. The mother took the boy aside, and bade him, in the name of God and all that is good, not to sing such songs; and now it seemed to the boy that his mother was against everything he delighted in. He told his father for the first time what his mother had said. She had to suffer for it in consequence next time Nils got drunk, but after that, Arne never told him anything again. What he had

done came now vividly before the lad, and in his soul he besought God and her for forgiveness, for he could not bring himself to do so openly. The mother was as kind to him as ever, and this cut him to the heart.

Once, however, he forgot himself. He had the power of mimicking anybody, especially as regards their way of speaking and singing. One evening, when he was amusing his father by this, his mother came in, and when she had gone out again it came into Nils' head to make the boy imitate his mother's singing. At first he refused, but the father, who lay on the bed, laughing so that his sides shook, persisted obstinately in his demand.

"Well," thought the boy, "she's a good way off, so she won't hear it;" and he sang just as she did at times when she was hoarse and inclined to tears. The father laughed so that it almost frightened the lad himself, and he left off of his own accord. Then Margit came in from the kitchen, looked mournfully and steadfastly at Arne, walked over to the dresser for a bowl, and went out again.

Arne felt hot as fire throughout his whole body. She had heard it all, then! He sprang down from the table on which he had been sitting, dashed out, and threw himself down on the ground as if he would fain bury himself in it. He could not rest; he sprang up, feeling he must get further away. He rushed by the barn, and there behind it sat his mother, hemming a new and fine shirt for him. At other times she used to sing a hymn over her work when she sat thus; now she was not singing —not that she was weeping, either—she was just sitting still, sewing. But Arne could endure it no longer; he threw himself down on the grass at her feet, looked up at her, and sobbed passionately. The mother let her sewing fall, and put her two hands round his head.

"Poor Arne!" she said, and threw herself down beside him.

He did not make an attempt to speak, but wept as he never had before.

"I knew quite well," said the mother, stroking his hair, "that you were good at heart."

"Mother, you won't say 'No' to what I'm going to ask you?" was the first thing he could say.

"That you know I never do," was the answer.

He tried to check his tears, and then, with his head in her lap, he blurted out:

"Mother, sing me something!"

"My dear, I can't, you know," she said in a low voice.

"Mother, sing me something!" implored he, "else I'll never believe that I'm fit to look at you again!"

She stroked his hair again, but made no sound.

"Mother, sing, sing! do you hear, sing!" he sobbed out, "else I'll go far away and never come back home again."

And as he lay there, big boy of fourteen or fifteen as he was, with his head in his mother's lap, she began to sing over him:

"Lord, protect this little child,
Playing on the rugged shore.
Round him bid Thy Spirit mild
Cast its bonds for evermore.
Mighty waves nor treach'rous sand
Tear him from that sacred band.
Safe and blessèd will he live,
Praise to Thee and glory give.

"Mother sits in anxious pain,
Knowing not why thus he tarries;
Calls him o'er and o'er again,
No reply the stillness carries.
Yet she knows, where'er the spot,
Help divine forsakes him not.
Far from angry wave and foam,
Jesus leads him gently home."

She sang several verses: Arne lay still, for a holy peace had fallen upon him, and under its sway he felt refreshed, and wearily restful. The last word that he heard distinctly was "Jesus." It seemed to carry him into a great burst of light where twelve or thirteen voices

sang clear; and above them all he could hear his mother's. Sweeter music he had never known; he prayed that it might be given him so to sing. It seemed to him that if he were to sing very softly, he too should learn how to do it; so now he began to sing softly, and then more and more softly, until the music seemed well-nigh heavenly, and in his joy at this he pealed forth in loud tones—and all was at an end. He was awake again: he looked up and listened intently, but nothing struck on his ear, save the mighty, unceasing noise of the waterfall, and the sound of the little streamlet which, with soft and constant murmur, flowed close by the barn. The mother had gone; but first she had laid beneath his head his jacket and the half-finished shirt.

The drunkenness of Nils increasing, he began to treat Margit very cruelly, and after Arne and his boyish companion, Kristian, were confirmed matters grew rapidly worse. Arne developed a love for writing verses, but received little encouragement. His mother's sufferings made him moody, and he scarcely dared to think of what might occur:

One night at this time, he was sitting up very late, reading. Whenever he felt more depressed than usual, it was his books he fled to, never noticing that they only made him smart the more. The father was away at a wedding-feast, but was expected home that evening: the mother was tired and dreaded his return, so had gone to bed. Arne heard a dull fall in the passage, and started up: there was the noise of some heavy thing striking against the door. It was the father returning.

Arne opened the door, and looked down at him.

"Is that you, my bright boy?" hiccuped Nils; "then come and help your daddy up."

Arne lifted him up and supported him to a bench, picked up the fiddle-case, brought it in too, and shut the door.

"Ay, look at me, my bright boy," Nils rambled on. "I'm not much to look at now; I'm no longer the Nils I once was. Let this warn you—I warn you—you—nev—never to touch brandy; that's the very Devil,—the World, the Flesh, the Devil. 'He resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble and meek.' Alas! alas! what have I come to!"

He sat still for a moment, and then sang through his drunken tears:

" 'Jesus Christ, Redeemer mine,
Help I need, so grant me Thine;
Deep in mire although I lie,
Still Thine erring child am I.'

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but say but the word——"

He threw himself forward, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed convulsively. Long he lay thus, and then he began to repeat word for word from the Bible, as he had learnt it more than twenty years before:

" 'But she came and begged Him, and said: Lord, help me! But He answered and said: It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. But she said: Yea, Lord: but the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table.' "

He relapsed into silence again, but wept more freely and less violently.

The mother had long been awake, but had not dared to look up; but now, when she heard him weeping as one who had been rescued, she raised herself on her elbows and looked up.

But no sooner did Nils catch sight of her than he screamed:

"Do you look up—you! you want to see what you've brought me to, don't you? Yes, this is what I look like; just this—here before you!" He began to rise, and she crouched beneath the coverlet. "No, no, don't hide yourself! I'll find you soon enough," he said, and stretching forth his right hand, he began to fumble about with his

forefinger. "Tickle! tickle!" he cried, and he drew aside the coverlet and put his forefinger on her throat.

"Father!" cried Arne.

"Look how shriveled up and lean you've got," Nils went on, "there's no flesh on you at all. Tickle! tickle!" The mother convulsively seized his hands with both hers, but she could not free herself from his grasp: she crouched in a heap beneath the coverlet.

"Father!" cried Arne again.

"So! there's some life in you now, is there?" Nils went on, unheeding. "What a sight she is when she wriggles, too! Tickle! tickle!"

"Father!" cried Arne once more, and the room began to go up and down.

"Tickle, I say!" screamed Nils.

She let go his hands and gave herself up to her fate.

"Father!" shrieked Arne, and rushed to a corner of the room where stood an axe.

"It's only obstinacy that keeps you from crying out," Nils went on. "You'd better take care, though; such a funny thought's got hold of me now! Come, come! tickle, tickle!"

"Father!" cried Arne for the last time. He laid hold of the axe, but stood still as if nailed to the floor; for at that moment the father rose up, gave a piercing shriek, pressed his hand to his heart, and fell to the earth. "Jesus Christ" came to his lips, and then he lay quite still.

Arne scarcely knew where he stood or what was happening; he almost expected the room to burst apart, and a flash from the heavens to fall upon it. Suddenly the mother began to draw long, deep breaths, as if she had freed herself of an incubus; presently she raised herself in the bed, and saw the father lying outstretched on the floor, and the son standing over him, axe in hand.

"Merciful Heaven! what have you done?" she shrieked, as, springing out of bed, and throwing a garment round her, she drew near to him. Then something seemed to set free Arne's tongue.

"He fell down by himself," he said, in a low tone.

"Oh, Arne, Arne, I don't believe you!" cried the mother in an earnest, reproachful voice. "Now may Christ help you!" And she cast herself upon the body, with a burst of wailing.

But now the boy began to emerge from his bewilderment, and he too fell on his knees.

"Sure as I hope for mercy from God," he said, "he fell of himself, just as he stood there."

"Then our Lord Himself has been here!" said the woman quietly, and, crouching down, she gazed fixedly before her.

Nils lay just as he fell, with stiffened limbs, and open eyes and mouth. His hands were near together, as if he had tried to fold them, but had not had time.

"Come," said the mother, "you are strong; help me to lift your father up, so that he may lie on the bed."

They raised him up and laid him on it: she closed his eyes and mouth, straightened out his limbs, and folded his hands.

They both stood there looking at him. All that they had lived through before seemed not to have lasted so long, nor to have had so much in it as had the last hour. The Devil himself had been there, but so also had God; the encounter had been brief. All that had been was now over and done.

It was now a little past midnight, and they had to watch by the dead till daybreak. Arne went to the hearth and made a great fire; the mother sat down beside it. And as she sat there she thought of the many evil days she had gone through with Nils, so that she thanked God in fever-fervent prayer for what he had done. "But all the same, I had some happy days with him, too," she said, and wept as if in remorse for the thanksgiving that had just escaped her; and before long she was taking all the blame upon herself, in that, for love of the dead, she had transgressed God's law, and broken her mother's commands; and therefore (she thought) it was right for her own sinful love to have been her punishment.

Arne sat down opposite to her. The mother glanced at the bed and said:

"Arne, you must remember that it's for your sake I have borne it all," and she burst into tears, longing for a loving word to support her 'mid the flow of her own self-reproaches, and comfort her in all the time to come. The boy trembled, but had nothing to say.

"You must never leave me," she sobbed out. Then there came before his eyes all that she had been in the sorrowful past, and how unutterably lonely she would feel if, in return for all her loving kindness to him, he were to forsake her now.

"Never, never!" he said, in a low, fervent voice; he wanted to go over to where she sat, but felt as if he could not move. There sat both of them, weeping bitterly; at times she prayed aloud, now for the dead, and again for herself and her boy; then came the tears again, to be interrupted presently by supplications to Heaven, which again gave place to lamentation. At last she said:

"Arne, you have a good voice; sit a little way off and sing a hymn for your father."

Straightway he seemed to find strength to do it. He got up, fetched a hymn-book, and kindled a fir-splinter; then, with the torch in one hand and the book in the other, he stood by the head of the bed, and sang in a clear voice Kingo's 127th hymn:

"Turn from us in grace Thine anger sore,
Call us not Thy judgment seat before.
Grant to us Thy servants, sinful-living,
Thy forgiving!"

Arne's life after this grows more and more solitary, for his young companions sneer at his parentage and more than once intimate that he was responsible for his father's death. He makes one good friend in Upland Knut, a solitary man, who has suffered much, but whose character is above reproach. Moreover, at one

time, as he is approaching early manhood, he sees Eli Boen, the beautiful daughter of Birgit and her husband Baard, and her influence, unknown to herself, becomes an important factor in his life. Later he becomes a carpenter, and while at work at her house falls more deeply in love with her; it seems that she might return his affection, but she is taken violently ill and for a long time lies between life and death. In her weakness she calls for Arne, and he visits her daily and cheers her spirits during her convalescence, but when she is well again he hesitates to propose to her because of his feeling that he is unable to support her in the comforts to which she has been accustomed.

Margit is so afraid that Arne will be drawn away from her that she conceals a number of letters which have been written to him by his friend Kristian, who has become wealthy in America and has invited Arne to join him, and even sent money, which Margit likewise has hidden. Her deceit preys upon her mind, and in her agony she confesses everything to her pastor, who recommends that she make a clean breast of everything to Arne. Anxious as she is to do right, she cannot drive herself to this act, but, stimulated by her fear, she brings about the marriage of Arne and Eli. One day she sees Eli, and, though she has never met her, Margit introduces herself and invites her to the house. The gentleness and sweetness of the elder woman appeals to Eli, who, then but nineteen, goes to Margit's home, visits the

farm and all connected with it, and finally enters the house, after Margit has consumed as much time as possible in the hope that Arne might return:

Margit asked Eli if she might not give her something to eat and drink, as this was the first time she had crossed their threshold; but Eli turned red, and immediately declined. She turned and looked round her. She was in the room they used in the day time; it was not large, but it was cozy-looking, with its timepiece, its tiled stove, and its windows that faced the road. Nils' fiddle, old and time-stained, but with new strings, hung there, as did a couple of guns that belonged to Arne, his English fishing-rod, and other precious objects, which the mother took down and showed her. Eli looked at them, and touched them. The room was not painted, for Arne disliked painted walls; neither was the other room, which looked out upon the ravine, with the bright, clear mountain-peak far away behind. This apartment, which was an addition to the original building—as was quite half that side of the house—was larger and handsomer than the other; but in the two smaller rooms of the wing the walls and ceilings were painted, for that was where the mother was to live when she got old, and he took to himself a wife. They went into the kitchen, the pantry, the wash-house. Not a single word did Eli say, but she looked at everything as if from a distance. Even when Margit handed her something to look at, she put out her hand indeed, but scarcely touched it. Margit, talking to her the whole way, took her back to the house again: they must go up and look at the higher story.

Up there were tidy rooms that corresponded to those down below, but they looked new, and not lived in, except one that faced the ravine. In this room there lay about, or hung on the walls, all sorts of household goods that were not required for daily use. There were a whole row of fur coverlets and bed-clothes; these the mother took hold of and lifted one after another, and

bade Eli do so too. The girl seemed now to have plucked up heart a little more, or else she took more interest in things like these, for some of them she went back to more than once, asking questions, and growing brighter and brighter. Presently the mother said, "Now we'll go, last of all, to Arne's own room," and they went into the one facing the waterfall. The thunderous voice of the torrent smote upon them through the open window. Up at the height they were, they could see jets and spray from the cascade amid the crags, but not the water of the fall itself, save at one place further up, where a huge bit of rock had broken loose, at the very spot where the torrent came rushing along, gathering all its strength for the last leap into the depths below. Fresh green turf had covered the upper surface of the rocky wall, and down into it a handful of fir-cones had dived, throwing their heads heavenward again, with their roots deep in the rifts of stone. The wind had dashed upon the trees, shaking them with all its might; the spray of the torrent had washed against their stems, so that not a twig was to be seen within four ells of their roots: they stood there as if with knees crippled and bent, and gnarled and knotted were the branches of them; but yet, stand firmly there they did, thrusting their heads aloft 'mid the mountain walls. They were the first that Eli saw from the window, and next she saw the shining white snow-peaks that rose above the green. She turned aside her eyes: over the fields lay peace and fruitfulness. And now at last she looked round the room where she stood, for the torrent had forbidden her doing so at first.

How calm and tranquil it was in here, contrasted with the tumult without! She singled out no special thing to gaze at, for everything in the room seemed to be in harmony, and nearly all of it was a new thing to her; for Arne had put his heart's love into that room, so that, poor as it was, it had been made as beautiful in almost every least particular as might well be. It seemed to her that his verses came singing in as she stood there, or that

he himself smiled at her from everything. The first thing her mind took singly in was a large, handsome, and finely-carven bookcase. There were so many books in it that she thought the pastor himself could scarcely have more. Next, a handsome chest caught her attention. He had many a precious thing in that, his mother told her; there, too, he kept his money, she added, in a whisper. Twice had they had a legacy, she told her, a little later; once more they were to do so, if all went as it should. "But money," she said, "is not the best thing in the world: he's got the power to get what's better."

There were many little nick-nacks about the room that were well worth looking at, and Eli looked at them all, as happy and bright as a child.

Margit patted her on the shoulder. "I've never seen you before to-day, child," she said, "and yet I feel so fond of you!" and she looked lovingly into her eyes. Before Eli had time to blush, she nudged her gently, and went on:

"Look at that little red chest there; there's something precious in that, you may be sure."

Eli looked at it; it was a little square box that she would much have liked to have of her own.

"He doesn't want me to know," whispered the mother, "what there is in that box; and he hides away the key every time." So saying, she went to some clothes that were hanging on the wall, took down a velvet waistcoat, felt in the watch-pocket, and drew out the key.

"Come, now," she whispered; "come and see!"

Eli thought what the mother was now doing was not at all right; but women are women, and both these two walked softly up to the little chest and knelt down before it. But the moment the mother raised the lid, such a pleasant odor arose that Eli clasped her hands together in delight before she saw a single thing. At the top lay a kerchief, spread out over everything; and this Margit now drew aside. "Look, look now!" she whispered, and drew forth a fine black silk kerchief, but not one of the kind worn by men.

"That's just fit for a girl," said the mother; "and here's another."

Eli took hold of it involuntarily, and the other declared she must try it on her, though the girl objected and turned away her head. The mother folded it up carefully again.

"Look at this!" she cried, drawing forth a handful of beautiful silk ribbons; "all just as if for a girl, isn't it?"

Eli was fiery red now, but she uttered not a sound; her bosom was heaving, her eyes downcast, her whole being showed anxious unrest.

"There's more yet!" went on Margit, drawing out some handsome black velvet, evidently meant for a dress. "This is fine indeed"—and she held it up to the light.

Eli's hands were trembling a little when the mother bade her feel it; she felt the blood rushing to her head, and she seemed to want to turn away, but not to have the power to.

"He's bought something each time he's been to the town," said Margit.

Eli could scarcely hold out much more now, she felt; her glance flitted from one thing in the chest to another, and then back again to the velvet; but indeed she no longer saw anything. But the mother went on with what she was doing. The last thing she took up was wrapped in many papers; she unfolded them one after another, so arousing Eli's curiosity that she got more and more excited; at last appeared a pair of little shoes. Neither Eli nor Margit had ever seen their like; the mother, indeed, declared she would not have believed such things could be made. Not a word said the girl, but when the shoes were given her to hold she closed her five little fingers tight on them, and then felt so ashamed of herself that she was like to weep: she would have given anything to go away, but she dared not trust herself to speak, she dared not cause the mother to look up. Margit, indeed, was fully taken up with what she herself was doing.

"Doesn't it look," she said, "just as if he had bought all these things, one after another, for some one he did not dare give them to?" and she went on putting them all carefully back in the places she had taken them from: she had evidently had practice. "Now let's see what's in the secret compartment here," she went on, and opened it with much care, as there really was some great thing coming now. There lay a buckle, broad, as if for a belt. This was the first thing she called Eli's attention to, and next to a pair of gold rings fastened together; and then Eli saw a velvet-bound hymn-book with silver clasps, and after that nothing more, for she had seen engraved on the silver clasp of the hymn-book, in finely-wrought characters:

"ELI BAARDSDATTER BOEN."

The mother urged her to look at the other things; she got no answer, but she saw tear after tear roll down on the silk covering, and stream over it. She put back the brooch she was holding up, closed the box again, turned, and clasped Eli to her heart. And the daughter wept there, and the mother wept over her, and neither of them said a word.

A little while after, Eli was walking in the garden alone: the mother had gone to the kitchen to prepare something especially nice, for Arne would soon be back now. Presently she went out into the garden for Eli; she saw her sitting, leaning toward the ground, writing on the sandy soil. She rubbed it out with her foot when she saw Margit coming, and looked up at her smiling, but she had evidently been weeping.

"You've nothing to cry for, my child," said Margit, and patted her cheeks.

They saw something black among the bushes by the road. Into the house darted Eli, and after her Margit. There was quite a little banquet spread within, with its cream pudding, smoked meat, and cakes; but not a glance did it get from Eli: she went and sat on a chair in the corner, against the wall, and under the clock,

and started if she but heard a mouse stirring. The mother sat down by the table. They heard a man's step on the stone flags, then a light, quick step in the passage; the door opened, and Arne came in. The first thing he saw was Eli in the corner by the clock; he let go the door-handle and stood motionless. Thereon Eli's confusion was even greater than before; she got up, repented having done so, and turned her face to the wall.

"*You* here!" said Arne, as if to himself, blushing fiery red as he spoke.

She raised one hand and held it before her, as one does when the sun shines too dazzlingly in one's eyes.

"Why——?" he broke off, but he made a step or two toward her; she lowered her hand again, turned to him with bowed head, and burst into tears.

"God bless you, Eli!" said he, and he put his arms round her; she leant her head on his breast. He whispered something in her ear; she made no answer, but clasped him round the neck with her two arms.

Long stood they thus, with not a sound to be heard, save the torrent's eternal admonition. Suddenly somebody seemed to be crying on the other side of the table; Arne looked up; it was his mother, whom he had not seen in the room till then.

"Now I'm *sure* you won't go away from me, Arne," said she, coming over to where he stood. Her tears were flowing fast, but that did her good, she said.

As they walked home together in the fair summer evening, they could not utter many words to one another in their strange new happiness. Nature herself interpreted their hearts to one another, in her tranquil, shining, magnificent companionship. But on his way home from their first summer-night's walk, toward the rising sun it was that Arne, as he walked, composed a song, which, though he had not time then to complete it, he perfected soon after, and made it his daily hymn for a season:

"Once I thought that I really might grow to be great,
If afar in the world I might grapple with fate;

And I recked not of friend, and I recked not of foe,
While my heart was aflame with a yearning to go.
But sudden mine eye met a girl's soft glance,
And straight died my longing for flight;
And it seems to me now that the fairest on earth
Were to live in that dear maid's sight.

"Once I thought that I really might grow to be great,
If afar in the world I might grapple with fate;
For the voice of Ambition cried loudly 'Arise,
Young spirit! and struggle thy best for the prize.'
But that maiden she taught me (with never a word)
That the dearest of things God can give
Is not to be famous, renownèd, or great,
But perfect in manhood to live.

"Once I thought that I really might grow to be great,
If afar in the world I might grapple with fate;
But to do aught at home I should never be bold,
For all I met here were misjudging and cold.
But when I saw her, and her sweet, bright love,
And her brilliant, pure-hearted glee,
And I knew that her joy and her heart—all—was mine,
Ah! to live was a glory to me!"

After that there was many a summer's evening walk, followed by many a song. Here is one such:

"Whence comes this sudden change I find?
No flood has been, no angry wind;
And yet my gently wand'ring course
Now rushes with a torrent's force
Mightily to the mighty sea.

"Can something in Life's self, indeed,
Give to a man at utmost need
An earnest strength, yet tender heart,
That peril, care, and Love's own smart
Encompass, as with bridal chains?

"Sends Life to me such promise rare
As now I feel,—strong, helpful, fair?
Then must some God this thing have willed
Ordaining, 'Be My word fulfilled,'
Wafting me soft to joy for aye."

But perhaps nothing expressed his deep sense of thankfulness so well as the following:

"The might that I got from my power to sing
Made Life's joy and Life's pain
Fall like sunshine and rain
On my soul, in its first fresh years of spring.
So in sorrow or glee
No harm I knew,
While my song might be
Of my own Love true.

"The might that I got from my power to sing
Made me love young and old,
Made me urgent and bold,
Spite of self, to prize love beyond all other thing.
On, on did I roam
Every barrier through,
Till at last I reached home
And my own Love true.

"The might that I got from my power to sing
Must help me to cheer
Those who wander in fear,
And shall lead them to share the glad tiding I bring.
Joy perfecter never
To man can be due,
Than caroling ever
His own Love true."

The marriage of the young people brings about a perfect reconciliation between Birgit and her husband Baard, for though they have

lived in apparent peace, Baard has always known that Birgit's first love was given to Nils.

X. BJORNSON'S DRAMAS. In the year 1858 Bjornson had published two dramas, *Between the Battles* and *Limping Hulda,* the first a dramatic episode only and the latter a tragedy of considerable power, based on the old sagas and tinged with the grim ferocity of that bloody period.

Bjornson's next drama of importance was the trilogy of Sigurd Slembe, a brave and able pretender, who struggles with a contemptible king, Harald Gille. A frank and generous youth, believing that he is born to achieve distinction, Sigurd is driven by the treachery and cruelty of his brother, the King, into outlawry. In the first scene the boy has conquered the greatest wrestling champion in the land, and considers himself now justified in taking his position among the nobles. Realizing that by his birth he is entitled to a share of the kingdom, Sigurd intends to go to his brother Harald and demand his rights, but is persuaded to abandon such a hopeless effort and to go on a Viking expedition to the Orient. In the second number of the trilogy Sigurd is in the Orkneys, where he interferes in a dispute between two earls, Harald and Paul. Two terrible women, Helga and Frakark, filled with the fiery ambition and hatred which we have seen in many of the women of the sagas, believe that in Sigurd is a man born for leadership, and they determine to use him as an instrument to

accomplish the murders which they have planned. Sigurd, however, understands the situation and works for his own interest, but when Harald dies, because he has accidentally put on a poisoned shirt prepared for his brother, Sigurd is disgusted and abandons the whole undertaking. In the third part of the trilogy Sigurd appears at court and asks for his share of the kingdom; Harald might have granted it but that his councilors, recognizing Sigurd's power, dissuaded the King and plot to murder the claimant. However, Sigurd escapes from prison; believing that King Harald is responsible for his incarceration, he kills him and is driven forth an outlaw, hunted throughout the country. During this time he meets a Finnish maiden and loves her, but she reveals his fate and Sigurd meets it in battle, where he is defeated and tortured to death.

It is impossible in the space we have at command to give an equally long account of each of Bjornson's succeeding dramas, so we will be obliged to select one or two and make from them such extracts as are possible. Before leaving the general subject, however, we should say that Bjornson in his later work enters the same field that Ibsen takes, and his most powerful dramas are severe arraignments of social life. However, as we have intimated, Bjornson's attitude is always one of consideration and affection for the characters and not of cold-blooded analysis of the problem, as Ibsen's dramas are likely to prove. Accordingly, the

great plays of Bjornson are more fitted for popular presentation, and the actors find in them more human interest and achieve greater popularity among their hearers.

XI. "THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE." In the *Newly-Married* the heroine, Laura, is an only child, the daughter of wealthy parents, who has been petted and spoiled from her birth, and who, even when married, feels under greater obligation to her parents than to her husband. In fact, her childish attitude toward things drives Axel, the husband, into taking her away from her parents and establishing himself in a distant town, where he begins the practice of his profession. Laura's intimate friend, Mathilde, accompanies them and writes a novel, which she publishes anonymously; she reads it to the young wife to show her what her conduct is likely to lead to. Then, arousing her jealousy, she brings out Laura's womanhood and paves the way for a general reconciliation. It is a simple little plot, and the play itself is but three acts long. Nevertheless, it is written with such charming poetic diction and portrays character so naturally that it pleases every reader. In Sharp's translation the scene of the reconciliation is as follows:

LAURA *comes in with an open letter in her hand.*
Laura (*in a low voice, to* MATHILDE). Mother and father are so lonely at home that they are going abroad, to Italy; but they are coming here, Mathilde, before they leave the country.

Mathilde. Coming here? When?

Laura. Directly. I hadn't noticed—the letter is written from the nearest posting station; they want to take us by surprise—they will be here in a few minutes. Good heavens, what are we to do?

Mathilde (*quickly*). Tell Axel that!

Laura. I tell him?

Mathilde. Yes, you must.

Laura (*in a frightened voice*). I?

Mathilde (*to* AXEL). Laura has something she wants to tell you.

Laura. Mathilde!

Axel. This is something new.

Laura. Oh, do tell him, Mathilde. (MATHILDE *says nothing, but goes to the back of the room.*)

Axel (*coming up to her*). What is it?

Laura (*timidly*). My parents are coming.

Axel. Here?

Laura. Yes.

Axel. When? To-day?

Laura. Yes. Almost directly.

Axel. And no one has told me! (*Takes up his hat to go.*)

Laura (*frightened*). Axel!

Axel. It is certainly not for the pleasure of finding me here that they are coming.

Laura. But you mustn't go!

Mathilde. No, you mustn't do that.

Axel. Are they not going to put up here?

Laura. Yes, I thought—if you are willing—in your room.

Axel. So that is what it is to be—I am to go away and they are to take my place.

Mathilde. Take my room, and I will move into Laura's. I will easily arrange that. (*Goes out.*)

Axel. Why all this beating about the bush? It is quite natural that you should want to see them, and equally natural that I should remove myself when they come; only you should have broken it to me—a little more considerately. Because I suppose they are coming

now to take you with them—and, even if it means nothing to you to put an end to everything like this, at all events you ought to know what it means to me!

Laura. I did not know till this moment that they were coming.

Axel. But it must be your letters that have brought them here—your complaints—

Laura. I have made no complaints.

Axel. You have only told them how matters stand here.

Laura. Never. (*A pause.*)

Axel (*in astonishment*). What have you been writing to them all this year, then—a letter every day?

Laura. I have told them everything was going well here.

Axel. Is it possible? All this time? Laura! Dare I believe it? Such consideration— (*Comes nearer to her.*) Ah, at last, then—?

Laura (*frightened*). I did it out of consideration for them.

Axel (*coldly*). For them? Well, I am sorry for them, then. They will soon see how things stand between us.

Laura. They are only to be here a day or two. Then they go abroad.

Axel. Abroad? But I suppose some one is going with them?—you, perhaps?

Laura. You can't, can you?

Axel. No.—So you are going away from me, Laura!—I am to remain here with Mathilde—it is just like that book.

Laura. With Mathilde? Well—perhaps Mathilde could go with them?

Axel. You know we can't do without her here—as things are at present.

Laura. Perhaps you would rather I—?

Axel. There is no need for you to ask my leave. You go if you wish.

Laura. Yes, you can do without *me*.—All the same, I think I shall stay!

Axel. You will stay—with me?

Laura. Yes.

Axel (*in a happier voice, coming up to her*). *That* is not out of consideration for your parents?

Laura. No, that it isn't! (*He draws back in astonishment.* MATHILDE *comes in.*)

Mathilde. It is all arranged. (*To* AXEL.) You will stay, then?

Axel (*looking at* LAURA). I don't know.—If I go away for these few days, perhaps it will be better.

Mathilde (*coming forward*). Very well, then I shall go away too!

Laura. You?

Axel. You?

Mathilde. Yes, I don't want to have anything to do with what happens. (*A pause.*)

Axel. What do you think will happen?

Mathilde. That is best left unsaid—till anything does happen. (*A pause.*)

Axel. You are thinking too hardly of your friend now.

Laura (*quietly*). Mathilde is not my friend.

Axel. Mathilde not your—

Laura (*as before*). A person who is always deceiving one is no friend.

Axel. Has Mathilde deceived anybody? You are unjust.

Laura (*as before*). Am I? It is Mathilde's fault that I am unhappy now.

Axel. Laura!

Laura. My dear, you may defend her, if you choose; but you must allow me to tell you plainly that it is Mathilde's advice that has guided me from the days of my innocent childhood, and has led me into all the misery I am suffering now! If it were not for her I should not be married to-day and separated from my parents. She came here with me—not to help me, as she pretended—but to be able still to spy on me, quietly and secretly, in her usual way, and afterwards to make use of what she had discovered. But she devotes herself to you; because she—no, I won't say it! (*With growing vehemence.*) Well, just you conspire against me, you two—and see whether I am a

child any longer! The tree that you have torn up by the roots and transplanted will yield you no fruit for the first year, however much you shake its branches! I don't care if things do happen as they do in that story she has taken such pleasure in reading to me; but I shall never live to see the day when I shall beg for any one's love! And now my parents are coming to see everything, everything—and that is just what I want them to do! Because I won't be led like a child, and I won't be deceived! I won't! (*Bursts into a violent fit of crying and runs out.*)

Axel (*after a pause*). What is the meaning of that?

Mathilde. She hates me.

Axel (*astonished*). When did it come to that?

Mathilde. Little by little. Is it the first time you have noticed it?

Axel (*still more astonished*). Have you no longer her confidence, then?

Mathilde. No more than you.

Axel. She, who once believed every one—!

Mathilde. Now she believes no one. (*A pause.*)

Axel. And what is still more amazing—only there is no mistaking it—is that she is jealous!

Mathilde. Yes.

Axel. And of you?—When there is not the slightest foundation—. (*Stops involuntarily and looks at her; she crosses the room.*)

Mathilde. You should only be glad that this has happened.

Axel. That she is jealous?—or what do you mean?

Mathilde. It has helped her. She is on the high road to loving you now.

Axel. Now?

Mathilde. Love often comes in that way—especially to the one who has been made uneasy.

Axel. And you are to be the scapegoat?

Mathilde. I am accustomed to that.

Axel (*quickly, as he comes nearer to her*). You must have known love yourself, Mathilde?

Mathilde (*starts, then says*). Yes, I have loved too.

Axel. Unhappily?

Mathilde. Not happily. But why do you ask?

Axel. Those who have been through such an experience are less selfish than the rest of us and are capable of more.

Mathilde. Yes. Love is always a consecration, but not always for the same kind of service.

Axel. Sometimes it only brings unhappiness.

Mathilde. Yes, when people have nothing in them, and no pride.

Axel. The more I get to know of you, the less I seem really to know you. What sort of a man can this fellow be, that you have loved without return?

Mathilde (*in a subdued voice*). A man to whom I am now very grateful; because marriage is not my vocation.

Axel. What is your vocation, then?

Mathilde. One that one is unwilling to speak about, until one knows that it has been successful.—And I don't believe I should have discovered it, but for him.

Axel. And is your mind quite at peace now? Have you no longings?

Mathilde (*speaking here, and in what follows, with some vehemence*). Yes, a longing to travel—a long, long way! To fill my soul with splendid pictures!—Oh, if you have any regard for me—

Axel. I have more than that, Mathilde—the warmest gratitude—and more than that, I—

Mathilde (*interrupting him*). Well, then, make it up with Laura! Then I shall be able to go abroad with her parents. Oh, if I don't get away—far away—there is something within me that will die!

Axel. Go away then, Mathilde—you say so, and therefore I believe you.

Mathilde. But I am not going till you two are reconciled! I don't want all three of us to be unhappy. No, I am not unhappy; but I shall be if you are—and if I don't get abroad now!

Axel. What can I do in the matter?

Mathilde (*quickly*). Stay here and give the old folk a welcome! Behave to Laura as if there were nothing the matter, and she will say nothing!

Axel. Why do you think she will say nothing?

Mathilde. Because of all I have done to make that likely!

Axel. You?

Mathilde. Yes—no—yes; at least, not as you wanted me to, but indirectly—

Axel. Even at the beginning of all this?

Mathilde. No, not then, it is true. But forget that, because now I have made it good! I did not know you then—and there were reasons—

Axel (*going nearer to her*). Mathilde, you have filled me with an extraordinary regard for you—as if everything that I have been denied in another quarter was to be found in you, and as if now for the first time I—

Mathilde. There is the carriage!

Axel. What shall I do?

Mathilde. Go down and welcome the old folk! Be quick! Look, Laura is down there already—oh, don't let her miss you just at this moment! There, that is right. (*He goes.*) Yes, that was right; this is my first real victory! (*Goes out. Voices are heard without, and soon afterwards the* MOTHER *comes in with* LAURA, *and after her the* FATHER *with* AXEL *and* MATHILDE.)

Mother. So here I am in your home, my darling child! (*Kisses her.*) It is really worth being separated, for the pleasure of meeting again! (*Kisses her.*) And such nice letters from you, every single day—thank you, darling! (*Kisses her again.*) And you look just the same—just the same! Perhaps a trifle paler, but that is natural. (*Kisses her.*)

Axel (*to the* FATHER, *who is taking off a coat and several comforters.*) May I?

Father (*bowing*). Thank you, I can manage quite well myself.

Axel. But let me hang them up for you?

Father. Much obliged—I will do it myself! (*Takes them out into the hall.*)

Mother (*to* LAURA, *in a low voice*). It was hard work to get your father to come, I can tell you. He still cannot forget—. But we had to see our little girl before we set off on our travels; and we had to travel, because it was getting so lonely at home.

Laura. Dear mother! (*She and* MATHILDE *help her to take her things off.*)

Axel (*to the* FATHER, *who has come in again*). I hope you had a pleasant journey, sir?

Father. Remarkably pleasant.

Axel. Caught no cold, I hope?

Father. Nothing to speak of—just a trifle—a slightly relaxed throat; out late—heavy dews. You are well?

Axel. Very well, thank you.

Father. I am extremely pleased to hear it.

Mother. (*to the* FATHER). But, do you see—?

Father. What, my love?

Mother. Do you mean to say you don't see?

Father. No, what is it?

Mother. We are at home again! This is our own room over again!

Father (*in astonishment*). Upon my word—!

Mother. The carpet, the curtains, the furniture, everything—even down to their arrangement in the room! (*Goes across to* AXEL *and takes his hand.*) A more touching proof of your love for her we could never have had! (*To the* FATHER.) Isn't that so?

Father (*struggling with his astonishment*). Yes, I must say—

Mother. And you never wrote us a single word about this, Laura?

Mathilde. It is not only this room, but the whole house is arranged like yours as far as possible.

Mother. The whole house! Is it possible!

Father. It is the most charming way of giving pleasure to a young wife that I ever heard of!

Mother. I am so astonished, Laura, at your never having mentioned a word of all this in your letters.

Father. Never a word of it!

Mother. Hadn't you noticed it?

Father. Ah, well—what one sees every day, one is apt to think every one knows all about—isn't that it, little girl? That is the explanation, isn't it?

Mother. And Axel has given you all this by his own exertions! Aren't you proud of that?

Father (*clapping her on the back*). Of course she is, but it was never Laura's way to say much about her feelings; although this is really something so—

Mother (*laughing*). Her letters lately have been nothing but dissertations upon love.

Laura. Mother!—

Mother. Oh, I am going to tell! But you have a good husband, Laura.

Laura. Mother!—

Mother (*in a lower voice*). You have paid him some little attentions in return, of course?—given him something, or—

Father (*pushing in between them*). Worked something for him, eh?

(MATHILDE, *in the meantime, has brought in wine and filled some glasses.*)

Axel. Now, a glass of wine to welcome you—sherry, your favorite wine, sir.

Mother. He remembers that! (*They each take a glass in their hands.*)

Axel. Laura and I bid you heartily welcome here in our house! And we hope you will find everything here—(*with emotion*) just as you would wish it. I will do my best that you shall, and I am sure Laura will too.

Mother. Of course she will!—Drink his health! (AXEL *touches her glass with his; her hand trembles, and she spills some wine.*) You have filled the glasses too full, my dear! (*They all clink glasses and drink.*)

Father (*when the glasses have been filled again*). My wife and I—thank you very much for your welcome.

We could not set out on our journey without first seeing our child—our two children. A good friend of ours (*looking at* MATHILDE) advised us to come unexpectedly. At first we did not want to, but now we are glad we did; because now we can see for ourselves that Laura told the truth in her letters. You are happy—and therefore we old folk must be happy too, and bury all recollection of what—what evidently happened for the best. Hm, hm!—At one time we could not think it was so—and that was why we did not wish to be parted from our child; but now we can make our minds quite easy about it—because now we can trust you. I have complete trust in you, Axel, my dear son—God bless you! (*They grasp hands, and drink to each other again.*)

Mother. Do you know what I should like?

All. No!

Mother. I should like Axel to tell us how your reconciliation came about.

Laura. Mother!

Mother. Why should you be shy about it? Why have you never told us about it? Good gracious, didn't you think your parents would be only too glad to hear how lucky their little girl was?

Father. I think it is a very good idea of your mother's. Now let us sit down and hear all about it. (*They sit down;* LAURA *turns away.*) No, come and sit down beside your mother, Laura! We are going to have a good look at you while he tells us about it.

Mother. And don't forget anything, Axel! Tell us of the very first sign of love, the first little kindness, Laura showed you.

Axel. Yes, I will tell you how it came about.

Laura (*getting up*). But, Axel—!

Axel. I shall only be supplementing what you told in your letters, Laura.

Mother. It is all to your credit, my child! Now be quiet and listen to him, and correct him if he forgets anything. (*Pulls her down to her seat again.*)

Axel. Yes, my dear parents. You know, of course, that we did not begin very well—

Father. Quite so—but you can pass over that.

Axel. As soon as she was left to depend on herself alone, I realized the great wrong I had done to Laura. She used to tremble when I came near her, and before long she used to tremble just as much before any one. At first I felt the humility of a strong man who has triumphed; but after a time I became anxious, for I had acted too strongly. Then I dedicated my love to the task of winning back, in a Jacob's seven years of service, what I had lost in one moment. You see this house—I made everything smooth in it for her feet. You see what we have round us—I set that before her eyes. By means of nights of work, by exerting myself to the uttermost, I got it all together, bit by bit—in order that she should never feel anything strange or inhospitable in her home, but only what she was accustomed to and fond of. She understood; and soon the birds of spring began to flutter about our home. And, though she always ran away when I came, I was conscious of her presence in a hundred little loving touches in my room—at my desk—

Laura (*ashamed*). Oh, it isn't true!

Axel. Don't believe her! Laura is so kind-hearted—her fear of me made her shy, but she could not withstand her own kind impulses and my humble faithfulness. When I was sitting late in my room, working for her, she was sitting up in hers—at any rate I often thought I heard her footstep; and when I came home late after a wearisome journey, if she did not run to welcome me, it was not because she was wanting in wifely gratitude, but because she did not wish to betray her happiness till the great day of our reconciliation should come. (LAURA *gets up.*)

Father. Then you were not reconciled immediately?

Axel. Not immediately.

Mother (*anxiously, in a subdued voice*). My goodness, Laura did not say a word about that!

Axel. Because she loved you, and did not want to distress you unnecessarily. But does not her very silence about it show that she was waiting for me? That was her love's first gift to me. (LAURA *sits down again.*) After a while she gave me others. She saw that I was not angry; on the contrary, she saw that where I had erred, I had erred through my love for her; and she is so loving herself, that little by little she schooled herself to meet me in gentle silence—she longed to be a good wife. And then, one lovely morning—just like to-day—we both had been reading a book which was like a voice from afar, threatening our happiness, and we were driven together by fear. Then, all at once, all the doors and windows flew wide open! It was your letter! The room seemed to glow with warmth—just as it does now with you sitting there; summer went singing through the house—and then I saw in her eyes that all the blossoms were going to unfold their petals! Then I knelt down before her, as I do now, and said: For your parents' sake, that they may be happy about us—for my sake, that I may not be punished any longer—for your own sake, that you may be able again to live as the fullness of your kind heart prompts—let us find one another now! And then Laura answered (LAURA *throws herself into his arms, in a burst of tears. All get up.*)

Mother. That was beautiful, children!

Father. As beautiful as if we were young again ourselves, and had found one another!—How well he told it, too!

Mother. Yes, it was just as if it was all happening before our eyes!

Father. Wasn't it?—He's a very gifted man.

Mother (*in a low voice*). He will do something big!

Father (*in the same tones*). Ay, a big man—and one of our family!

Axel (*who has advanced toward the foreground with* LAURA). So that was your answer, Laura?

Laura. You haven't remembered everything.

Mother. Is there anything more? Let us hear some more!

Axel. What did you say, then?

Laura. You know I said that something had held me back a long, long time! I saw well enough that you were fond of me, but I was afraid it was only as you would be fond of a child.

Axel. Laura!

Laura. I am not so clever as—as some others, you know; but I am not a child any longer, because now I love you!

Axel. You *are* a child, all the same!

XII. "LEONARDA" AND "A GAUNTLET." Each of these plays deals with an important phase of the woman question, the first with the condemnation and punishment with which society afflicts the woman who has sinned, and the second with the comparative ease with which a man escapes from the consequences of similar indiscretions. *Leonarda* was published in 1879 and *A Gauntlet* four years later, but the two may very properly be considered together.

Leonarda has brought social ostracism upon herself by her care and consideration for General Rosen, who in reality is her husband, though she has divorced him for his dissipated habits and is now trying to reform him by granting him favors when he does well and denying them when he has been drunk. How successful such treatment may be we are not to learn, for she presently falls in love with a young man named Hagbart Tallhaug, who, though engaged to her niece, Agot, has insulted her. The nephew of the bishop of the diocese,

Hagbart cannot obtain consent to marry Agot unless her aunt consents to remove entirely from the district, and the young people are not inclined to accept happiness under these conditions. Moreover, Hagbart has loved in Agot the very traits which he finds in greater excellence in the aunt; so he transfers his affections to the older woman. Though much against her own will, Leonarda can see no way out of the difficulty except in acceding to the bishop's demand and leaving the young people together, for she believes that in the course of time, when she is out of the way, Hagbart's affections will return to Agot, and it is apparent that the author shares her belief.

The *Gauntlet* is a more dramatic production, and the character of Svava a strong one. She has come to believe that there should be no double rule of morality, and that the wife has the same right to expect purity in the husband that he has to demand it of her. Svava, after one love affair which was broken off because she had discovered flaws in the character of her lover, is to marry Alf Christensen, the son of wealthy people, and her parents are delighted with the match. She has met Alf while engaged in charitable work, and is thoroughly confident that he is her ideal of pure manhood. Her father, a nervous dandy, and her mother, who seems to tolerate rather than love her husband, are rather proud of the distinction which will be theirs when their family is united with the Christensens. A traveling

salesman, Hoff, comes in and shows to Svava some love letters which had been written to his wife before she died and which he found after her death. They are written in a feigned hand which Svava does not recognize, and she wonders why Hoff should show them to her. When, however, Alf comes in and meets Hoff, a light breaks in upon Svava and she runs away.

No matter what people say, Svava has decided that the double rule shall not hold in her case. Even when Dr. Nordan intimates that her father was no better than he should be, she still insists on her own standard of purity. A family conference is arranged, and the Christensens threaten direful consequences to the Riis family unless they persuade Svava not to throw over their son. Svava has declined to be present at the conference, but when matters have almost reached the breaking point, she comes in from her walk, bows slightly to the Christensens, but remains standing:

Mrs. Christensen. My dear Svava, we have come here to —well, you know what we have come for. What has happened has distressed us very much; but what is done cannot be undone. None of us can excuse Alf. But all the same we think that he might be granted forgiveness, especially at the hands of one who must know that he loves her, and loves her sincerely. That makes it a different matter altogether, of course.

Christensen. Of course!

Riis. Of course!

Nordan. Of course!

Mrs. Christensen. And, even if you don't quite agree with me about that, I hope you will agree with me about Alf himself. I mean to say, that we consider

his character, my dear Svava, should vouch to you for his fidelity. I know that, if you require it, he will give you his word of honor that—

Mrs. Riis (*getting up*). No! No!

Mrs. Christensen. What is the matter, my dear Mrs. Riis?

Mrs. Riis. No words of honor! He has to take an oath when he marries, anyway.

Nordan. But surely two make it all the safer, Mrs. Riis?

Mrs. Riis. No, no! No oath! (*Sits down again.*)

Christensen. I was struck with our friend Dr. Nordan's remark. Tell me, my dear sir, do you also take it for granted that the sort of thing my son has done ought to be an absolute bar to marriage with an honorable woman?

Nordan. Quite the contrary! I am quite sure it never prevents any one getting married—and remarkably well married. It is only Svava that is behaving in an extraordinary manner in every respect.

Mrs. Christensen. I would not go so far as to say that; but there is one thing that Svava has overlooked. She is acting as if she were free. But she is not by any means free. A betrothal is equivalent to a marriage; at any rate, I am old-fashioned enough to consider it so. And the man to whom I have given my hand is thereby made my master and given authority over me, and I owe to him—as to a superior authority—my respect, whether he act well or ill. I cannot give him notice, or run away from him.

Riis. That is old-fashioned and sensible. I thank you heartily, Mrs. Christensen!

Nordan. And I too!

Mrs. Riis. But if it is too late after the betrothal— (*Checks herself.*)

Mrs. Christensen. What do you mean, dear Mrs. Riis?

Mrs. Riis. Oh, nothing—nothing at all.

Nordan. Mrs. Riis means that if it is too late after the betrothal, why do people not speak out before they are betrothed?

Riss. What a thing to say!

Christensen. Well, it wouldn't be such a bad thing, would it? I imagine proposals in future being worded somewhat in this way: "My dear Miss So-and-So, up to date I have had such and such a number of love affairs—that is to say, so many big ones and so many little ones." Don't you think it would be a capital way to lead the conversation on to—

Nordan. —to assuring her that she is the only one you have ever loved?

Christensen. Well, not exactly that, but—

Riis. Here comes Alf!

Mrs. Riis. Alf?

Mrs. Christensen. Yes, it really is he!

Riis (who has gone to the door to meet ALF). Ah, that is right! We are so glad you have come!

Christensen. Well, my boy?

Alf. When it came to the point, I could not do anything else—I had to come here.

Christensen. I quite agree with you.

Riis. Yes, it was only the natural thing to do. (ALF *comes forward and bows respectfully to* SVAVA. She *bows slightly, but without looking at him. He steps back again.*)

Nordan. Good-morning, my boy!

Alf. Perhaps I have come at an inconvenient moment.

Riis. Not a bit of it! Quite the contrary!

Alf. At the same time, it seems evident to me that my presence is not welcome to Miss Riis. (*No one answers him.*)

Mrs. Christensen. But it is a family council we are holding—isn't it, my dear girl?

Riis. I assure you, you *are* welcome! And we are all particularly anxious to hear what you have to say!

Christensen. That is so.

Alf. I have not succeeded in getting a hearing yet, you know. I have been refused admittance repeatedly —both in person and when I wrote. So I thought that if I came now, perhaps I should get a hearing.

Riis. Of course. Who can object to that?

Nordan. You shall have your hearing.

Alf. Perhaps I may take Miss Riis's silence to mean permission? In that case—well—it is nothing so very much that I have to say, either. It is merely to remind you that, when I asked for Miss Riis's hand, it was because I loved her with all my heart—her and no one else. I could not imagine any greater happiness, and any greater honor, than to be loved by her in return. And so I think still. (*He pauses, as if he expected an answer. They all look at* SVAVA.) What explanation I could have given of my own free will—indeed what explanation, under other circumstances, I should have felt impelled to give—I shall say nothing about now. But I *owe* no explanation! My honor demands that I should make a point of that. It is my future that I owe to her. And with regard to that I must confess I have been hurt—deeply hurt—by the fact that Miss Riis could doubt me for a moment. Never in my life has any one doubted me before. With all respect, I must insist that my word shall be taken. (*They are all silent.*) That is all I have to say.

Mrs. Riis (*getting up unwillingly*). But, Alf, suppose a woman, under the same circumstances, had come and said the same thing—who would believe her? (*They are all silent.* SVAVA *bursts into tears.*)

Mrs. Christensen. Poor child!

Riis. Believe her?

Mrs. Riis. Yes, believe her. Believe her if, after a past like that, she came and assured us that she would make an honest wife?

Christensen. After a past like that?

Mrs. Riis. Perhaps that is putting it too harshly. But why should you require her to believe a man any more readily than a man would believe her? Because he would not believe her for a moment.

Riis (*coming up behind her*). Are you absolutely mad?

Christensen. Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen; the two young people must settle the affair now!

Alf. I must confess I have never thought of what Mrs. Riis has just said, because such a thing never could happen. No man of honor would choose a woman of whose past he was not certain. Never!

Mrs. Riis. But what about a woman of honor, Alf?

Alf. Ah, that is quite different.

Nordan. To put it precisely: a woman owes a man both her past and her future; a man owes a woman only his future.

Alf. Well, if you like to put it that way—yes.

Nordan (*to* SVAVA, *as he gets up*). I wanted you to postpone your answer, my child. But now I think you ought to answer at once. (SVAVA *goes up to* ALF, *flings her glove in his face, and goes straight into her room.* ALF *turns and looks after her.* RIIS *disappears into his room on the right. Every one has risen from their seats.* MRS. CHRISTENSEN *takes* ALF *by the arm and goes out with him;* CHRISTENSEN *follows them.* MRS. RIIS *is standing at the door of the room which* SVAVA *has locked after her.*)

Nordan. That was throwing down a gauntlet, if you like!

Mrs. Riis (*calling through the door*). Svava!

Christensen (*coming in and speaking to* NORDAN, *who has taken no notice of him and has not turned round*). Then it is to be war?—Well, I fancy I know a thing or two about war. (*Goes out.* NORDAN *turns round and stands looking after him.*)

Mrs. Riis (*still at the door*). Svava! (RIIS *comes rushing out of his room, with his hat on and his gloves and stick in his hand, and follows the* CHRISTENSENS.) Svava!

The first scene in the third act contains a quarrel between the Christensens and the Riis family, in which Alf takes no great part, but at the end protests that he still loves Svava and will remain faithful to her. In order to

induce Svava to see the matter differently, she has been informed that her father's early career, Christensen's, and, in fact, that of almost every man in the community, has been at least no better than that of Alf. However, she still preserves her determination to remain single, and scorns every attempt at a reconciliation. A later scene in the same act brings the conclusion of the matter, which involves an interview between Alf and Svava:

Mrs. Riis. The fact is that Alf will be here in a moment.

Riis. Alf here? In a moment? Hurrah! I quite understand! But why didn't you tell me so at once?

Mrs. Riis. You have talked the whole time since you came in.

Riis. I do believe I have!—Well, if you are going to take it seriously, my dear Svava, perhaps you will allow your "knightly" father to take it lightly? The whole thing amuses me so tremendously. I was put into good spirits to-day the moment I saw, from Christensen's face, that there was nothing in the wind. And so Alf is coming here directly! Then I understand everything. Hurrah, once more! I assure you that is the best of all the good things that have happened to-day. I really think I must play a festal overture till he comes! (*Goes towards the piano, singing.*)

Mrs. Riis. No, no, dear! Do you hear? No, no! (RIIS *plays on, without listening to her, till she goes up to him, and stops him, pointing to* SVAVA.)

Svava. Oh, let him play, mother—let him play! It is the innocent gayety that I have admired since I was a child! (*Bursts into tears, but collects herself.*) How hateful! How horrible!

Riis. My dear child, you look as if you wanted to be throwing down gauntlets to-day too! Isn't that all done with?

Svava. No, indeed it is not!

Riis. You shall have the loan of my gloves, if you haven't—

Mrs. Riis. Oh, don't say those things to her!

Svava. Oh, yes, let him! Let him mock at us, mother dear! A man of his moral earnestness has the right to mock at us!

Riis. What are you talking about? Does it show a lack of moral earnestness not to be in love with old maids and sour-faced virtue?

Svava. Father, you are—

Mrs. Riis. No, Svava!

Riis. Oh, let her say what she wants! It is something quite new to see a well-brought-up girl throw her gloves in her *fiancé's* face and accusations in her father's! Especially when it is all done in the name of morality!

Svava. Don't talk about morality! Or go and talk to Mrs. North about it!

Riis. Mrs.— Mrs.—? What has she to do with—?

Svava. Be quiet! I know everything! You have—

Mrs. Riis. Svava!

Svava. Ah, yes—for mother's sake I won't go on. But, when I threw down my much discussed gauntlet yesterday, I knew about it then. That was why I did it! It was a protest against everything of the kind, against its beginning and its continuation, against him and against you! I understand—then—your pious zeal in the matter, and the show of scandalized morality you allowed mother to be a witness of!

Mrs. Riis. Svava!

Svava. I understand now, for the first time, what your consideration, your politeness to mother—which I have so often admired—all meant! Your fun, your good temper, your care of your appearance!—Oh, I never can believe in anything any more! It is horrible, horrible!

Mrs. Riis. Svava, dear!

Svava. All life seems to have become unclean for me!

My nearest and dearest all soiled and smirched! That is why, ever since yesterday, I have had the feeling of being an outcast; and that is what I am—an outcast from all that I prized and reverenced—and that without my having done the slightest thing to deserve it. Even so, it is not the pain of it that I feel most deeply; it is the humiliation, the shame. All that I have so often said must seem now to be nothing but empty words—all that I have done myself must seem of no account—and this without its being my fault! For it is your fault! I thought, too, that I knew something about life; but there was more for me to learn! I see that you wanted me to give way to such an extent that I should end by acquiescing in it. I understand now, for the first time, what your teaching meant—and the things that you invoked mother and heaven to witness. But it is of no use! I can tell you that it is about as much as one can stand, to have the thoughts I have had yesterday—last night—to-day. However, it is once and for all; after this, nothing can ever take me by surprise again. To think that any man could have the heart to let his child have such an experience!

Mrs. Riis. Svava—look at your father!

Svava. Yes—but if you think what I am saying now is hard, remember what I said to you before I knew this—no longer ago than yesterday morning. That will give you some idea of how I believed in you, father—and some idea of what I am feeling now! Oh!—

Riis. Svava!

Svava. You have ruined my home for me! Almost every other hour in it has been corrupted—and I cannot face a future like that.

Riis and Mrs. Riis (*together*). But, Svava—!

Svava. No, I cannot! My faith in you is destroyed—so that I can never think of this as a home again. It makes me feel as if I were merely living with you as a lodger—from yesterday onwards, merely a lodger in the house.

Riis. Don't say that! My child!

Svava. Yes, I am your child. It only needed you to say it like that, for me to feel it deeply. To think of all the experiences we two have had together—all the happy times we have had on our travels, in our amusements—and then to think that I can never look back on them again, never take them up again! That is why I cannot stay here.

Riis. You cannot stay here!

Svava. It would remind me of everything too painfully. I should see everything in a distorted light.

Mrs. Riis. But you will see that you cannot bear to go away, either!

Riis. But—*I* can go!

Mrs. Riis. You?

Riis. Yes, and your mother and you stay here?—Oh, Svava—!

Svava. No, I cannot accept that—come what may!

Riis. Do not say any more! Svava, I entreat you! Do not make me too utterly miserable! Remember that never, until to-day—I never thought to make you—. If you cannot bear to be with me any more—if you cannot—then let me go away! It is I that am to blame, I know. Listen, Svava! It must be I, not you! You must stay here!

Mrs. Riis (*listening*). Good heavens, there is Alf!

Riis. Alf! (*A pause.* ALF *appears in the doorway.*)

Alf (*after a moment*). Perhaps I had better go away again?

Riis (*to* ALF). Go away again?—Go away again, did you say?—No, not on any account! No!—No, you could not have come at a more fortunate moment! My boy, my dear boy! Thank you!

Mrs. Riis (*to* SVAVA). Would you rather be alone—?

Svava. No, no, no!

Riis. You want to speak to Svava, don't you? I think it will be best for me to leave you together. You need to talk things over frankly with her—to be alone—naturally! You will excuse me, then, if I leave you, won't you? I have something very important to do

in town, so you will excuse me! I must hurry and change my clothes—so please excuse me! (*Goes into his room.*)

Alf. Oh, but I can come some other time.

Mrs. Riis. But I expect you would like to talk to her now?

Alf. It is no question of what I would like. I see—and I heard Dr. Nordan say—that Miss Riis is quite worn out. But I felt it my duty, all the same, to call.

Svava. And I thank you for doing so! It is more—far more—than I have deserved. But I want to tell you at once that what happened yesterday—I mean, the form my behavior took yesterday—was due to the fact that, only an hour before then, something had come to my knowledge that I had never known before. And that was mixed up with it. (*She can scarcely conceal her emotion.*)

Alf. I knew that to-day you would be regretting what happened yesterday—you are so good. And that was my only hope of seeing you again.

Riis (*coming out of his room partly dressed to go out*). Does any one want anything done in town? If so, I shall be happy to see to it! It has occurred to me that perhaps these ladies would like to go away for a little trip somewhere—what do you two say to that? When one's thoughts are beginning to get a little—what shall I call it?—a little too much for one, or perhaps I should rather say a trifle too serious, it is often a wonderful diversion to go away for a little change. I have often found it so myself—often, I assure you! Just think it over, won't you? I could see about making plans for you at once, if you think so—eh? Well, then, good-bye for the present! And—think it over! I think myself it is such an excellent plan! (*Goes out.* Svava *looks at her mother with a smile, and hides her face in her hands.*)

Mrs. Riis. I must go away for a few minutes and—

Svava. Mother!

Mrs. Riis. I really must, dear! I must collect my

thoughts. This has been too much for me. I shall not go farther away than into my room there (*pointing to the room on the left*). And I will come back directly. (SVAVA *throws herself into a chair by the table, overcome by her emotion.*)

Alf. It looks as if we two were to have to settle this matter, after all.

Svava. Yes.

Alf. I daresay that you will understand that since yesterday I have done nothing else but invent speeches to make to you—but now I do not feel as if it had been of much use.

Svava. It was good of you to come.

Alf. But you must let me make one request of you, and that from my heart: Wait for me! Because I know now what will show me the way to your heart. We had planned out our life together, you and I; and, although I shall do it alone, I shall carry out our plans unfalteringly. And then perhaps, some day, when you see how faithful I have been—. I know I ought not to worry you, least of all to-day. But give me an answer! You need scarcely say anything—but just give me an answer!

Svava. But what for?

Alf. I must have it to live on—and the more difficult the prize is to attain, the better worth living will life be to me. Give me an answer!

Svava (*tries to speak, but bursts into tears*). Ah, you see how everything upsets me to-day. I cannot. Besides, what do you want me to do? To wait? What would that mean? It would mean being ready and yet not ready; trying to forget and yet always having it before my mind. (*Is overcome again by her emotion.*) No!

Alf. I see you need to be alone. But I cannot bring myself to go away. (SVAVA *gets up, and tries to regain control over herself.* ALF *goes to her and throws himself on his knees beside her.*) Give me just one word.

Svava. But do you not understand that if you could give me back once more the happiness that complete trust gives—do you think I should wait for you to ask anything of me then? No, I should go to you and thank you on my knees. Can you doubt that for a moment?

Alf. No, no!

Svava. But I have not got it.

Alf. Svava!

Svava. Oh, please—!

Alf. Good-bye—good-bye! But I shall see you again some day? I shall see you again? (*Turns to go, but stops at the door.*) I must have a sign—something definite to take with me! Stretch out a hand to me! (*At these words* Svava *turns to him and stretches out both her hands to him. He goes out.* Mrs. Riis *comes in from her room.*)

Mrs. Riis. Did you promise him anything?

Svava. I think so. (*Throws herself into her mother's arms.*)

XIII. Conclusion. Among the group of later Norwegian writers of eminence should be mentioned the names of Alexander Lange Kielland (1849–1906), one of the leading novelists who belongs to the realistic school of Zola, and Jonas Lie (1833–1908), poet and novelist, who lived for many years in other European countries but returned to Norway in 1893.

A third name of considerable interest to Americans is that of Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (1848–1895), who was born in a small southern seaport in Norway and lived and was educated in that rugged land until he was about twenty-one, at which time he came to America and became professor of languages at Urbana Uni-

versity in Ohio. Later at Cornell and finally at Columbia College (New York), he occupied a similar position until the time of his death. From childhood Boyesen had a passion for writing, but his father dissuaded him from undertaking literature in the Norwegian tongue, as he claimed that the language was not fitted for great work, and that in English, French or German he would find a better outlet for his genius. In fact, the greater part of Boyesen's writings are in English, although before he left Norway he had so thoroughly assimilated life and character there that his interpretations of his home people are quite as clear and vivid as those of the writers who remained in their native land. Several of Boyesen's novels have enjoyed a wide popularity, but his best, if we except his stories of Norwegian life written for children, is probably the romantic tale *Gunnar*. In his subsequent work he abandoned the idealism of his early writings and joined the realistic school.

Recent developments in Norway show an extraordinary growth in all fields of literature, with the tendency among its writers in philosophy, fiction and poetry toward the pessimism which tinges the writings of most European countries. In science and all phases of learned literature the Norwegians have accomplished as much, perhaps, as any nation working for so short a time, and they have achieved remarkable distinction in the department of history.

CHAPTER VI

CHRONOLOGY

IN the following brief chronological table Iceland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway have been placed together, as their literature is all considered under that of the Scandinavian tongues:

750 (about)—Scandinavian irruptions into Central Europe began.

800—The scald Bragi lived in Norway; *Ragnar's Drapa.*

Ninth Century—Christianity first preached in Sweden and Norway.

874—The Norse Viking Ingolf made a settlement in Iceland.

981—Christianity first preached in Iceland.

Eleventh Century—Vikings overran Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, etc.; discovered Greenland and the coast of

North America; established a ruling dynasty in Russia; laid tribute on Constantinople.

1241—Death of SNORRI STURLUSON, reputed author of the *Younger Edda.*

1380—Iceland became a dependency of Denmark.

1397—Sweden united to Norway.

1482—Jehan Snel printed first book in Denmark.

1523—Gustavus I made King of Sweden.

Sixteenth Century—Slavs overthrew Scandinavian dynasty in Russia.

1632—Gustavus II of Sweden killed at Lutzen.

1643—Discovery of the *Older Edda.*

1684–1754—Ludvig, Baron Holberg (Denmark).

1688–1772—Emanuel Swedenborg (Sweden).

1697—Charles XII became King of Sweden.

1707–1778—Carl Von Linné (Linnaeus) (Sweden).

1743–1781—Johannes Evald (Ewald) (Denmark).

1764–1826—Jens Baggesen (Denmark).

1772—The *Norwegian Society* formed in Copenhagen.

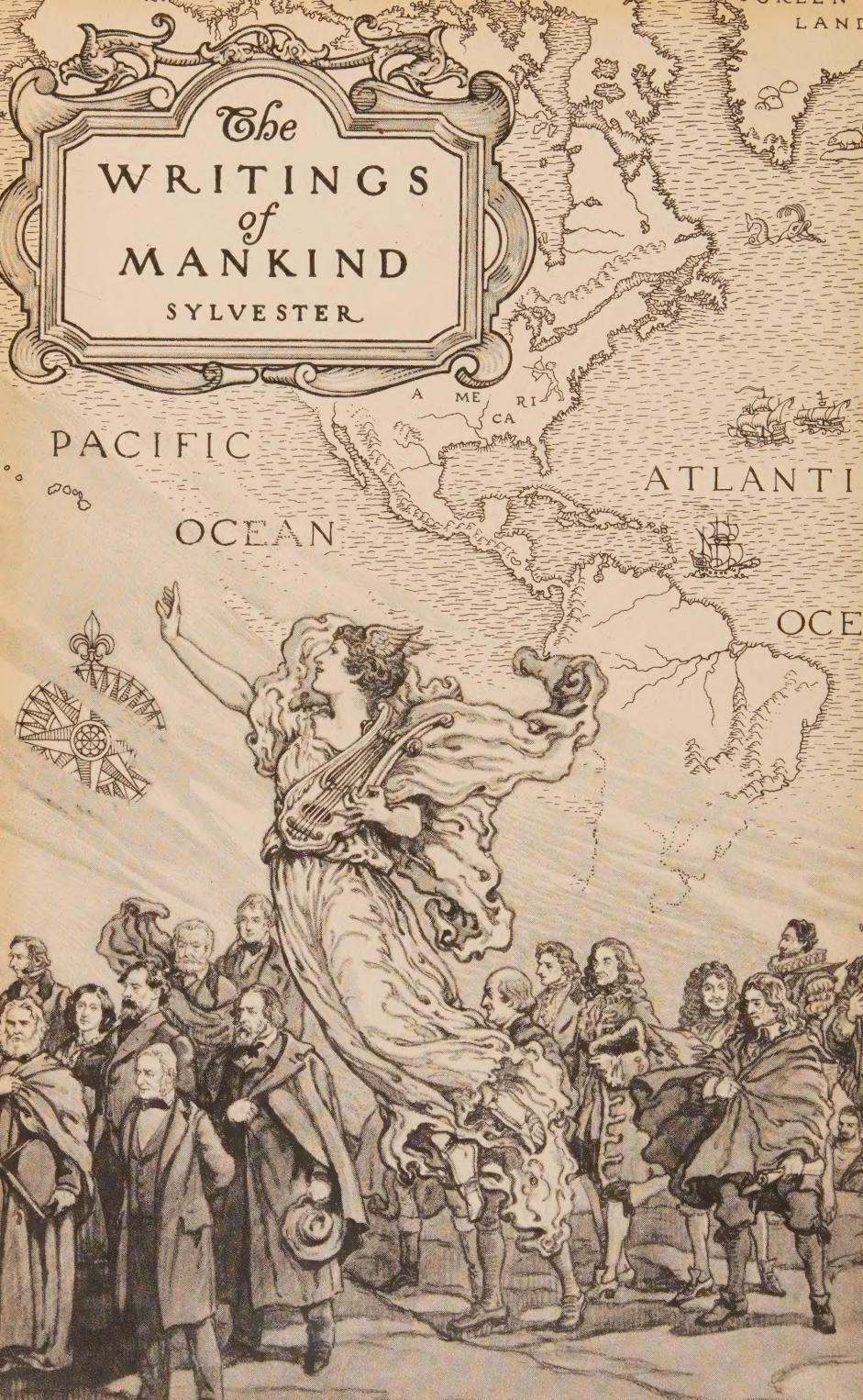
1779–1850—ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLAGER (Denmark).

1782–1846—ESAIAS TEGNER (Sweden).

1782–1848—Steen Steensen Blicher (Denmark).

1783–1847—Erik Gustaf Geijer (Sweden).
1789–1862—Bernhard Severin Ingemann (Denmark).
1801–1865—Fredrika Bremer (Sweden).
1805–1875—Hans Christian Andersen (Denmark).
1828–1906— Henrik Ibsen (Norway).
1832–1910—Bjornstjerne Bjornson (Norway).
1833–1908—Jonas Lie (Norway).
1848–1895—Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen (Norway).
1849–1906—Alexander Lange Kielland (Norway).

OLD CHURCH AT BURGUND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